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MISCELLANEOUS

THOUGHTS

IN

PROSE and VERSE,

ON

Natural, Moral, and *Divine*

SUBJECTS;

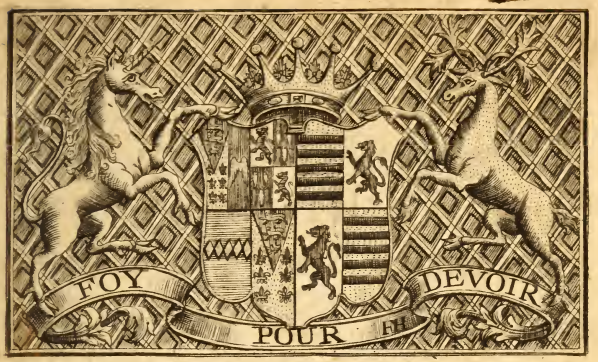
Written chiefly in Younger Years.

By *I. WATTS,* D. D.

Et jucunda simul & idonea dicere Vitæ. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for RICHARD FORD at the *Angel,* and RICHARD HETT at the *Bible* and *Crown,* both in the *Poultry.* MDCCXXXIV.



TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Countess of Hartford.

I Beg Leave, MADAM, to flatter my Self, that the same Condescension and Goodness which has admitted several of these Pieces

into your Closet in Manuscript, will permit them all to make this publick Appearance before You. Your Ladyship's known Character and Taste for every thing that is Pious and Polite, give an honourable Sanction to those Writings which stand Recommended by Your Name and Approbation; 'tis no Wonder then that these ESSAYS should seek the Favour of such a Patronage.

THO' the Author professes himself much a Stranger to the great and splendid

Part

Part of Mankind, yet ſince your Ladyſhip was pleaſed to indulge him a Share in the Honours of your Friendſhip, he cannot but take Pleaſure to have been a Witneſs of thoſe Virtues, whereby You bear up the Dignity of our holy Religion and the bleſſed Goſpel, amidſt all the tempting Grandeurs of this World, and in an Age of growing Infidelity. He acknowledges it a Part of his Felicity, that he has had Opportunity to learn how happily the

Leisure which you borrow from the Magnificence and Ceremonies of a Court is employ'd in devout Contemplations, in the Study of Virtue, and among the Writings of the best Poets in our own, or in foreign Languages, so far as they are chaste and innocent.

BUT 'tis no easy Task, as a late ingenious Pen * has express'd it, *to speak the many nameless Graces and native Riches of a Mind, ca-*

* *Mr.* THOMSON, *in the* DEDICATION *of his* POEM on the SPRING.

pable

pable ſo much at once to reliſh Solitude and adorn Society.

MAY ſuch a valuable Life be drawn out to an uncommon Length, as the richeſt of Bleſſings to your noble Family! May You ſhine long in your exalted Station an illuſtrious Pattern of ſuch Goodneſs, as may command a Reverence and Imitation among thoſe who ſtand round You in higher or lower Life! And when your Spirit ſhall take its Flight to ſuperior Regions

and that blisful World, whither your Meditation and your Hope have often raised You, may the Court of *Great Britain* never want Successors in your honourable House to adorn and support it. In the Sincerity of these Wishes, I take Leave to subscribe myself,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

THE

PREFACE.

AS every Man has ſome Amuſements for an Hour of Leiſure, I have choſen *Mathematical Science*, *Philoſophy* and *Poeſy*, for mine; and the Fruits of ſome of thoſe Hours have been communicated to the World. I acknowledge my Obligation to the preſent Age, which has given a favourable Acceptance to the *Lyrick Poems* printed in my Youth, the plain *Rudiments of Geography and Aſtronomy*, and the *Treatiſe of Logick*, publiſhed ſome Years ago, and to thoſe ſcattered *Eſſays of Philoſophy* which I put together laſt

laſt Year. Theſe Gleanings of *Verſe*, and occaſional *Thoughts on Miſcellaneous Subjects*, which have been growing under my Hands for Thirty Years, are now collected for a Preſent to the Publick, under the Encouragement it has given me to expect the ſame Candour.

THAT the Compoſure of Verſe is not beneath the Dignity even of ſublime and ſacred Characters, appears in the Example of *David* the Prophet and the King; to which, if I ſhould add *Moſes* and *Solomon*, it would ſtill ſtrengthen the Argument, and ſupport the Honour of this Art: And how far Poeſy has been made ſerviceable to the Temple and the Intereſt of Religion, has been ſet in a ſufficient Light by ſeveral Pens; nor need I repeat here what is written in the Preface to my Book of *Poems* on that Subject. But I muſt confeſs it needs ſome Apology, that when I had told the World Twenty-five Years ago that I expected the future Part of my Life would be free from the Service of the Muſe, I ſhould now diſcover my Weakneſs, and let the World know that I have not been able to maintain my Purpoſe.

IT is true indeed, ſome of theſe Copies were written before that Time, yet a great Part of them muſt date their Exiſtence ſince; for where Nature has a ſtrong Propenſity even from our Infant-Life, it will

will awake and ſhew itſelf on many Occaſions, tho' it has been often and ſincerely reſiſted, and ſubdued, and laid to ſleep. And as I have found my Thoughts many a time carried away into four or five Lines of Verſe e're I was aware, and ſometimes in oppoſition to my Will, ſo I confeſs I have now and then indulged it for an Hour or two, as an innocent and grateful Diverſion from more ſevere Studies. In this View I offer it to my Friends; and amongſt the many Pieces herein contain'd, I hope there are ſome which will give them an agreeable Amuſement, and perhaps ſome Elevation of Thought towards the Things of Heaven. But in order to taſte any degree of Pleaſure, or reap any Profit by the Reading, I muſt intreat them ſincerely to ſeek the Entertainment of their Hearts, as in the Converſation of a Friend; and not to hunt after the painful and aukward Joys of ſour Criticiſm, which is ever buſy in ſeeking out ſomething to diſguſt itſelf.

I MAKE no Pretences to the Name of a Poet, or a polite Writer, in an Age wherein ſo many ſuperior Souls ſhine in their Works through this Nation. Could I diſplay the Excellencies of Virtue and Chriſtian Piety in the various Forms and Appearances of it, with all the Beauty and Glory in which Mr. *Pope* has ſet the Kingdom of the *Meſſiah* by his well-mingled Imitations of *Iſaiah* and *Virgil*; could I paint Nature and the animated Wonders of it in ſuch ſtrong and

and lively Colours as Dr. *Young* has done; could I describe its lovely and dreadful Scenes in Lines of such Sweetness and Terror, as he has described them in his Paraphrase on Part of the Book of *Job*; I should have a better Ground for a Pretence to appear among the Writers of Verse, and do more Service to the World. Could I imitate those admirable Representations of Human Nature and Passion which that ingenious Pen has given us, who wrote the late Volumes of *Epistles from the Dead to the Living*, and *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, I should then hope for happier Success in my Endeavours to provide innocent and improving Diversions for polite Youth. But since I can boast of little more than an Inclination and a Wish that Way, I must commit the Provision of these Amusements to such celebrated Authors as I have now mentioned, and to the rising Genius's of the Age: And may the Honour of Poesy be retrieved by them, from the Scandal which has been cast upon it by the Abuse of Verse to loose and profane Purposes.

If there are any of these Pieces which may seem to carry in them something too youthful and trivial, I entreat my Friends to remember, 'tis a Collection of such Compositions of this Kind from my early Years as I have found among my Papers; and if I had never published them myself, I fear it would have been done some time or other by Persons into whose Hands they

they might have been diſperſed; and then the many mingled Blunders, which always ariſe from frequent Tranſcriptions, would have utterly diſguſted the Reader, as well as brought a double Diſgrace upon the Writer.

'Tis impoſſible for the niceſt and moſt correct Pen to avoid the offence of thoſe Readers who carry an Exceſs of Delicacy always about them, much leſs do I expect it here: Nor is it within the Power of any Man who writes, to eſcape the Cenſure of thoſe whoſe Minds are ſo full of vile and uncleanly Images, that they will impoſe their own diſhoneſt and impure Ideas upon Words of the moſt diſtant and innocent Sound. Every low and malicious Wit may turn even ſacred Language to wicked and abominable Purpoſes, and clap a Sett of perverſe Ideas on the pureſt Diction. Where neither a *David* nor a *Paul*, neither Prophets nor Evangeliſts are ſafe, no human Writer ſhould expect an Exemption; but the Crime is ſtill in him that conſtrues, and not in him that writes. If *Oleo* finds an ill Savour in every Place where he comes, I ſuſpect that he has ſome foul Ulcer about him; and when I hear *Flavinus* tell me on a Snowy Day, that the Ground looks yellow, I may venture to pronounce that *Flavinus* has the Jaundice.

As for the Characters which are found here in ſome of the *Eſſays*, I profeſs ſolemnly there is not one of the vicious or fooliſh kind that is deſign'd to repreſent any particular Perſon. I never thought it proper to have Mankind treated in that manner, unleſs upon ſome very peculiar and extraordinary Occaſions, and then I would leave the unpleaſing Work to other Hands. It has been the Aim and Deſign of my Life, in my Hours of Leiſure, as well as my Seaſons of Buſineſs, to do what Service I could to my Fellow-Creatures, without giving Offence. I would not willingly create needleſs Pain or Uneaſineſs to the moſt deſpicable Figure amongſt Mankind. There are Vexations enough diſtributed among the Beings of my Species, without my adding to the Heap: And yet I confeſs I have often attempted to hit the ſore Part in general; but 'tis with this ſincere Intent, that the Wiſe and Thoughtful, whoſoever they are, may feel their Diſeaſe and be healed. — My Readers may be aſſured therefore, that tho' the Vices and the Follies which are here diſplay'd may appear to be as juſt and ſincere a Repreſentation as if they were all borrowed from Life, yet there are not Features enough to deſcribe any Perſon living. When a reflecting Glaſs ſhews the Deformities of a Face ſo plain as to point to the Perſon, he will ſooner be tempted to break the Glaſs, than to reform his Blemiſhes.

Blemiſhes. But if I can find any Error of my own happily deſcribed in ſome general Character, I am then awaken'd to reform it in Silence, without the publick Notice of the World; and the Moral Writer attains his nobleſt End.

My particular Friends, to whom I have ſent any of theſe Pieces, will generally be pleaſed to read them in Print, and addreſs'd to a feigned Name, rather than their own: This I found the ſafeſt Way to avoid Offence on all Hands, and therefore I have not mentioned one proper Name here, but what was in Print before.

In the Diſpoſition of theſe Pieces, I pretend to no Order, but only aimed to diverſify every Sheet of the Collection with Verſe and Proſe. In a Noſegay or a Flower-Piece, no Man expects an exact Regularity of Situation among the Parts that compoſe it: 'Tis ſufficient if the Colours and Fragrance entertain the Senſes with a grateful Confuſion.

I presume no Body will expect in ſuch a Book an Entrance into deep Arguments upon difficult Subjects of any kind whatſoever. The Deſign is to pleaſe and profit every gentle Reader, without giving Pain and Fatigue to the Mind. If any

any thing here written may induce Strangers to take up so good an Opinion of the Writer as to peruse any of his other Works, it is his hearty Desire and Prayer, that they may find abundant Compensation in their own Improvements in Knowledge, Virtue or Piety, and may thereby grow fitter for the heavenly World; to which important and happy End all our Labours here on Earth should conspire, and even our Amusements, whether we read or write. *Amen.*

NEWINGTON,
March 25. 1734.

THE

THE

TABLE.

I.
EARCHING after God, Page 1
II. Roman *Idolatry*, p. 6
III. *To* Dorio. *The first Lyrick Hour*, p. 9
IV. *The* Hebrew *Poet*. p. 12
V. *The Thankful Philosopher*, p. 19
VI. *The Praise of God*, p. 28
VII. *A Meditation for the First of* May, p. 31
VIII. *Divine Goodness in the Creation*, p. 36
IX. *The sacred Concert of Praise*, p. 39
X. *The World a Stranger to God*, p. 40
XI. *Purgatory*, p. 41
XII. *The Temple of the Sun*, p. 45
XIII. *A Midnight Elevation*, p. 48
XIV. *The Honourable Magistrate*, p. 51
XV. *A Lesson of Humility*, p. 56
XVI. *The Waste of Life*, p. 57
XVII. *The Table bless'd*, p. 63
XVIII. *Youth and Death*, p. 69
XIX. Babylon *destroy'd*, *or the* 137*th* Psalm *paraphrased*, p. 73
XX. *Epitaph on Bigotry*, *translated from the Latin*, p. 77
XXI. *The Death of* Lazarus, p. 88
XXII. *An Hymn to* Jesus, *the Eternal Life*, p. 90
XXIII. *Distant Thunder*, p. 91
XXIV. David's *Lamentation over* Saul *and* Jonathan, p. 94

XXV. *The Skeleton*, p. 100
XXVI. *Words without Spirit*, p. 103
XXVII. *The Church-Yard*, p. 107
XXVIII. *To a Painter restoring an old Picture*, p. 109
XXIX. *On the Sight of Queen* Mary, 1694, p. 111
XXX. *On the Effigies of* George *Prince of* Denmark, p. 114
XXXI. *To* Velina, *on the Death of several young Children*, p. 115
XXXII. *Earth, Heaven, and Hell*, p. 118
XXXIII. *A Hornet's Nest destroy'd*, p. 120
XXXIV. *Citations and Inscriptions*, p. 123
XXXV. *Against Lewdness*, p. 129
XXXVI. *Against Drunkenness*, p. 131
XXXVII. *Vanity confess'd*, p. 133
XXXVIII. *Passion and Reason*, p. 140
XXXIX. *One Devil casting out another*, p. 143
XL. *Excellencies and Defects compensated*, p. 145
XLI. *Envy discover'd*, p. 148
XLII. *The rough Man soften'd*, p. 153
XLIII. *Ignorance of ourselves*, p. 155
XLIV. *Absence from God, who is our All*, p. 159
XLV. *Formality and Superstition*, p. 164
XLVI. *Cowardise and Self-Love*, p. 168
XLVII. *Sickness and Recovery*, p. 171
1. *The Hurry of the Spirits in a Fever*, p. 172
2. *Peace of Conscience and Prayer for Health*, p. 174
3. *Encourag'd to hope for Health in* May, December, 1712. p. 177
4. *The wearisome Weeks of Sickness*, 1712 *and* 1713, p. 180
5. *A Hymn of Praise for Recovery*, p. 181
XLVIII. *The Deist and the Christian*, p. 184
XLIX. *The Mischief of Disputes and Declamations on Religious Controversies*, p. 187

L. *Labour and Patience in inſtructing Mankind*, p. 192
LI. *Publick Diſputations*, p. 199
LII. *Devotional Writings*. p. 202
LIII. *An Elegy on* Sophronia, p. 214
LIV. *An Elegy on Mrs.* Bury, p. 217
LV. *An Elegiac Ode at the Death of Sir* Thomas Abney, p. 221
LVI. *Entrance upon the World*, p. 232
LVII. *Souls in Fetters*, p. 240
LVIII. *To* Lucius, *on the Death of* Serena; *Five Odes on Death and Heaven*, p. 245
1. *The Spirit's Farewel to the Body after a long Sickneſs*, p. 246
2. *The Departing Moment, or Abſent from the Body*, p. 247
3. *Entrance into Paradiſe, or Preſent with the Lord*, p. 248
4. *The Sight of God in Heaven*, p. 249
5. *A Funeral Ode at the Interrment of the Body, ſuppoſed to be ſung by the Mourners*, p. 250
LIX. *Divine Conduct diſputed and juſtified*, p. 251
LX. *Sinful Anger for God's Sake*, p. 258
LXI. *The Coronation of their Majeſties King* George *the Second, and Queen* Caroline, October 11, 1727, p. 265
LXII. *A Loyal Wiſh, borrow'd from* Pſal. 132, p. 270
LXIII. *Piety in a Court*, p. 271
LXIV. *The Courteous and the Peeviſh*, p. 277
[LXIV.] *Common Occurrences moraliz'd*, p. 285
LXV. *Fragments of Verſe*, p. 289
1. *Preface to a Letter*, ibid.
2. *The Sun in Eclipſe*, p. 290
3. *On our Bleſſed Saviour*, p. 292
LXVI. *The Inſcriptions on ſeveral ſmall* French *Pictures tranſlated*, ibid.
LXVII. *Inſcriptions on Dials*, p. 294

LXVIII.

LXVIII. *Inscriptions on Pourtraits*, p. 296
LXIX. *Epigrams*, p. 298
LXX. *Epitaphs*, p. 301
On Mr. Thomas Pickard, ibid.
On Mr. John May, ibid.
On a near Relation, p. 302
On Mr. Samuel Harvey, ibid.
On Mr. Matthew Clarke, p. 303
On Mr. Edward Brodhurst, p. 306
On Sir Isaac Newton, p. 308
LXXI. *The Cadence of Verse*, p. 309
LXXII. *The different Stops and Cadences of Blank Verse*, p. 317
LXXIII. *A Dying World, and a Durable Heaven*, p. 323
LXXIV. *The Rewards of Poesy*, p. 328
LXXV. *A Moral Argument to prove the Natural Immortality of the Soul*, p. 334
LXXVI. *Three Modern Absurdities*, p. 342

The Reader is desired to correct these few Mistakes.

PAge 7. Line 16. *they have*. p. 16. l. 1. See *Jews and Heathens fir'd with Rage*. p. 21. l. 26. *near Forty*. p. 33. l. 4. *Insects*. p. 34. l. 14. *Thread*. p. 67. l. 9. *or*. p. 77. l. 12. *Religion's*. p. 83. l. 11. *Monkish Vows*. p. 97. l. 21. *Delight*. p. 154. l. 24. *suppling*. p. 155. l. 10. *thousand*. p. 157. l. 12. *spring*. p. 161. l. 1. *Misery*. p. 172. l. 8. *Distresses*. p. 179. l. 5. *speed*. p. 191. l. 12. *fought*. p. 223. l. 27. *attach'd*. p. 272. l. 25. *Centre*. p. 273. l. 21. blot out *but*. p. 300. l. 6. *delay*. p. 301. l. 5. *Pickard*. p. 306. l. 6. *divinis*. p. 314. l. 18. *Pain*. p. 321. l. 22. for *it*, read *this Rule*. p. 344. l. 13. *and that*. p. 347. l. 12. *generally were*.

Miſcellaneous Thoughts,

IN

PROSE and VERSE.

I.

Searching after GOD.

INCE we find in ourſelves that we think and reaſon, we fear and hope, and by an Act of our Will we can put this Body of ours into various Forms of Motion, we may boldly pronounce that *we are*, and that *we live*, for we are conſcious of active Power, and Life, and Being. But where is the Hand that made us, and that gave us this Life

and Power? We know that we did not make ourselves in Time past, because we cannot promise ourselves a Minute of Time to come: We feel no Power within to preserve ourselves a Moment, nor to rescue or with-hold this Being or this Life of ours from the sudden Demands of Death.

It is evident yet farther, that we did not give ourselves these wondrous Properties and Powers which we possess; for tho' we are sensible of many Deficiencies and Imperfections, yet neither the most perfect nor most defective amongst us can add to our *present Self* the least new Power or Property. While we are all surrounded with Wants which we cannot supply, and exposed to Death, which we cannot avoid, 'tis a ridiculous Pretence to be our own Makers.

We conclude then with Assurance, that we are the Work of some more powerful and superior Hand; but how we came first into Being, we know not: The Manner of our original Existence is hid from us in Darkness: We are neither conscious of our Creation, nor of the Power which created us. He made us, but he hid Himself from our Eyes and our Ears, and all the Searches of Sense. He has sent us to dwell in this visible World amidst an endless Variety of Images, Figures and Colours, which force themselves upon our Senses; but he for ever disclaims all Image, Colour and Figure Himself. He hath set us, who are inferior Spirits, this Task in these Regions of Mortal Flesh,

Fleſh, to ſearch and *feel after him, if haply we may find* the ſupreme, the infinite and eternal Spirit. *We are* near a-kin to him, even *his own Offspring*, but we ſee not our Father's Face; nor can all the Powers of our Nature come at the knowledge of him that made us, but by the Labours and Inferences of our Reaſon: We toil and work backward to find our Creator; from our preſent Exiſtence we trace out his Eternity, and through the Chain of a Thouſand viſible Effects we ſearch out the Firſt, the Inviſible and Almighty Cauſe.

FOR the moſt part indeed, we are ſo amus'd and engroſs'd by the Things of Senſe, that we forget our Maker, and are thoughtleſs of him that gave us Being: or if we ſeek and follow after him, 'tis on a cold Scent, and with lazy Enquiries; and when we fancy we perceive ſomething of him, 'tis at a Diſtance and in a dusky Twilight: We eſpy ſome faint Beams, ſome Glimmerings of his Glory breaking thro' the Works of his Hands; but he himſelf ſtands behind the Vail, and does not ſhew himſelf in open Light to the Sons and Daughters of Mortality. Happy Creatures, if we could make our Way ſo near him as to behold the lovely and adorable Beauties of his Nature; if we could place our Souls ſo directly under his kindeſt Influences, as to feel ourſelves adore him in the moſt profound Humility, and love him with moſt ſublime Affection!

My God, I love and I adore;
But Souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and ſtand
Behind the Labours of thy Hand?
Thy Hand unſeen ſuſtains the Poles
On which this huge Creation rolls:
The ſtarry Arch proclaims thy Power,
Thy Pencil glows in every Flower:
In thouſand Shapes and Colours riſe
Thy painted Wonders to our Eyes;
While Beaſts and Birds with lab'ring Throats,
Teach us a God in thouſand Notes.
The meaneſt Pin in Nature's Frame,
Marks out ſome Letter of thy Name.
Where Senſe can reach or Fancy rove,
From Hill to Hill, from Field to Grove,
Acroſs the Waves, around the Sky,
There's not a Spot, or Deep, or High,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the Footſtep of a God.

But are his Footſteps all that we,
Poor groveling Worms, muſt know or ſee?
Thou Maker of my vital Frame,
Unvail thy Face., pronounce thy Name,
Shine to my Sight, and let the Ear
Which thou haſt form'd, thy Language hear.
Where is thy Reſidence? Oh, why
Doſt thou avoid my ſearching Eye,

My

My longing Senſe? Thou Great Unknown,
Say, Do the Clouds conceal thy Throne?
Divide, ye Clouds, and let me ſee
The Power that gives me Leave to Be.

OR art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundleſs Space, a Preſent GOD,
Unſeen, unheard, yet ever near?
What ſhall I do to find thee here?
Is there not ſome myſterious Art
To feel thy Preſence at my Heart?
To hear thy Whiſpers ſoft and kind,
In holy Silence of the Mind?
Then reſt, my Thoughts; nor longer roam
In queſt of Joy, for Heaven's at home.

BUT, oh, thy Beams of warmeſt Love!
Sure, they were made for Worlds above.
How ſhall my Soul her Powers extend,
Beyond where Time and Nature end,
To reach thoſe Heights, thy beſt Abode,
And meet thy kindeſt Smiles, my GOD?
What ſhall I do? I wait thy Call;
Pronounce the Word, my Life, my All.
Oh for a Wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden Morning-Star!
Fain would I trace th' immortal Way,
That leads to Courts of endleſs Day,
Where the Creator ſtands confeſs'd,
In his own faireſt Glories dreſs'd.

Some shining Spirit help me rise,
Come wast a Stranger thro' the Skies;
Bless'd JESUS, meet me on the Road,
First Offspring of th' Eternal GOD,
Thy Hand shall lead a Younger Son,
Clothe me with Vestures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's Throne.

II.

ROMAN IDOLATRY.

IT has been an old Temptation to Mankind, almost ever since Human Nature was made, that we desire to find out something just like GOD. Hence arose a great part of the *Idolatry* of Ancient Ages, and of almost all the *Heathen* World: Hence the skilful and impious Labours of the *Statuary* and the *Painter:* Hence all the gaudy glittering Images, and all the monstrous Shapes that possess and inhabit the Temples of the *Gentiles.* They were all designed to represent the shining Glories, or the active Powers of Divinity. The fruitful Brain of the *Poet* and the *Priest* have yet farther multiplied the Images of Godhead, to make it appear like something which we can feel, hear, or see. But *to whom shall we liken God? With what likeness will ye compare me, saith the holy one of Israel?* Isa. xl. 18, 25. He is, and will be for ever, the *Great Inimitable*, and the *Infinite Unknown.*

AND

AND yet this Folly has not ſpent itſelf all in the *Heathen* World. The *Jewiſh* Nation was often fond of Idols, and they would more than once have the Figure of Divinity among them; tho' the Wilderneſs of *Sinai*, in the Days of *Moſes*, and the Tents of *Dan* and *Bethel* in *Jeroboam*'s Reign, can bear witneſs that it look'd much more like a *Calf* than a *God*. *Iſrael* too often fell in with the reſt of the Nations, and *changed the Glory of the uncorruptible God into an Image made like to corruptible Man, and to Birds and four-footed Beaſts, and creeping Things.*

THE *Chriſtian* World indeed has much clearer Light, and nobler Diſcoveries of the inviſible Nature of GOD; and yet how has the *Romiſh* Church fallen into groſs Idolatry in this reſpect, and with profane Attempt have painted all the *Bleſſed Trinity!* Whatſoever Pretence they may derive from the human Nature of the Son of God, or from the Dove-like Appearance of the holy Spirit, to draw the Figures of a *Dove* or a *Man*, as a Memorial of thoſe ſacred Condeſcenſions; yet I know no ſufficient Warrant they can have to fly in the very Face of Divine Prohibition, and to paint and carve the Figure of God the Father like an old Man, when he never appeared among Men in any bodily Forms; and our *Lord Jeſus* himſelf ſays of him, *Ye have neither heard his Voice at any time, nor ſeen his Shape*, John v. 37.

BUT this *Popish* Church descends yet to meaner Idolatry; and because *Christ*, who is *God manifest in the Flesh*, represents himself in a Metaphor, as *the Bread of Life*, to support and nourish our Souls, therefore they turn their Saviour into a real Piece of *Bread:* They make a God of Dough, and they devour and they worship the Work of the Baker. O sottish Religion, and stupid Professors! Could we ever have *imagin'd* that such an *absurd Superstition*, that gives the Lye grosly to Sense and Reason at once, should ever find room in the Belief of Man, in spight of all his sensible and his rational Powers? Could one have imagined, I say, that such a glaring Falshood, that shocks at once our intellectual and our animal Faculties, should be lodged and fostered in the Bosom and Heart of the Sons of *Adam?* But Experience here exceeds *Imagination.* What a shameful Reproach and Scandal is it to human Nature, that a *Faith with so much Nonsense in it*, should overspread whole Nations, and triumph over the largest Part of the knowing and refined World? But every dawning Day-light is a Witness of these National Idolatries, these Scandals to Mankind and all their intellectual Glory. Every Sun that sets or rises in some Part or other of the *Earth*, beholds Multitudes of Fools and Philosophers, Ploughmen and Princes, acknowledging the Breaden God, bending the Knee to the Wafer-Cake, and bowing towards the sacred Repository of the kneaded Idol.

'TWAS

'TWAS the firſt *Ambition* and Iniquity of Man to affect a forbidden *Likeneſs to God*; there is *Inſolence* added to the *Ambition*, when we bring down GOD to our Level, and make him a *Man*, like ourſelves: But when we ſink the Deity beneath our own Nature, when we make a mere *Animal* or *Vegetable* of him, and turn him into a bit of ſenſeleſs *Paſte*, the Madneſs of this Impiety muſt for ever want a Name.

III.

To DORIO.

The firſt Lyrick Hour.

THERE's a Line or two that ſeem to carry in them I know not what Softneſs and Beauty in the beginning of that Ode of *Caſimire*, where he deſcribes his firſt Attempts on the Harp, and his commencing a Lyrick Poet.

Albis dormiit in Roſis,
Liliiſque jacens & violis Dies,
Primæ cui potui vigil
Somnum Pieriâ *rumpere Barbito,*

Curæ dum vacuus Puer
Formosi legerem Littera Narviæ.
Ex illo mihi posteri
Florent sole dies, &c.

I HAVE tried to imitate these Lines, but I cannot form them into *English Lyricks:* I have releas'd myself from the Fetters of Rhime, yet I cannot gain my own Approbation. I have given my Thoughts a further Loose, and spread the Sense abroad, but I fear there is something of the Spirit evaporates; and tho' the elegant Idea perhaps does not entirely escape, yet I could wish for a happier Expression of it. Such as it is, receive it, *Dorio*, with your usual Candor, correct the Deficiencies, and restore the Elegance of the *Polish* Poet, to those six or seven Lines wherein I have attempted an Imitation.

'TWAS an unclouded Sky: The Day-Star sat
On highest Noon: No Breezes fann'd the Grove,
Nor the Musicians of the Air pursu'd
Their artless Warblings; while the sultry Day
Lay all diffus'd and slumbring on the Bosom
Of the white Lilly, the perfum'd Jonquil,
And lovely blushing Rose. Then first my Harp
Labouring with Childish Innocence and Joy
Brake Silence, and awoke the smiling Hour.
With infant Notes, saluting the fair Skies,
(Heaven's highest Work) the fair enamell'd Meads,

And

And tall green Shades along the winding Banks
Of *Avon* gently-flowing. Thence my Days
Commenc'd harmonious; there began my Skill
To vanquish Care by the sweet-sounding String.

HAIL happy Hour, O blest Remembrance, Hail!
And banish Woes for ever. Harps were made
For Heaven's Beatitudes; There *Jesse*'s Son
Tunes his bold Lyre with Majesty of Sound,
To the Creating and All-ruling Power
Not unattentive: While ten thousand Tongues
Of Hymning Seraphs and disbodied Saints,
Ecchо the Joys and Graces round the Hills
Of Paradise, and spread *Messiah*'s Name.
Transporting Bliss! Make haste, ye rolling Spheres,
Ye circling Suns, ye winged Minutes haste,
Fulfil my destin'd Period here, and raise
The meanest Son of Harmony to join
In that Celestial Consort.

IV.

The HEBREW POET.

This Ode represents the Difficulty of a just Translation of the Psalms *of* David, *in all their* Hebrew *Glory; with an Apology for the Imitation of them in* Christian *Language.*

[*The first Hint borrowed from* CASIMIRE, *Jessæa quisquis, &c.* Book 4. Od. 7.]

I.

SHEW me the Man that dares and sings
Great *David*'s Verse to *British* Strings:
Sublime Attempt! but bold and vain
As building *Babel*'s Tower again.

II.

The Bard * that climb'd to *Cooper*'s-*Hill*,
Reaching at *Zion*, sham'd his Skill,
And bids the Sons of *Albion* own,
That *Judah*'s Psalmist reigns alone.

* *Sir* John Denham *who gain'd great Reputation by his Poem, call'd* Cooper's-Hill, *fail'd in his Translation of the* Psalms *of* David.

Blest

III.

Bleſt Poet! now like gentle *Thames*
He ſooths our Ears with Silver Streams:
Like his own *Jordan* now he rolls,
And ſweeps away our captive Souls.

IV.

Softly the tuneful Shepherd leads
The *Hebrew* Flocks to flowry Meads!
He marks their Path with Notes divine,
While Fountains ſpring with Oil and Wine.

V.

Rivers of Peace attend his Song,
And draw their Milky Train along:
He Jars; and Lo, the Flints are broke,
But Honey iſſues from the Rock.

VI.

When kindling with victorious Fire
He ſhakes his Lance acroſs the Lyre;
The Lyre reſounds unknown Alarms,
And ſets the Thunderer in Arms.

VII.

Behold the GOD! th' Almighty King,
Rides on a Tempeſt's glorious Wing;
His Enſigns lighten round the Sky,
And moving Legions ſound on high.

Ten

VIII.

Ten thouſand Cherubs wait his Courſe,
Chariors of Fire and flaming Horſe :
Earth trembles ; and her Mountains flow,
At his Approach, like melting Snow.

IX.

But who thoſe Frowns of Wrath can draw,
That ſtrike Heaven, Earth, and Hell, with Awe?
Red Lightning from his Eye-lids broke ;
His Voice was Thunder, Hail, and Smoak.

X.

He ſpake ; the cleaving Waters fled,
And Stars beheld the Ocean's Bed :
While the great Maſter ſtrikes his Lyre,
You ſee the frighted Floods retire :

XI.

In Heaps the frighted Billows ſtand,
Waiting the Changes of his Hand :
He leads his *Iſrael* thro' the Sea,
And watry Mountains guard their Way.

XII.

Turning his Hand with Sovereign Sweep,
He drowns all *Egypt* in the Deep :
Then guides the Tribes, a glorious Band,
Thro' Deſarts to the promis'd Land.

Here

XIII.

Here Camps with wide imbattel'd Force,
Here Gates and Bulwarks ſtop their Courſe:
He ſtorms the Mounds, the Bulwark falls,
The Harp lies ſtrow'd with ruin'd Walls.

XIV.

See his broad Sword flies o'er the Strings,
And mows down Nations with their Kings:
From every Chord his Bolts are hurl'd,
And Vengeance ſmites the rebel World.

XV.

Lo, the great Poet ſhifts the Scene,
And ſhews the Face of GOD Serene:
Truth, Meekneſs, Peace, Salvation ride,
With Guards of Juſtice, at his Side.

XVI.

No meaner Muſe could weave the Light,
To form his Robes divinely bright,
Or frame a Crown of Stars to ſhine
With Beams of Majeſty divine.

XVII.

Now in prophetick Light he ſees
Ages to come, and dark Degrees:
He brings the Prince of Glory down,
Stript of his Robe and ſtarry Crown.

See

XVIII.

See how the Heathen Nations rage,
See, their combining Powers engage
Against th'*Anointed* of the Lord,
The Man whom Angels late ador'd,

XIX.

God's only Son: Behold, he dies:
Surprizing Grief! The Groans arise,
The Lyre complains on every String,
And mourns the Murther of her King.

XX.

But Heaven's *Anointed* must not dwell
In Death: The vanquish'd Powers of Hell
Yeild to the Harp's Diviner Lay;
The Grave resigns th' illustrious Prey.

XXI.

Messiah lives, *Messiah* reigns:
The Song surmounts the Airy Plains,
T' attend her Lord with Joys unknown,
And bear the Victor to his Throne.

XXII

Rejoice, ye shining Worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of Glory nigh:
Eternal Doors, your Leaves display,
To make the Lord of Glory Way.

XXIII.

What mortal Bard has Skill or Force
To paint these Scenes, to tread this Course,
Or furnish thro' th' Ethereal Road
A Triumph for a rising GOD?

XXIV.

Astonish'd at so vast a Flight
Thro' flaming Worlds and Floods of Light,
My Muse her awful Distance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling Steps.

XXV.

She bids her humble Verse explain
The *Hebrew* Harp's sublimer Strain;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What Course the Sun of Glory goes.

XXVI.

Here he ascends behind a Cloud
Of Incense, * there he sets in Blood; †
She reads his Labours and his Names
In spicy Smoak, * and Bleeding Lambs. †

XXVII.

Rich are the Graces which she draws
From Types, and Shades, and *Jewish* Laws;

* *Christ's Intercession.*
† *His Sacrifice.*

With

With thousand Glories long foretold
To turn the future Age to Gold.

XXVIII.

Grace is her Theme, and Joy, and Love:
Descend, ye Blessings, from above,
And crown my Song. Eternal GOD,
Forgive the Muse that dreads thy Rod.

XXIX.

Silent, she hears thy Vengeance roll,
That crushes Mortals to the Soul,
Nor dares assume the Bolt, nor sheds
Th' immortal Curses on their Heads.

XXX.

Yet since her GOD is still the same,
And *David*'s Son is all her Theme,
She begs some humble Place to sing
In Consort with *Judea*'s King.

V.

The Thankful Philoſopher.

AMONG all the uſeful and entertaining Studies of Philoſophy, there is none ſo worthy of Man as the Science of Human Nature. There is none that furniſhes us with more Wonders of divine Wiſdom, or gives higher Occaſion to adore divine Goodneſs. *Chariſius*, a Gentleman of great Piety and Worth, has ſpent many an Hour upon this delightful Theme. In the midſt of his Meditations one Day, he was debating thus with himſelf, and enquiring what ſort of Being he was.

NOW I ſtand, ſaid he, now I lie down; I riſe again and walk. I eat, drink and ſleep; my Pulſe beats, and I draw the Breath of Life: Surely I have the Parts and Powers of an *Animal*; I am a living Body of Fleſh and Blood, a wonderful Engine, with many Varieties of Motion. But let me conſider alſo what other Actions I perform.

I THINK, I meditate and contrive, I compare Things and judge of them; now I doubt, and then I believe; I will what I act, and ſometimes wiſh what I can-

I cannot act: I desire and hope for what I have not, as well as am conscious of what I have, and rejoyce in it: I look backward and survey Ages past, and I look forward into what is to come: Surely I must be a Spirit, a thinking Power, a Soul, something very distinct from this Machine of Matter with all its Shapes and Motions.

MERE *Matter* put into all possible Motion, can never think, reason and contrive, can never hope and wish, as I do, and survey distant Times, the past and future. Yet 'tis as impossible also that a *Mind*, a *Soul*, should walk or lie down, should eat or drink; but I feel, I know, I am assured I do all these. I perform some Actions that cannot belong to a Spirit, and some that Flesh and Blood can never pretend to.

WHAT am I then? What strange kind of Being is this, which is conscious of all these different Agencies, both of Matter and Spirit? What sort of Thing can I be, who seem to think and reason in my Head, who feel and am conscious of Pain or Ease, not at my Heart only, but at my Toes and Fingers too? I conclude then, I can be nothing else but a *Compounded Creature*, made up of these two distinct Beings, *Spirit and Matter*; or, as we usually express it, *Soul and Body*.

'TIS very plain also to me, upon a small Enquiry, that this Body and this Soul did not make themselves, nor

nor one another. But did not I myſelf join theſe two different Natures together when they were made? Did not my Soul take this Body into Union with itſelf? By no means; for the firſt Moment that I knew any thing of myſelf, I found the Powers of Thought working in an Animal Nature; that is, I found myſelf ſuch a *Compounded Being* as I now am: I had no more hand in the Union of theſe two Principles, or in the Compoſition of myſelf, than I had in the making of thoſe two diſtinct Beings of which I am compounded: It was GOD only, that great GOD who created both Parts of me, the *Animal* and the *Mind*, who alſo joined them together in ſo ſtrange an Union; and if I were to enter into the Myſteries of this Union, it would open a wide and various Scene of Amazement at his unſearchable Wiſdom.

BUT let me examine a little: Was there no ancient and early Kindred between this particular *Spirit* and this *Fleſh* of mine, this Mind and this Animal? Is there no original Relation, no eſſential Harmony and ſpecial Congruity between my Body and my Soul, that ſhould make their Union neceſſary? None at all that I can find, either by my Senſe or Reflection, my Reaſon or Experience. Theſe two Beings have dwelt now Thirty Years together, ſtrangely united into one, and yet I have never been able to trace any one Inſtance of previous Kindred between them. This Mind might have been pair'd with any other human Body;

Body; or this Body with any other Mind. I can find nothing but the sovereign Will of GOD that joined this Mind and this Animal Body together, and made the wondrous Compound: It was He ordained me to be what I am, in all the Circumstances of my Nativity.

SEEST thou, O my Soul, that unhappy Cripple lying at thy Neighbour's Door, that poor mis-shapen Piece of Human Nature? Mark how useless are his Limbs! he can neither support nor feed himself. Look overagainst him, there sits one that was Blind from his Birth, and begs his Bread. If thou hadst been originally united to either of these Pieces of Flesh and Blood, then hadst thou been that poor Cripple, or that very blind Beggar.

YONDER lies a piteous Spectacle, a poor Infant that came into the World but three Months ago, its Flesh cover'd with Ulcers, and its Bones putrifying with its Father's Sins: I hear its whining Cries, and long piteous Wailings; its bitter Groans touch my Heart, and awaken all my Tenderness: Let me stand and reflect a little. Surely I had been that wretched Thing, that little pining, perishing Infant, and all those Pains and Agonies had been mine, if GOD had reserved my Soul in his secret Counsels till a few Months ago, and then confined it to that unhappy Mansion of diseased and dying Flesh.

ONCE

ONCE more let my Eyes affect my Heart. What a ſtrange aukward Creature do I ſee there! The Form of it is as the Form of a Man, but its Motions ſeem to be more irregular, and the Animal more ſenſeleſs than a very Beaſt: Yet they tell me, it is forty Years old. It might have been by this time a Stateſman, a Philoſopher, a General of an Army, or a learned Divine; but Reaſon could never act nor ſhew itſelf in that diſordered Engine: The tender Brain was ruffled perhaps, and the Parts of it diſturbed in the very Embrio, or perhaps it was ſhaken with Convulſions when it firſt ſaw the Light; but the Place of its Birth was the ſame with mine, and the Neighbours ſay, it was born the next Door to me. How miſerable had I been if, when that Body was prepared, my Soul had received order to go but one Door farther, to fix its mortal Dwelling there, and to manage that poor diſabled Machine! And if the Spirit alſo that reſides there had been united to my Fleſh, it had been a ſad Exchange for me: That Ideot had been all that I was by Nature, and I had been that Ideot.

MY Meditations may rove farther abroad, may ſurvey paſt Ages and diſtant Nations, and by the Powers of Fancy, I may ſet myſelf in the midſt of them.

HAD this Spirit of mine been joined to a Body formed in *Lapland* or *Malabar*, I had worſhip'd the Image

Images of *Thor* or *Bramma*; and perhaps I had been a *Lapland* Wizard with a conjuring Drum, or a *Malabarian* Priest, to wear out my Life in ridiculous *Eastern* Ceremonies.

HAD my Soul been formed and united to a *British* Body fifteen hundred Years ago, I had been a painted *Briton*, a rude Idolater, as well as my Fathers; a superstitious *Druid* had been my highest Character, and I should have paid my absurd Devotions to some fancy'd Deity in a huge hollow Oak, and liv'd and dy'd in utter Ignorance of the true GOD, and of JESUS my Saviour. Or had my Spirit been sent to *Turkey*, *Mahomet* had been my Prophet, and the ridiculous Stories of the *Alcoran* had been all my Hope of Eternal Life.

SHOULD some Flatterer stand by and tell me, "As your Stature is tall and manly, so your Genius "is too sublime, and your Spirit too bright to be "buried under those Clouds of Darkness. Should he practice upon my Vanity, and say, "*Charistus* has "a Soul and Reason which would have led him to "the Knowledge of the true GOD, if he had been "born in the Wilds of *America*, and had for his Father a Savage *Iroquois*, or his Ancestors had been all "*Naraganset Indians*."

FOND foolish Man, to imagine there are no Genius's which out-shine me in the wild and barbarous World,

no

no bright and sublime Intellects but those which are appointed to act their Part in the Nations of *Europe!* Good Sense and natural Smartness are scatter'd among most of the Nations of Mankind. There are ingenious *Africans*, *American* Wits, Philosophers and Poets in *Malabar*; there are both the Sprightly and the Stupid, the Foolish and the Wise, on this and on t'other side of the great *Atlantick* Ocean: But the brighter Powers of Nature cannot exert themselves and shine in the same Glory, when the Affairs and Circumstances all around them are mean and low, and despicable, when their Life and Time, and all their Powers from their very Infancy, are employ'd in providing a sorry Sustenance for the Body, and supplying the importunate Appetites of Nature.

HAD I the largest Share of natural Understanding and Sprightliness, far beyond what my Friends can imagine, all the Advantage of it would have been, that perhaps I had shaped a nicer Bow, or set the Feathers on an Arrow for swifter Flight than my Neighbour: Perhaps I might have sooner hit the flying Partridge, and laid a surer Trap for a Wild-Goose or a Pigeon; I had learnt to outwit the Brutal Creation with more Success; egregious Victory and Triumph! Or if I had employ'd my best Spirits and Vigour in the Affairs of my Religion, I might have danced in more antick Postures round some sacred Bonfire, and contriv'd some new Superstitions, or perhaps authorized some new Gods or Goddesses; or

I might have howl'd among my Fellows with more hideous Airs than they, and have worshipped the Devil with more Zeal and Activity. Wretched Prerogatives of a sprightly Nature, left without the Beams of illuminating Grace!

To Thee, O my God, to Thee are due my eternal Praises; and to Thee will I offer the humblest Acknowledgments and Songs of highest Gratitude. It is Thou hast made my Compounded Nature what it is, in all the comfortable and hopeful Attendants of it: Thou hast not joined my Spirit to the disturbed Brain of an Ideot, to a crippled Carcass, or a Piece of rumpled Deformity. Thou hast given to my Soul a Body, with its proper Limbs and Organs of Sense, capable of Activity, Converse and Service among the reasonable World. Blessed be my God for ever, that he has appointed me to act my Part in *Great Britain*, while 'tis a Land of Divine Light; he has placed my Soul in such a Dwelling, and with such Circumstances among the Sons of Men, as may, through his Grace, prepare it for the Company of Angels, and for his own blissful Presence in the World above.

But has not my Spirit been depress'd by a sickly Constitution, and confined to a feeble Engine of Flesh under daily Disorders? Have I not sustained many Sorrows on this Account, and wasted some Years among the Infirmities of the Body, and in painful

ful Idleneſs? Are there not ſeveral Souls favour'd with a more eaſy Habitation, and yoaked with a better Partner? Are they not accommodated with Engines which have more Health and Vigour, and ſituated in much more happy Circumſtances than mine? What then? Shall I repine at my Lot, and murmur againſt my Creator, becauſe he has made ſome Hundreds happier than I; while I ſurvey whole Nations, and Millions of Mankind, that have not a thouſandth Part of my Bleſſings?

I DARE not complain, O my GOD, that I am not one of the few who enjoy the higheſt Pleaſures, and the moſt eaſy Circumſtances on Earth; but I have infinite reaſon to adore thy diſtinguiſhing Goodneſs, who haſt not ſuffer'd me to be one of the miſerable Millions!

VI.

The PRAISE *of* GOD.

WHAT is Praiſe? 'Tis a Part of that Divine Worſhip which we owe to the Power that made us: 'Tis an Acknowledgment of the Perfections of GOD, aſcribing all Excellencies to him, and confeſſing all the Works of Nature and Grace to proceed from him. Now when we apply ourſelves to this Work, and dreſs up our Notions of a GOD in Magnificence of Language, when we furniſh them out with ſhining Figures, and pronounce them in ſounding Words, we fancy ourſelves to ſay great Things, and are even charm'd with our own Forms of Praiſe: But alas! the higheſt and beſt of them ſet in a true Light, are but the feeble Voice of a Creature, ſpreading before the Almighty Being that made him, ſome of his own low and little Ideas, and telling him what he thinks of the Great GOD, and what GOD has done. When the holy *Pſalmiſt* would expreſs his honourable Thoughts of his Maker, they amount only to this, *Thou art good, and thou doeſt good*, Pſal. cxix. 68. How inconſiderable an Offering is this for a GOD! and yet ſo condeſcending is his Love, that he looks

looks down, and is well pleaſed to receive it. Let us meditate on this a little, and learn how utterly unworthy our higheſt Attempts of Worſhip, and our moſt refined Strains of Praiſe, are of divine Acceptance.

1. WE *can tell* GOD *but a very little of what he is, or has done.* How ſmall a Portion do we know! and how mean muſt our Praiſe be! Now to ſpeak of the Worth of another ſo very poorly and imperfectly, would be an Affront among Men; yet the great GOD takes it well at our Hands, when we labour to ſay what we know of his Greatneſs or his Goodneſs. Our brighteſt Ideas of him eclipſe his Glory, and our higheſt Language ſinks beneath the Dignity of his Nature. *God is great, and we know him not*, Job xxxvi. 26. he is *exalted above our Praiſes*, Nehem. ix. 5.

2. WE *can tell* GOD *nothing but what he knows much better himſelf.* 'Tis not to increaſe his Knowledge when we ſpread our own Concerns before him in *Prayer*; for he knows what we are, what is our Frame, what are our Weakneſſes and our Wants, far better than we ourſelves are acquainted with them; much leſs when we *Praiſe* him, can we preſume to know what GOD is, or what he does, or tell him any thing that relates to himſelf, but what he knew eternally before us, and knows infinitely better than we do; we can add no new Ideas to his Mind, nor enlarge one of his own Ideas.

3. WE *can only tell* GOD *what Angels and happy Souls tell him much more of, and in a much better manner:* And yet all that Angels can ſay bears no Proportion to what GOD is; for if it did, GOD were not infinite. Should a little Emmet that feels the Sunbeams, lift up its Head and ſay, *O Sun, thou art warm*; a creeping Inſect that knows nothing of the Nature, the Glory, the wonderful Properties, Operations and Effects of this prodigious and aſtoniſhing World of Fire, nothing of its various and admirable Motions, real or ſuppos'd, nothing of its vaſt Circumference and Greatneſs; yet this deſpicable *Emmet* gives Praiſe to the *Sun* much more than we can do to our GOD, much more than Angels can do, more than all created Nature can do; becauſe there is ſome Proportion between the Praiſes of this *creeping Worm*, and the Glories of the *Sun*; they are both finite: But the Glories of our GOD are infinite; therefore no created Praiſe bears any Proportion. 'Tis only the Godhead that can fulfil its own Praiſes; that Voice that built the Heavens and the Earth can tell what GOD is, and what GOD has done. If he pronounce a Word and create all Things by it, 'tis only that Word can pay him ſufficient Praiſe.

HOW far then are our feeble and mean Eſſays of Worſhip from adding any thing to our Maker! A ſorry Ant gives Heat and Glory to the Sun, by telling it 'tis warm, as much as all the Acclamations of Heaven

Heaven and Earth can add real Glory to the bleſſed God. His Eſſential Perfections are uncapable of receiving the leaſt Grain of Addition from all the Thoughts and Tongues of the intellectual World. His own Idea of Himſelf, is his nobleſt Praiſe.

How far are the moſt exalted Praiſes we pay to GOD, below the Danger of Flattery! Flattery exalts a thing beyond its Nature and Merit; but no Fellow-Creature would call himſelf flatter'd, ſhould we ſpeak of him in ſo mean Terms, and ſo much below his Worth, as we muſt do when we ſpeak the higheſt Praiſes of our GOD that our Thoughts can reach to: and yet Pſal. l. 23. *He that offereth Praiſe, glorifies me.* O Divine Condeſcenſion, that a GOD will eſteem our deſpicable Praiſes ſome of his Glories!

VII.

A Meditation for the Firſt of MAY.

WHAT aſtoniſhing Variety of Artifices, what inumerable Millions of exquiſite Works, is the GOD *of Nature* ingaged in every Moment! How glorioufly are his all-pervading Wiſdom and Power employ'd in this youthful Seaſon of the Year, this Spring of Nature! What infinite Myriads of Vegetable Beings is he forming this very Moment, in their Roots and Branches, in their Leaves and Bloſſoms,

their Seeds and Fruit! Some indeed begun to diſcover their Bloom amidſt the Snows of *January*, or under the rough cold Blaſts of *March*: thoſe Flowers are withered and vaniſhed in *April*, and their Seeds are are now ripening to Perfection. Others are ſhewing themſelves this Day in all their blooming Pride and Beauty; and while they adorn the Gardens and Meadows, with gay and glowing Colours, they promiſe their Fruits in the Days of Harveſt. The whole Nation of Vegetables is under the Divine Care and Culture, his Hand forms them Day and Night with admirable Skill and unceaſing Operation, according to the Natures he firſt gave them, and produces their Buds and Foliage, their flowry Bloſſoms, and rich Fruit in their appointed Months: Their Progreſs in Life is exceeding ſwift at this Seaſon of the Year; and their ſucceſſive Appearances, and ſweet Changes of Raiment, are viſible almoſt hourly.

But theſe Creatures are of Lower Life, and give but feebler Diſplays of the Maker's Wiſdom. Let us raiſe our Contemplations another Story, and ſurvey a nobler Theatre of Divine Wonders. What endleſs Armies of Animals is the Hand of God moulding and figuring this Moment throughout his Brutal Dominions! What immenſe Flights of little Birds are now fermenting in the Egg, heaving and growing towards Shape and Life! What vaſt Flocks of four-footed Creatures, what Droves of large Cattle are now framing in their early Em-

Embrio's, imprisoned in the dark Cells of Nature! and others perhaps are moving towards Liberty, and just preparing to see the Light. What unknown Myriads of Insects in their various Cradles and Nesting-places are now working toward Vitality and Motion! and Thousands of them with their painted Wings, just beginning to unfurl, and expand themselves into Fluttering and Day-Light: While other Families of them have forsaken their husky Beds, and exult and glitter in the warm Sun-Beams!

AN exquisite World of Wonders is complicated even in the Body of every little Insect, an Ant, a Gnat, a Mite, that is scarce visible to the naked Eye. Admirable Engines! which a whole Academy of Philosophers could never contrive, which the Nation of Poets hath neither Art nor Colours to describe; nor has a World of Mechanicks Skill enough to frame the plainest, or coarsest of them. Their Nerves, their Muscles, and the minute Atoms which compose the Fluids fit to run in the little Channels of their Veins, escape the Notice of the most sagacious Mathematician, with all his Aid of Glasses. The active Powers and Curiosity of Human Nature are limited in their Pursuit, and must be content to lie down in Ignorance. — *Hitherto shall ye go and no further.*

'TIS a sublime and constant Triumph over all the intellectual Powers of Man, which the great GOD maintains every Moment in these inimitable Works of

Nature, in theſe impenetrable Receſſes and Myſteries of Divine Art! and the Month of *May*, is the moſt ſhining Seaſon of this Triumph. The Flags and Banners of Almighty Wiſdom are now diſplay'd round half the Globe, and the other half waits the return of the Sun, to ſpread the ſame Triumph over the *Southern* World. This very Sun in the Firmament is GOD's prime Miniſter in this wondrous World of Beings, and he works with ſovereign Vigour on the Surface of the Earth, and ſpreads his Influences deep under the Clods to every Root and Fibre, moulding them into their proper Forms, by Divine Direction. There is not a Plant, nor a Leaf, nor one little branching Shread, above or beneath the Ground, that 'ſcapes the Eye or Influence of this beneficent Star: An illuſtrious emblem of the Omnipreſence and Univerſal Activity of the Creator.

BUT has this all-wiſe Creator, this ſupreme Lord of all Nature, no intellectual Prime Miniſter at all in theſe his Dominions? Has he delegated all his Powers to that bulky Globe of Fire which we call the Sun, that inanimate and unthinking Maſs of Matter? Is this huge burning and ſenſeleſs Body commiſſion'd to penetrate every dark Cranny of Nature, either with its Light or Heat, and to animate every Atom in the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms, and yet no intellectual Being, no Spirit ſo much akin to GOD, as to be favour'd with the like extenſive Vicegerency? Tho' the Light of Reaſon does not tell his Name, yet has not

not Revelation informed us? Yes, surely, there is a Man after GOD's own Heart, the fairest Image of the Creator, and nearest akin to him, among all the Works of his Hands: There is a Man, and his Name is JESUS, who holds most intimate and personal Union with the Godhead, in whom all Divine Wisdom dwells bodily, and to his Care has the Father committed all the infinite Varieties of the Vegetable and Animal Worlds. By him are all these Wonders produced in the Course of Providence, as by an Under-agent in the Kingdom of Nature. Is not the Government of Heaven and Earth put into his Hands? Is he not made Lord of Principalities and Powers, of Men, Angels, and Devils, and of all their Works? And can we think that he has been deny'd the Government of the lower Parts of his Father's Workmanship? Does he not manage all Things in the World of Grace? Surely then we may infer, he rules as wisely and as spaciously in the upper and lower Regions of the Creation, as an intellectual and conscious Instrument of the Providence of his Father, GOD. *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. I and my Father are One. And every Creature which is in Heaven, and on the Earth, and under the Earth, and such as are in the Sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and Honour, and Glory and Power, be to him that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.* Amen.

VIII. *The*

VIII.

Divine Goodneſs in the Creation.

THOSE Authors have been very entertaining to me, who have taken a Survey of the *Wiſdom of God* in the Works of Nature; ſuch are the Reverend and Pious Mr. *Ray*, in his Treatiſe on that Subject; Mr. *Derham*, in his two Volumes written on that Divine Theme; and the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, in his Demonſtration of the Exiſtence of GOD. But I do not remember to have read in thoſe Authors this one Inſtance of the wide-ſpreading Diffuſion of Divine Goodneſs through this lower World, (*viz.*) That the moſt univerſal and conſpicuous Appearances both of the Earth and Sky, are deſigned for the Convenience, the Profit and Pleaſure of all the Animal Creation: All that we ſee above us, and all beneath us, is ſuited to our Nouriſhment or to our Delight.

WHAT is more neceſſary for the Support of Life, than *Food*? Behold the Earth is cover'd with it all around; Graſs, Herbs and Fruits for Beaſts and Men, were ordain'd to overſpread all the Surface of the Ground, ſo that an Animal could ſcarce wander any where, but his Food was near him. Amazing Proviſion for ſuch an immenſe Family!

WHAT

WHAT is more joyful than the *Light?* Truly *the Light is ſweet* (ſays the wiſeſt of Men) and a *pleaſant thing 'tis to behold the* Light of the *Sun.* See the whole Circuit of the Heavens is repleniſh'd with Sunbeams, ſo that while the Day laſts, whereſoever the Eye is placed, 'tis ſurrounded with this Enjoyment; it drinks in the eaſy and general Bleſſing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular Varieties of the Creation. 'Tis Light conveys to our Notice all the Riches of the Divine Workmanſhip; without it Nature would be a huge and eternal Blank, and her infinite Beauties for ever unknown.

AGAIN; What are the ſweeteſt *Colours* in Nature, the moſt delightful to the Eye, and moſt refreſhing too? Surely the *Green* and the *Blue* claim this Preeminence. Common Experience, as well as Philoſophy, tells us, that Bodies of *Blue* and *Green* Colours ſend us ſuch Rays of Light to our Eyes, as are leaſt hurtful or offenſive; we can endure them longeſt; whereas the *Red* and the *Yellow*, or *Orange* Colour, ſend more uneaſy Rays in abundance, and give greater Confuſion and Pain to the Eye; they dazzle it ſooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent Gazing; therefore the divine Goodneſs dreſs'd all the Heavens in *Blue*, and the Earth in *Green.* Our Habitation is overhung with a Canopy of moſt beautiful *Azure*, and a rich *verdant* Pavement is ſpread under our Feet, that the Eye may be pleas'd and eaſy, whereſoever it turns itſelf, and

and that the most universal Objects it has to converse with might not impair the Spirits and make the Sense weary.

I.

When God the new-made World survey'd,
His Word pronounc'd the Building *good*;
Sun-beams and *Light* the Heavens array'd,
And the whole Earth was crown'd with *Food*.

II.

Colours that charm and ease the Eye,
His Pencil spread all Nature round;
With pleasing *Blue* he arch'd the Sky,
And a *Green* Carpet drest the Ground.

III.

Let envious Atheists ne'er complain
That Nature wants, or Skill, or Care;
But turn their Eyes all round in vain,
T' avoid their Maker's Goodness there.

IX.

The ſacred Concert of Praiſe.

I.

COME, pretty Birds, fly to this verdant Shade,
Here let our different Notes in Praiſe conſpire:
'Twas the ſame Hand your painted Pinions ſpread,
That form'd my nobler Powers to raiſe his Honours [higher.

II.

Fair Songſters, come; beneath the ſacred Grove
We'll ſit and teach the Woods our Maker's Name:
Men have forgot his Works, his Power, his Love,
Forgot the mighty Arm that rear'd their wondrous [Frame.

III.

I ſearch the crowded Court, the buſy Street,
Run thro' the Villages, trace every Road:
In vain I ſearch; for every Heart I meet
Is laden with the World, and empty of its GOD.

IV.

How ſhall I bear with Men to ſpend my Days?
Dear feather'd Innocents, you pleaſe me beſt;

My

My GOD has fram'd your Voices for his Praiſe,
His high Deſigns are anſwer'd by your tuneful Breaſt.

V.

SweetWarblers, come, wake all your chearful Tongues,
We joyn with Angels and their Heavenly Choirs;
Our humble Airs may imitate their Songs,
Tho' bolder are their Notes, and purer are their Fires.

VI.

Had I ten thouſand Hearts, my God, my Love,
Had I ten Thouſand Voices, all are thine:
Where Love enflames the Soul, the Lips muſt move,
Nor ſhall the Song be mortal where the Theme's
[Divine.

X.

The World a Stranger to GOD.

I.

INFINITE Beauty, everlaſting Love, [thee!
How are our Hearts, our Thoughts, eſtrang'd from
Th' eternal God ſurrounds us; yet we rove
In Chaſe of airy Toys, and follow as they flee.

Oh

II.

Oh could I cry, and make the Nations hear,
From *North* to *South* my Voice ſhould teach thy Name:
I'd tell them, that they buy their Joys too dear,
And pay immortal Souls for glittering Duſt or Fame.

III.

Almighty Power, break off theſe Chains of Senſe,
Melt them away with Love's celeſtial Fire,
Create the World anew; let Man commence
A Seraph here on Earth, let Man to Heaven aſpire.

XI.

PURGATORY.

'TWAS a gainful Contrivance of the Prieſts of *Rome*, to erect a Building between Heaven and Hell, where to diſpoſe of good Chriſtians after Death till they are compleatly fit for Heaven: This is *Purgatory*; a Place where the remaining Vices of the dying Man are purged out with Fire. The Torments of it are ſaid to be equal to the Torments of Hell, and differ only in the Duration. Thoſe Souls for whom the Prieſt *is hired* to ſay moſt Maſſes, are ſooneſt freed from

from the Relicts of Iniquity, and get the ſpeedieſt Releaſe to the heavenly Regions. This fills the Coffers of the Clergy by the Legacies of the Dead: Every one that leaves the World, takes ſomething away from his Friends and his Heirs to purchaſe Prayers for himſelf, and to ſhorten the Anguiſh of his Purification. Even that excellent Man, the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, in his Poſthumous Book called his *Spiritual Works*, ſpeaks of the Neceſſity of this purifying Fire, for good Chriſtians, to burn out the Remnant of Self-Love, by teaching them Patience and entire Reſignation of the Will, and perfect Contentment under the fiery Diſcipline.

BUT I cannot imagine how this Doctrine ſhould be any Temptation to Men to become Proſelytes to the Church of *Rome:* One Inſtance of this kind which I am going to relate, methinks ſhould affright Perſons for ever from turning Papiſts.

Promedon was bred in the Proteſtant Faith, but having a ſuperſtitious Turn of Mind, and being much impreſt by the Diſcourſe of an Uncle who was a devout Catholick, he began to waver, and was inclin'd to change. He went lately to pay a Viſit to this Uncle on his Death-bed; where after many Croſſings and Anointings, and Holy Charms, he ſaw the dying Man continue ſtill in utmoſt Diſtreſs and Horror; for notwithſtanding all the Devotions of hi Life, and the Ceremonies at his laſt Moments, yet he

he thought himſelf plunging into Torments equal to Hell: His Fleſh was convuls'd, and his Soul confounded at the Thoughts of ſuch immediate Anguiſh. He ordered in his Will five Hundred Pounds worth of Maſſes, yet he was not aſſured whether the State of of his Purgation would continue Months, or Years, or Ages. Amidſt theſe Agonies, *Promedon* ſaw his Uncle expire, and performed the laſt kind Office to cloſe his Eyes.

IN his return home, he talked thus with himſelf, "What? Can the Pope promiſe no more than this? "Muſt a Man that is almoſt fit to be Sainted be ſent "to Hell for a Seaſon, till the Prieſts are well fee'd to "ſay Prayers enough to fetch him out of it? Is the "Mercy of GOD ſo limited in the Popiſh Doctrine, "and reduced to ſuch a Scantling, as not to ſave us "without ſome Atonements of our own? Is not the "Blood of our Redeemer ſufficient of itſelf to pur"chaſe our full Pardon, but muſt we buy part of "it with the Anguiſh of our own Souls after Death? "Cannot the bleſſed Spirit make his own ſanctifying "Work perfect, but the Fire of Purgatory muſt "help to burn out our Sins? Has not CHRIST "promiſed me in the Bible, that if I am *faithful till* "*Death*, I ſhall *receive a Crown of Life*; and has the "Prieſt-Power to delay my Crown, and keep me ſo "long out of the Poſſeſſion, till his Maſſes and "Prayers ſhall bring me into it? Is not all the Grace "of the Goſpel a ſufficient Security againſt the Pains

"of

" of Hell, but after all my Faith and the Labours of " my Devotion, I must be consign'd to hellish Tor- " ments, colour'd and soften'd with another Name ? " Does not the Word of God give Encouragement to " hope, that when *we depart* hence *we shall be with* " *Christ ?* that when I am *absent from the Body* I shall " be *present with the Lord ?* And this is not only the " Blessing of an Apostle, but even a Disciple of " *Christ* of the lowest Rank, and whose Character " could make no Pretence to Merit, has the same " Privilege. A Thief upon the Cross, put to Death " by the Hand of Justice for his Crimes, and who " (as some Divines suppose) had reviled our Saviour " just before, (because some of the sacred Historians " charge both the Thieves with reviling him :) Such " a Wretch, I say, who did not begin to repent till " he began to die, has a Promise from our blessed " Lord, that he should be *with him in Paradise that* " *very Day*, because his Repentance and Faith were " sincere. And according to these Encouragements " of the Gospel, have I not heard of many a reli- " gious *Protestant* dying upon the Faith of the New " Testament with Joy, and good Assurance of his " immediate entrance into Blessedness ? And are these " Terrors and Agonies of Spirit which I just now " beheld, all the Consolation that the *Priests* of *Rome* " will allow to so religious and devout a Man as my " Uncle was ?

" FARE-

" FAREWEL, farewel, ye Deceivers: My Bible " ſhall be my only Guide, and the Grace of GOD " for ever preſerve me in that Religion which puts ſo " much Honour on the Sufferings of our bleſſed Sa- " viour, as to ſecure Heaven to a good Man, as ſoon " as he departs from Earth.

XII.

The Temple of the Sun.

IF I were an Idolater and would build a Temple for the Sun, I ſhould make the whole Fabrick to conſiſt of Glaſs; the Walls and Roof of it ſhould be all over tranſparent, and it ſhould need no other Windows. Thus I might every where behold the Glory of the GOD that I worſhip, and feel his Heat and rejoyce in his Light, and partake of the Vital Influences of that illuſtrious Star in every Part of his Temple. But may not this Happineſs be obtained without forſaking the True GOD, or falling off to Idolatry?

SURELY the bleſſed Ordinances of Chriſtianity are thus contrived and deſigned. Such are Baptiſm and the Lord's Supper, Preaching, Praying and Pſalmody.

mody. Theſe Inſtitutions of Worſhip are choſen and appointed with ſuch divine Wiſdom, that they repreſent to us the Glory of the ſeveral Perfections of our GOD in his Works of Nature and Grace, and tranſmit the Beams of his Power and Love to enliven and to comfort our dark and drooping Spirits. When we are *brought as it were by his Spirit into his Courts, the Glory of the Lord will fill the Houſe*, and we ſhall *hear him ſpeaking to our Souls.* The Sun of Righteouſneſs will ſhine into our Hearts: All the Powers of our Nature will rejoyce in the Light of his Majeſty, and under the Rays of his Mercy: We frequent his Sanctuary with Delight *to behold the Beauty of the Lord there*, to feel the warm Shines of Divine Goodneſs, and partake of his promiſed Salvation, *Ezek.* xliii. 5, 6. *Pſal.* xxvii. 4. and lxiii. 2. *But to carry the Similitude yet further,*

SUPPOSE when I had finiſh'd this *Heathen* Temple, and basked there with Pleaſure under the Rays of my bright Idol, ſome fanciful and ingenious Painter ſhould attempt to cover the Building all round with his own Ornaments; ſuppoſe *Raphael* himſelf ſhould uſe his Pencil with exquiſite Art, and with mingled Colours and Images of rich Variety and Beauty, overſpread all the Walls, the Doors, and the tranſparent Roof of it: How would this ſeclude the Sun's beſt Influences, and ſhut this Idol Deity out of his own Temple? Nay, tho' the Image of the Sun ſhould be drawn there ten Thouſand times over in Lines of Gold,

Gold, with a Pretence to repreſent him in all his wondrous Effects, yet every Line will forbid the Entrance of a Sun-beam, and the Worſhipper within muſt dwell in Twilight, or perhaps adore in Darkneſs; he muſt loſe the true Sight of his Planetary God, and the Benefit of his chearing Beams. Not the richeſt Skill of a *Zeuxis* or *Apelles* beautifying the Walls of this Fabrick, could ever ſupply the Abſence of the Sun, or compenſate the Loſs of Light and Heat.

SUCH are the Rites and Ceremonies of Human Wiſdom, when they are contrived as Ornaments to Divine Worſhip. A ſacred Inſtitution mingled with the Devices of Men, is in truth nothing elſe but *Glaſs darkned with the Colours of a Painter*, laid thick upon it. Theſe Inventions may appear to the Fancy, not only grave and decent, but artful and honourable too; they may pretend Aſſiſtance to the devout Worſhipper, and Glory to GOD himſelf: But in reality they exclude him from his own Temple. Sometimes they ſhow a painted Idol in the ſtead of him, for nothing can effectually repreſent GOD, but his own pure Appointments; and ſo far as the Ornaments prevail above the ſimple Ordinance, they prevent all the kind Influences of his Power and Grace, for he vouchſafes to tranſmit theſe no other way, but through his own Inſtitutions. When the Church of Rome *honours God with her Lips*, and her Prieſts *ſet up their Threſholds by my Threſholds*, ſaith the Lord, *and*

their

their Poſts by my Poſts, they have even defiled my holy Name by their Abominations, and *in vain do they worſhip me, teaching for Doctrines the Commandments of Men.* Eſa. xxix. 13. *comp. with* Matt. xv. 8, 9. *and* Ezech. xliii. 8.

XIII.

The MIDNIGHT ELEVATION.

I.

NOW reigns the Night in her ſublimeſt Noon,
Nature lies huſh'd; the Stars their Watches keep;
I wait thy Influence, gentle Sleep,
Come, ſhed thy choiceſt Poppies down
On every Senſe, ſweet Slumbers ſeal my Eyes,
Tir'd with the Scenes of Day, with painted Vanities.

II.

In vain I wiſh, in vain I try
To cloſe my Eyes, and learn to die;
Sweet Slumbers from my reſtleſs Pillow fly:
Then be my Thoughts ſerene as Day,
Be ſprightly as the Light,

Swift

Swift as the Sun's far ſhooting Ray,
And take a vigorous Flight:
Swift fly my Soul, tranſcend theſe duſky Skies,
And trace the vital World that lies
Beyond thoſe glimmering Fires that gild and cheer the [Night.

III.

There JESUS reigns, Adored Name!
The Second on the Throne ſupreme:
In whoſe myſterious Form combine
Created Glories and Divine:
The Joy and Wonder of the Realms above;
At his Command, all their wing'd Squadrons move,
Burn with his Fire, and triumph in his Love.

IV.

There Souls releas'd from Earth's dark Bondage live,
My *Reynolds* there, with *Howe* and *Boyle* are found,
Not Time nor Nature could their Genius bound,
And now they ſoar, and now they dive
In that unlimitable Deep where Thought itſelf is drown'd.
They aid the Seraphs while they ſing,
GOD is their unexhauſted Theme;
Light, Life and Joy from that immortal Spring
O'erflow the bleſſed Millions with an endleſs Stream.
Amazing State! Divine Abode!
Where Spirits find their Heaven while they are loſt in [GOD.

V.

Hail, holy Souls, no more confin'd
To Limbs and Bones that clog the Mind,
Ye have eſcap'd the Snares, and left the Chains behind.
We wretched Priſoners here below,
What do we ſee, or learn, or know,
But Scenes of various Folly, Guilt and Woe?
Life's buzzing Sounds and flatt'ring Colours play
Round our fond Senſe, and waſte the Day,
Enchant the Fancy, vex the labouring Soul;
Each riſing Sun, each lightſome Hour,
Beholds the buſy Slavery we endure;
Nor is our Freedom full, or Contemplation pure,
When Night and ſacred Silence overſpread the Pole.

VI.

Reynolds, thou late aſcended Mind,
Employ'd in various Thought and tuneful Song,
What happy Moment ſhall my Soul unbind,
And bid me join th' harmonious Throng?
Oh for a Wing to riſe to thee!
When ſhall my Eyes thoſe heavenly Wonders ſee?
When ſhall I taſte thoſe Conſorts with an Ear refin'd?

VII.

Roll on apace, ye Spheres ſublime,
Swift drive thy Chariot round, Illuſtrious Moon,
Haſte, all ye twinkling Meaſurers of Time,
Ye can't fulfil your Courſe too ſoon.

Kindle

Kindle my languid Powers, Celeſtial Love,
Point all my Paſſions to the Courts above,
Then ſend the Convoy down to guard my laſt Remove.

VIII.

Thrice happy World, where gilded Toys
No more diſturb our Thoughts, no more pollute our Joys!
There Light and Shade ſucceed no more by turns,
There reigns th' Eternal Sun with an unclouded Ray,
There all is calm as Night, yet all immortal Day,
And Truth for ever ſhines, and Love for ever burns.

XIV.

The Honourable MAGISTRATE.

INVIDO was a Man of a ſhrewd Underſtanding, but had ſo much Ill-humour in his Make, that he could ſpeak well of no Body: Yet there once happen'd an Incident in Converſation, that betray'd him, without thinking, into a Good-natur'd Truth; and even while he was practiſing his own malicious Temper, he was ſurprized into the Acknowledgment of ſuperior Worth, and paid a noble Teſtimony to Virtue.

The Story was this.

A FRIEND of mine had drawn up the Character of an excellent Magiſtrate, where, among other admirable Qualifications, theſe were inſerted.

—— "HE never aimed at Superiority over his "Neighbours, tho' by the Bounty of Providence he "grew richer than they: He had the univerſal Re- "ſpect due to Goodneſs, long before he was made "Great; and when his Fellow-Citizens voted him "into Power and Honour, he ſurvey'd the Province "with a juſt Reluctance, and ſhrunk away from "Grandeur; nor could any thing overcome his ſin- "cere Averſion, but a Senſe of Duty, and Hopes of "publick Service.

"HE paſſed through the chief Offices of the City, "and left a Luſtre upon them by the Practice of ſuch "Virtue and ſuch Piety as the Chair of Honour "has ſeldom known: Thoſe who have attended "that Court ſince the Year of his Magiſtra- "cy ſearch the Regiſter backward for twenty "annual Succeſſions, and confeſs he has had no "Rival.

"WHILE he ſtood in that Eminence, he ſurvey'd "the whole Nation, took a juſt View of its Wants "and its Dangers; and by the divine Bleſſing "(which his daily Retirements engaged on his ſide) he "ſecured the Nation's beſt Intereſt, the Excluſion of "a Child of *Rome* from the Throne of *England*, and "the Succeſſion of a Proteſtant Government. At "the appointed Seaſon he reſigned with Pleaſure the "Fatigues of Power, the tireſome Hours of State,

"and

" and the tedious Train of Pomp and Equipage; but
" he daily fulfils the Duties of ſubordinate Authority
" to the Terror of Vice, to the Support of the Good,
" and to the Reformation of a ſinful Land. He vin-
" dicates the Poor with Courage, againſt the Oppreſ-
" ſion of the Mighty, and ſends gay Criminals to the
" Place of Correction: He puts the rich Offenders
" to publick Shame, as well as the Poor, and he
" doth it with a noble Security of Soul: So ſpotleſs a
" Character fears no Recriminations.

" WHEN the Days of publick Shew and Proceſ-
" ſion return, he hides himſelf often at his Country-
" Seat, and makes every trifling Obſtacle a ſufficient
" Excuſe for his Abſence from Honours, Scarlet and
" Gold: But none ſo zealous and conſtant in their
" Attendance on the Hours of Buſineſs; and at the
" Honourable Board, there is no Seat empty ſo ſel-
" dom as his. Neither Gain nor Diverſion can
" tempt him aſide, when the Duty of his Poſt re-
" quires his Preſence, and the Publick Weal demands
" his Counſels. His Health, his Eaſe and his Eſtate
" are at the Call of his Country; his Life lies ready
" too for the ſame Service; but his Nation gives
" Thanks to Providence that has not demanded the
" precious Sacrifice.

" HE has no ſpreading Dimenſions nor lofty Ad-
" vantages of Stature, whence he might look down
" upon the Multitude, and command them into Re-

" verence; but ſuch unblemiſh'd Virtue has Grandeur " and Majeſty in it, and ſpreads Fear and Reſpect a- " round. When he goes *out to the Gate through the* " *City*, he neither wears nor needs the Enſigns of " Honour about him, nor Attendants to follow him " *in the Street*; the vain *young Men ſee him and hide* " *themſelves*; *the aged ariſe and ſtand up*; *when the Ear* " *hears him, then it bleſſes him*; *the Eye that ſees him* " *gives witneſs to him*; *becauſe he has delivered the* " *diſtreſſed Soul that cried, he has relieved the Father-* " *leſs, and him that had none to help. The Bleſſing of* " *thoſe that are ready to periſh comes daily upon him, and* " *he cauſes the Widow's Heart to ſing for Joy: He is a* " *Father to the Poor, and the Cauſe which he knows not he* " *ſearches out*; *he breaks the Jaws of the Wicked, and* " *plucks the Spoil out of their Teeth*, Job xxix.

" THE vileſt Wretches of the Earth cannot but love " the Man, while they hate the reforming Magiſtrate. " Not the united Malice of his worſt Enemies *can find* " *any Occaſion againſt him, but concerning the Law of his* " *God*; and were it not upon that Account, he " would have no Enemies at all.

" THE World wonders and enquires, Whence all " theſe Accompliſhments! How did this Man arrive " at this true Greatneſs, and all theſe uncommon " Excellencies? Thoſe who are his Intimates know " the Spring of them. He makes the Word of GOD " his daily Counſellor, and he ſeeks Directions from

" Heaven

" Heaven in all his Affairs on Earth : He reads the " Examples of *Daniel* and *Job* in his Bible, and joins " them together in his own Practice ; for he thinks " one of them alone too little for a Chriſtian.

WHEN I had read this in a Room where *Invido* was preſent, one of the Company commended the Ingenuity of my Friend in drawing up ſo fair, ſo divine a Character. Some of them gave it as their Opinion, that the Excellencies and good Qualities were ſet too thick together, and that there was no ſuch Perſon in Nature, therefore it muſt be the mere Work of Fancy : They confeſs'd it was well imagin'd indeed, 'twas a fine Picture, but there was no ſuch Original.

Invido had no longer Patience to hear ſuch Compliments paſs'd on the Writer ; but with his uſual eagerneſs, " Your Friend (ſaid he) was never capable of " compoſing ſuch a Piece ; there is not a Line of it " owing to his own Invention, for the whole Cha- " racter is a mere Copy. This Friend of yours has lived " ſome Years in *Albinus*'s Family, and has only ſtole " his Picture.

YOU are much in the right, *Invido* ; it was ſo deſigned ; and I am glad the Features are ſo well touch'd, and the Likeneſs ſo finely preſerved, that a Man of your Temper ſhould conſent to know the Piece, ſhould name the Original, and confeſs the Likeneſs.

HAPPY *Albinus*, and favoured of Heaven beyond the common rate even of the best of Men, when Envy itself is constrain'd to pay publick Honours to his Merit.

XV.

A LESSON *of* HUMILITY.

HOW vain a thing is Man! How ready to be puff'd up with every Breath of Applause, and to forget that he is a Creature, and a Sinner! He that can bear to be surrounded with Approbations and Honours, and yet keep the same Air and Countenance without swelling a little at Heart, hath pass'd an Hour of Temptation, and come off Conqueror. *As the Fining-pot for Silver, and the Furnace for Gold, so is a Man to his Praise*, Prov. xxvii. 21.

Eudoxus is a Gentleman of exalted Virtue, and unstained Reputation: Every Soul that knows him, speaks well of him; he is so much honoured, and so well beloved in his Nation, that he must flee his Country if he wou'd avoid Praises. So sensible is he of the secret Pride that has tainted Human Nature, that he holds himself in perpetual Danger, and maintains an everlasting Watch. He behaves now with the same Modesty, as when

when he was unknown and obscure. He receives the Acclamations of the World with such an humble Mien, and with such an indifference of Spirit, that is truly admirable and divine. 'Tis a lovely Pattern, but the Imitation is not easy.

I took the Freedom one Day to ask him, How he acquir'd this wondrous Humility, or whether he was born with no Pride about him? " Ah, no, (said he, " with a sacred Sigh) I feel the working Poison, but " I keep my Antidote at hand; when my Friends tell " me of many good Qualities and Talents, I have " learnt from St. *Paul* to say, *What have I that I have* " *not received?* My own Consciousness of many Fol- " lies and Sins constrains me to add, *What have I that* " *I have not misimprov'd?* And then Reason and Reli- " gion joyn together to suppress my Vanity, and teach " me the proper Language of a Creature and a Sin- " ner; *What then have I to glory in?*

1716.

XVI.

The WASTE *of* LIFE.

ANERGUS was a young Gentleman of a good Estate, he was bred to no Business, and could not contrive how to waste his Hours agreeably; he had no Relish for any of the proper Works of Life,

nor any Taſte at all for the Improvements of the Mind he ſpent generally ten Hours of the four and twenty in his Bed; he doz'd away two or three more on his Couch, and as many were diſſolved in good Liqour every Evening, if he met with Company of his own Humour. Five or ſix of the reſt he ſauntered away with much Indolence: The chief Buſineſs of them was to contrive his Meals, and to feed his Fancy before-hand with the Promiſe of a Dinner and a Supper; not that he was ſo very a Glutton, or ſo entirely devoted to Appetite; but chiefly becauſe he knew not how to employ his Thoughts better, he let 'em rove about the Suſtenance of his Body. Thus he had made a Shift to wear off ten Years ſince the Paternal Eſtate fell into his Hands: And yet according to the Abuſe of Words in our Day, he was call'd a Man of Virtue, becauſe he ſcarce ever was known to be quite drunk, nor was his Nature much inclin'd to Lewdneſs.

ONE Evening as he was muſing alone, his Thoughts happened to take a moſt unuſual Turn, for they caſt a Glance backward, and began to reflect on his manner of Life. He bethought himſelf what a Number of Living Beings had been made a Sacrifice to ſupport his Carcaſs, and how much Corn and Wine had been mingled with thoſe Offerings. He had not quite loſt all the Arithmetick that he learn'd when he was a Boy, and he ſet himſelf to compute what he had devoured ſince he came to the Age of Man.

"ABOVE a dozen feather'd Creatures, ſmall and "great, have one Week with another (ſaid he) given "up their Lives to prolong mine, which in ten Years "Time amounts to at leaſt Six Thouſand.

"FIFTY Sheep have been ſacrificed in a Year, with "half a Hecatomb of Black Cattel, that I might "have the choiceſt Part offered Weekly upon my "Table. Thus a Thouſand Beaſts out of the Flock "and the Herd have been ſlain in ten Years Time to "feed me, beſides what the Forreſt and the Park "have ſupply'd me with. Many Hundreds of Fiſhes "have in all their Varieties, been robb'd of Life for "my Repaſt, and of the ſmaller Fry as many Thou-"ſands.

"A MEASURE of Corn would hardly afford "fine Flour enough for a Month's Proviſion, and "this ariſes to above Sixſcore Buſhels; and many "Hogſheads of Ale and Wine, and other Liquors, "have paſſed through this Body of mine, this wretched "Strainer of Meat and Drink.

"AND what have I done all this Time for GOD "or *Man?* What a vaſt Profuſion of good Things "upon an uſeleſs Life, and a worthleſs Liver? "There is not the meaneſt Creature among all theſe "which I have devoured, but hath anſwer'd the End "of its Creation better than I. 'Twas made to

"ſupport

" ſupport Human Nature, and it hath done ſo. " Every Shrimp and Oyſter I have eat, and every " Grain of Corn I have devoured, hath filled up it's " Place in the Rank of Beings with more Propriety " and Honour than I have done: O ſhameful Waſte " of Life and Time!

IN ſhort, he carried on his moral Reflections with ſo juſt and ſevere a Force of Reaſon, as conſtrain'd him to change his whole Courſe of Life, to break off his Follies at once, and to apply himſelf to gain ſome uſeful Knowledge, when he was more than Thirty Years of Age: He lived many following Years, with the Character of a worthy Man, and an excellent Chriſtian; he perform'd the kind Offices of a good Neighbour at home, and made a ſhining Figure as a Patriot in the Senate-Houſe; he died with a peaceful Conſcience in the Faith and Hope of the Goſpel, and the Tears of his Country were dropped upon his Tomb.

THE World, that knew the whole Series of his Life, ſtood amazed at the mighty Change: They beheld him as a Wonder of Reformation, while he himſelf confeſs'd and ador'd the Divine Power and Mercy, which had transform'd him from a Brute to a Man.

BUT this was a ſingle Inſtance; and we may almoſt venture to write MIRACLE upon it. Are there

there not large Numbers of both Sexes among our young Gentry, and among the Families of Quality, in a degenerate Age, whose Lives thus run to utter Waste, without the least Tendency to Usefulness and Reformation, and with a Scorn of all Repentance?

WHEN I meet with Persons of such a worthless Character as this, it brings to my Mind some Scraps of *Horace*,

Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati.
——————— *Alcinoique Juventus*
Cui pulchrum fuit in Medios dormire dies, &c.

PARAPHRASE.

There are a Number of us creep
Into this World, to eat and sleep;
And know no Reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the Corn,
Devour the Cattle, Fowl and Fish,
And leave behind an empty Dish:
The Crows and Ravens do the same,
Unlucky Birds of hateful Name;
Ravens or Crows might fill their Place,
And swallow Corn and Carcasses.
Then, if their Tomb-stone when they die,
Ben't taught to flatter and to lye,

There's

There's nothing better will be ſaid,
Than that they've eat up all their Bread,
Drank up their Drink, and gone to Bed.

THERE are other Fragments of that Heathen Poet, which occur on ſuch Occaſions; one in the firſt of his Satyrs, the other in the laſt of his Epiſtles, which ſeem to repreſent Life only as a Seaſon of Luxury.

——— *Exacto contentus tempore vitæ*
Cedat uti conviva ſatur. ———
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti;
Tempus abire tibi.

Which may be thus put into Engliſh,

Life's but a Feaſt; and when we die,
Horace would ſay, if he were by,
Friend, thou haſt eat and drank enough,
'Tis Time now to be marching off:
Then like a well-fed Gueſt depart,
With cheerful Looks, and Eaſe at Heart;
Bid all your Friends Good Night, and ſay,
You've done the Buſineſs of the Day.

REFLECTION.

Deluded Souls! that ſacrifice
Eternal Hopes above the Skies,
And pour their Lives out all in Waſte,
To the vile Idol of their Taſte!

The

The higheſt Heaven of their Purſuit
Is to live equal with the Brute:
Happy, if they could die as well,
Without a Judge, without a Hell!

XVII.

The TABLE *Bleſs'd.*

HOW do we upbraid and condemn the *Romiſh* Clergy for pretending to conſecrate the Wafer for all the People, by muttering a few *Latin* Words over it, which they cannot underſtand! While we abhor the Idolatry of the Maſs, yet we cannot help ſmileing at the ſilly Superſtition, and pity the Ignorance of the Multitude: They believe the Bread ſufficiently conſecrated for them to all the Purpoſes of their Salvation, tho' they never join'd with the Prieſt in attending to the Words of Bleſſing: Nor indeed was it poſſible they ſhould have their Hearts engaged in that Part of the Worſhip, becauſe it was perform'd in an unknown Tongue. Who is there among us, that does not blame and reprove ſo abſurd a Practice? And yet we imitate the ſame Folly daily, and think ourſelves unconcern'd in the Reproof.

Formulo ſays Grace conſtantly at a plentiful Table, but he hurries over the Words as a School-boy does his

his Lesson, and he whispers in so low a Voice, as tho' he were muttering some secret Charm to consecrate the Dishes. Does he think it sufficient if the Words may be heard in Heaven, while the Company in the Room know little of the Matter, and the quickest Ears can distinguish no more than a few broken Syllables? Yet I have heard this Man maintain a fine Argument against *Popish* Superstition and the *Latin* Liturgy: I have heard him assert with very good Reason, that no Part of the Bread is sanctified to the People at the holy Sacrament by all the Communion-Service, where the Hearts of the Communicants are absent, and never join with the Church in her Prayers: Then why will not *Formulo* let his Friends at the Table join with him in his *Graces?* No wonder that the Family and the Guests stare about thoughtless, and sit down to their Food without a Blessing, when the Lips that pronounce it do not suffer the Blessing to reach their Ears. But Chaplains are not the only Persons culpable in this Matter, nor are they always to blame.

Asebion, a gay Gentleman of one and twenty, was present at a Table where GOD is address'd in a more religious Manner, and with a devout and becoming Solemnity. He sits down and eats heartily; he doubts not but the Food is sufficiently bless'd to his Use, tho' he never raised his Thoughts towards Heaven, nor attended at all while the good Man *Serenus* perform'd his Office. *Asebion* was busy in the disposal

ſal of his Hat and Sword, and ſurveying all the Faces of the Company, while the Bleſſing of Heaven was fought on the Food.

HIS Siſter *Aſebina*, a pert young Creature of fifteen, was obſerv'd to employ that Minute in drawing off her Gloves, adjuſting her Dreſs, giving herſelf Airs, and preparing for her Seat. At the ſame time there was at the Table a pious and elder Lady, a near Relation of theirs, who with Grief obſerv'd the careleſs Conduct of her Niece and Nephew; and being ſeated next above *Aſebina*, ſhe had the Opportunity to whiſper a gentle Admonition, "How can you expect, "Niece, a Bleſſing on your Meat, who did not ſo "much as lift up a Thought to GOD to ask for it?" *Aſebina* reply'd aloud, with an Air of aſſured Ignorance, "I know the Chaplain did that for us all;" and thus ſhe affected to let all the Company know that ſhe received a ſecret Reproof, and deſpiſed the Reprover. Should it be granted here, that the Admonition was a little ill-tim'd, yet it is certain the Reply was not a little inſolent, nor a little irreligious.

WHILE we were eating, one of the Gueſts diverted the Table with no improper Amuſements; he entertain'd the Company with agreeable and facetious Diſcourſe, but ſtill within the Rules of Religion and Decency.

THE

THE Dishes being withdrawn, and the Table uncover'd, *Serenus* stood up to conclude his Office; *Asebina* open'd her Snuff-box, and regal'd her Nose, but *Asebion* employ'd himself with his Tooth-pick, and then set himself in an Attitude to wait for the *Amen*, that he might make his Honours gracefully to all the Table.

AFTER Dinner the Conversation turn'd upon the Subject of *Saying Grace before and after Meat*. When several of the Company had given their Thoughts, *Serenus* acknowledged it was not necessary to offer a solemn and particular Petition to Heaven on the Occasion of every bit of Bread that we tasted, or when we drank a Glass of Wine with a Friend; nor was it expected we should make a social Prayer when Persons each for themselves took a slight Repast in a running manner; either the general Morning Devotion is supposed sufficient to recommend such transient Actions and Occurrences to the divine Blessing, or a sudden secret Wish sent up to Heaven in Silence, might answer such a Purpose in the Christian Life: But when a whole Family sits down together to make a regular and stated Meal, 'twas his Opinion, that the great GOD should be solemnly acknowledged as the Giver of all the good Things we enjoy; and the Practice of our *Saviour* and St. *Paul* had set us an illustrious Example.

Asebion

Aſebion had not yet arrived at ſuch Impiety, as to pronounce it a fooliſh and ſenſeleſs Cuſtom; but he declared his Sentiment with Freedom, that "we might "all ſhare enough in the Grace that was ſaid for a "Dinner, without putting on ſuch a demure Coun-"tenance, and ſuch grave Airs, as if we were at "Church in the midſt of *Divine Service*.

PROFANE and fooliſh Speech! but 'tis hard to ſay, whether more fooliſh of more profane.

TELL me, *Aſebion*, is our addreſſing the GOD of Heaven with Prayer and Praiſe at Meals no part of *Divine Service?* Is GOD never worſhipped but when it is done at Church? Little do theſe Creatures think what a dangerous thing it is to trifle with an Almighty Being, even in the ſmalleſt Act of Worſhip! Did the great GOD ever appoint Tooth-picks to be the ſacred Utenſils of our asking a Bleſſing on Food? Or is a Cloud of Snuff the Incenſe that muſt aſcend with this Prayer? How thoughtleſs are theſe Mortals, and how unconcerned about the ſerious and important Things of Religion! They behave with ſuch a regardleſs Air, as tho' *Grace before Meat* were a needleſs old-faſhion'd Ceremony; as tho' it were enough for the Chaplain to worſhip their Maker for the whole Family, or that when they ſpeak to the Majeſty of Heaven for a Bleſſing on their Food, there was no need of a compoſed Countenance, or any Shew of Bodily

dily Reverence. Yet *Asebion* and *Asebina* every Morning ask their Father's Blessing on their Knees. Methinks, I would ask them, *Why so solemnly on your Knees for your Father's Blessing, and so utterly negligent of all Solemnity and outward Decencies, when you seek a Blessing from God?*

AFTER I had written this Paper, I lent it to a Friend, who put it into the Hands of *Sedentius*, and desired him to read it. In the perusal of it, he seem'd pleased, and gratified with the just Reproof of such Irreligion, and shew'd his Satisfaction by an approving Smile, till he came to the Close; there he paus'd a little, and a grave dejected Air spread over his Countenance: Well, said he, "I hope these young Gen-"try will learn to be more devout while the Provi-"sions of the Table are bless'd, but I take my Share "also in the Reproof; nor will I practise any more "Irreverence for time to come in these domestick and "daily Acts of Worship: I and my Fathers before me "have sat down to Meat these forty Years, and ne-"ver asked a Blessing till after we were all seated; "but my Children shall learn of me to renounce this "Rudeness, and shall stand up and adore the GOD "who made and feeds us, nor shall our Seats nor our "Consciences upbraid us with such Indecency in our "Addresses to the Living GOD.

XVIII.

YOUTH *and* DEATH.

——— *Tener Vitulus relictâ*
Matre qui largis juveneſcit herbis
In mea Vota :
Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
Quâ notam duxit nivcus videri,
Cetera fulvus.
HORAT. Od. 2. Lib. IV.

WHILE we read theſe Lines of *Horace*, wherein he deſcribes his young Yellow Calf with the white Creſcent in his Forehead, while he paints out the pretty Brute in moſt agreeable Verſe, one is ready to feel a ſort of fond Pity working in us, when we find that the Creature is deſtin'd to ſpeedy Sacrifice : The Poet himſelf, who devotes its Blood to the Altar, yet ſeems to dwell with a ſort of Compaſſion and mournful Pleaſure on the Deſcription of its Beauty and Sprightlineſs.

A Milk-white Mark, its ſpreading Front adorns,
Shap'd like a Moon of three Days old :
The Silver Curve divides its budding Horns,
And all beſides is Gold.

The

The pretty Creature, wild in wanton Play,
Now frisks about the flowry Mead;
Looſe from the Dam, it knows no Grief to Day,
But muſt To-morrow bleed.

When I ſee the Youth of either Sex arriv'd at that Age, wherein Nature is juſt riſen to its Elegance and Vigour, and when they begin to ſhew themſelves to the World, my Heart pities them, as ſo many Borderers upon the Grave; yet moſt of them are utterly thoughtleſs of dying. Little do they imagine in thoſe Years of Gaiety, Mirth, and Madneſs, that they are treaſuring up Vengeance to themſelves, by their thoughtleſs Rebellion againſt the Power that made them. Little do they think that their Lives are every Moment due to the Juſtice of God as a Sacrifice, each for their own Iniquity: Young Creatures, but bold Sinners! They are wean'd from the Nurſery, they are got looſe from their Parent's Wing, and, like the *Roman* Poet's Calf, they vainly exult and riot in their new Freedom; they gad abroad in the wide World, wanton and laviſh in all the Delights which the Vigour of depraved Nature inſpires. They know not how to bear the Checks of Piety, and the Reſtraints of Wiſdom, nor will they endure the tendereſt Admonitions of a Parent or an aged Friend. They have no Apprehenſion of the Angel of Death near them, as tho' it was beyond the Reach of his Commiſſion or the Flight of his Arrows to ſmite any of their Station or Cha-

Character. In the Morning of Nature they feel themſelves live, and they fancy 'tis Immortality.

ESPECIALLY if they are adorned with any peculiar Charms of Wit or Beauty, then the Flatteries of the Glaſs, and their own warm Imagination, the Complements and Careſſes of the Company that attend them, baniſh all that is Solemn or Serious: The enchanting Allurements that ſurround their Senſes, render them deaf to all the Warnings of GOD and *Conſcience*, and thoughtleſs of every thing but the gay Succeſſions of Pleaſure. The Powers of Animal Life reign in them without controul, and they forget there is a Soul within them, or a GOD above them, or a Tribunal of Judgment at which they muſt be arraign'd.

IN the midſt of this flowry Scene, *Ameliſtus* was ſeized with a ſudden Fever; in three Days time it was heightened into a raging Delirium, which gave no room for any Penitential Reflections; and thus in the Bloom of Nature, and full of the Sins of his Youth, he was ſurprized into Eternity: He ſeemed to be ſingled out from the reſt of his wild Aſſociates, and made a Victim to Death, and to Divine Diſpleaſure. A loud Alarm to ſecure Sinners, and a flaming Warning-Piece to the Companions of his Guilt!

OUR Natural Compaſſion drops ſome Tears of Humanity on the Grave of ſuch a fine young Gentleman; but the Divine Being that made him, is not moved

moved with thoſe Prettineſſes of Fleſh and Blood, which engage our Senſes, and melt our Hearts to Softneſs. What is a little Roſe-colour'd Skin and well-ſet Limbs, in the Eyes of that Almighty Power that can create Millions of ſuch beautiful Engines with his Breath, and deſtroy them without Loſs? Ten Thouſand gay Worms and ſhining Inſects ariſe hourly at his Command in a Summer's-Day: But if an Inſect or a Worm affront its Maker, our own Reaſon would ſentence it to immediate Death.

HAPPY were ſuch a Wretch as *Ameliſus*, if he had been a mere Animal, and had nothing in him capable of Immortality. Happy had he been, if he were a Worm or a ſhining Inſect, or in all reſpects like that pretty young Brute, which the Poet deſcribes; then the Term of his mortal Life would have finiſh'd his Exiſtence: But the Sin of Man and the Juſtice of GOD demand the Sacrifice of a Soul; his Rebellion aroſe againſt Heaven; he affronted the infinite Majeſty of his Creator, and ſince he died without Repentance, the Threatnings of the Bible doom him to everlaſting Puniſhment. *Hear this*, young Sinners, *who forget God, leſt he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you*, Pſal. li.

XIX.

XIX.

BABYLON *deſtroy'd*; *or the* 137*th* PSALM *tranſlated.*

HAD *Horace* or *Pindar* written this ODE, it would have been the endleſs Admiration of the Critick, and the perpetual Labour of Rival Tranſlators; but 'tis found in the Scripture, and that gives a ſort of Diſguſt to an Age which verges too much toward Infidelity. I could wiſh the Muſe of Mr. *Pope* would chuſe out ſome few of theſe Pieces of ſacred *Pſalmody*, which carry in them the more ſprightly Beauties of Poeſy, and let the *Engliſh* Nation know what a divine Poet ſat on the Throne of *Iſrael*. He has taken *Homer*'s Rhapſodies, and turned them into fine Verſe and agreeable Entertainment; and his admirable Imitation of the *Hebrew* Prophets, in his Poem called *The Meſſiah*, convinces us abundantly, how capable he is of ſuch a Service. This particular *Pſalm* could not well be converted into *Chriſtianity*, and therefore it appears here in its *Jewiſh* Form: The Vengeance denounced againſt *Babylon*, in the Cloſe of it, ſhall be executed (ſaid a great Divine) upon *Antichriſtian Rome*; but he was perſuaded the *Turks* muſt do it, for *Proteſtant* Hearts, ſaid he, have too much Compaſſion in them to embrue their Hands in ſuch a bloody and terrible Execution.

I.

WHEN by the flowing Brooks we ſat,
The Brooks of *Babylon* the Proud;
We thought on *Zion*'s mournful State,
And wept her Woes, and wail'd aloud.

II.

Thoughtleſs of every chearful Air,
(For Grief had all our Harps unſtrung)
Our Harps neglected in Deſpair,
And ſilent on the Willows hung.

III.

Our Foes who made our Land their Spoil,
Our barbarous Lords, with haughty Tongues,
Bid us forget our Groans a-while,
And give a Taſte of *Zion*'s Songs.

IV.

How ſhall we ſing in *Heathen* Lands
Our holy Songs to Ears profane?
Lord, ſhall our Lips at their Commands
Pronounce thy dreadful Name in vain?

V.

Forbid it Heaven! O vile Abuſe!
Zion in Duſt forbids it too:
Shall Hymns inſpir'd for ſacred Uſe
Be ſung to pleaſe a ſcoffing Crew?

VI.

O let my Tongue grow dry, and cleave
Faſt to my Mouth in Silence ſtill,
Let ſome avenging Power bereave
My Fingers of their tuneful Skill,

VII.

If I thy ſacred Rites profane,
O *Salem*, or thy Duſt deſpiſe;
If I indulge one chearful Strain,
Till I ſhall ſee thy Towers ariſe.

VIII.

'Twas *Edom* bid the conquering Foe,
Down with thy Tow'rs, and raze thy Walls:
Requite her, Lord: But *Babel*, know,
Thy Guilt for fiercer Vengeance calls.

IX.

As thou haſt ſpar'd nor Sex nor Age,
Deaf to our Infants dying Groans,
May ſome bleſs'd Hand, inſpir'd with Rage,
Daſh thy young Babes, and tinge the Stones.

XX.

EPITAPHIUM Monstri cujusdam,

Apud ANGLOS vulgo dicti

BIGOTRY,

Terræ & Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, Viro Ingenioso & veré Pio

JOHANNE REYNOLDS.

I.

HIC jacet (semperque jaceat!)
Pietatis Cadaver,
Improbitatis Corpus,
Religionis Larva,
Sanctimoniæ Hostis & Umbra,
Divini Imago Zeli, & Pestis,
Ecclesiæ Simia simul & Lupus.

II.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
Romæ *Antiquæ Natum,*
Novæ in Tutelam Acceptum,
In caliginosis Vaticani *Adytis,*

Humano

XX.

An EPITAPH *on* BIGOTRY,

Tranſlated from the Latin,
Which was written by the late Pious and Ingenious
Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS,
And inſerted in the OCCASIONAL PAPER,
Vol. III. *Numb.* 6.

I.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie!)
The Carcaſs of dead Piety,
Shadow of Grace, ſubſtantial Sin,
Religious Mask and gawdy Dreſs,
The Form and Foe of Holineſs,
The Image and the Plague of Zeal divine.
It's Dwelling was the Church; in double Shape,
Half was a murdering Wolf, and half a mimick Ape.

II.

A Monſter horrid to the Sight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of Light;
'Twas born at *Rome*,
'Twas nurs'd at Home,
In the dark Cloiſters of the *Vatican*;

Humano Sanguine & Pulvere Pyrio
Nutritum, Saginatum.

III.

Hispanicæ *Ditionis Incola,*
Gallicis *deinde Regionibus Hospes*
Jam dudum Gratissimus;
Veteris quidem, Novique Orbis,
Humani Generis & Commodi causâ
Peregrinator assiduus;

IV.

Linguarum utpote quarumcunque Peritus,
Sexûs itidem utriusque Particeps,
Mentium Illuminator Flammeus,
Acutissimus Dubitantium Ductor,
Qui Laqueis, ensibus, incendiisque,
Reluctantium Animarum Catervas
Festinas in Cœlum Amandat,
Celerrimus Orbis Conversor.
Conspirationum Exitialium,
Verarum pariter ac Simulatarum
(Mali revera Machinarum infandi)
Artifex dexterrimus.

V. *Ecclesiæ*

Its Lungs inſpir'd with heaving Lyes,
Its Bulk well fatten'd to prodigious Size
With Gun-Powder and Blood of Man.

III.

Ancient Inhabitant of *Spain*,
And long in *France* a welcome Gueſt;
Over the Continent and Main,
Over the Old World and the New,
Mankind and Money to purſue,
On Dragon's Wings the Harpy flew,
And gave its Feet no Reſt.

IV.

All Languages the Fury ſpake,
And did of either Sex partake:
Flaming Enlightner of the Mind,
And headlong Leader of the Blind,
Oft has it dragg'd the doubtful Tongue to ſpeak,
While the pain'd Conſcience left the Truth behind.
By Gibbet, Sword and Fire,
It made whole Tribes of Men expire;
And to the Skies their groaning Ghoſts it hurl'd,
A ſwift Converter of the World.
Dextrous in all the Arts of Blood;
Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
Myſterious Miſchief, Plotts of State,
Thoſe murderous Engines to deſtroy the Good.

The Muſe here tireing, begs the Reader's Leave to releaſe herſelf from the Bonds and Labours of Rhyme and Me-

V.

Ecclesiæ sub nomine & cultu,
Sub pelle Ovina & Vultu,
Libertatis penitùs Ecclesiasticæ,
Commercii penè Civilis,
Ac Societatis Humanæ
Indomitus Vastator & Prædo.

VI.

Artibus Politis, Politicisque,
Critices nexibus, Logicæque strophis,
Cálamorum, Linguæque telis,
Conciliorum, Canonumque Bombardis,
Cæterisque Gentis togatæ Armamentis
Bellator Instructissimus.

VII.

Cui Furor, ac Odium, ac Nefas,
Fastusque ac seculi Amor,
Perjuria, Picæque Fraudes,
Truculenta Partium studia,
Implicitæ fidei, Tyrannidisque,
Obsequii proinde Passivi,
Ignorantiæ ac Moriæ Encomia
Cemites fuerunt Solennes.

tre, by a mere Imitation of the next Thirty Lines in Profe.

V.

Under the Name and Habit of the Church,
Under the Countenance and Clothing of a Sheep,
It became the moſt ſavage and rampant
Plunderer and Waſter of human Society,
Made fearful Inroads on all civil Commerce,
And left religious Liberty expiring.

VI.

A Warrior well furniſh'd
With all Arts Politick and Polite,
With the knotty Embaraſſments of Criticiſm,
The hampering Chains and Subtilties of Logick,
And the Javelins of Pen and Tongue,
With the roaring Ordinance of Councils and Canons,
And all the Artillery of the Schools and Gown.

VII.

Fury, Hatred and Miſchief,
Love of this World, Pride and Diſdain,
With Perjuries, Falſhoods, and pious Frauds,
And raging Party-Zeal,
Were its neceſſary and everlaſting Attendants.
High Encomiums and endleſs Applauſe
Of Guides infallible and Faith implicit,
Of hereditary and divine Right,
Of Unlimited Power and Paſſive Obedience
To Tyrant Prieſts and Kings,
With the immortal Praiſe and Merit

VIII.

Cui Nugæ, Tricæque Calendæ,
Quisquiliæ, Diræ, Exequiæque
Bullæ minantes, & bruta Fulmina,
Vota sacrilega, ac Legendæ,
Jecur Theologicum, Bilisque
Asperaque ac atra,
Pompæ Theatrales, Rituque
Obsoleti simul & decentes,
Cordi fuere & Cibo.

IX.

Ordinis ut plurimùm Clericalis,
Gregis potissimùm Loyolitici
Congregationis prætereà Venerandæ
De propagandâ per orbem fide,
Coccinatus Antistes,

X. *Nobilissima*

Of ſtupid Ignorance, and blind Submiſſion,
Were Heralds to prepare its Way.

VIII.

Trifles, and Tricks, and ſolemn Fooleries,
Legends and ſilly Tales,
Old Almanacks, and mouldy muſty Reliques,
Sweepings of ancient Tombs,
Vows, Pilgrimages, Charms and Conſecrations,
Rites Obſolete, and Novel Ceremonies
Both decent and indecent,
Monkiſh and Superſtitious Auſterities,
With Words of Sacerdotal Abſolution,
And Sacerdotal Vengeance,
Squibs, Crackers, Excommunications, Curſes,
Roaring Bulls and vain Thunders,
Mixt up with Prieſtly Choler, bitter and black,
Were its delicious Food.

[*Now Metre and Rhyme proceed.*]

IX.

A purple Prelate, choſen to preſide
Over the whole *Ignatian* Drove,
And all the Clergy-Tribes beſide,
All but the ſacred few that mix their Zeal with Love,
In every different Sect 'twas known,
It made the Caſſock and the Cowl its own,
Now ſtalk'd in formal Cloke, now flutter'd in the
[Gown.

X. At

X.

Nobilissimæ Inquisitionis Curiæ,
(Solertissimæ Hæreticorum Muscipulæ)
Primævus Fundator, & Præses.
Amplissimo Cardinalium Consessui,
Necnon Sanctissimo S. R. Ecclesiæ
Patri Capitique
A Secretioribus semper Consiliis.

XI.

Christiani insuper Orbis totius
Tam per Orientales, quam Occidentales
Mundi plagas
Miserè secum Militantis
(Et quid, quæso, Augustius
De maximo Heroum dicendum?)
Antesignanus semper Triumphans.

XII.

Insulæ Britannicæ *Extraneis ab hostibus*
Pelagi mœnibus, necnon Navium
Propugnaculis bene munitæ,
Bonis prætereà Domesticis,
Quà sacris, quà Civilibus

(*Bona*

X.

At what dark Hour ſo e'er
The curſt Divan at *Rome* were met,
Catholick Fate to propagate,
This Monſter fill'd the Chair.
The Conclave dreſt in Bonnets red,
With three-crown'd Tyrant at their Head,
Made it their Privy-Councellor.
The Inquiſition Court (a Bloody Crew,
Artful to ſet the ſolemn Trap
That lets no Heretick eſcape)
Owns it her Preſident and Founder too.

XI.

Oft as the Church in *Eaſt* or *Weſtern* Lands
Riſing againſt herſelf in Arms,
In her own Blood imbru'd her Hands,
This Chief led on th' unnatural War,
Or did the bloody Standards bear,
Or ſound the fierce Alarms;
Victorious ſtill. (And what can more be ſaid
Of all the living Warriors, or the Heroes dead?)

XII.

Britain, a Land well ſtor'd with every Good,
That Nature, Law, Religion gives;
A Land where ſacred Freedom thrives;
Bleſt Iſle! If her own Weal ſhe underſtood!

Her

(Bona si tandem sua noverit)
Omnium Fortunatissimæ
(Proh Dolor! Proh Pudor!)
Intestinus Divisor & Helluo.

XIII.

I fuge Viator, Malignum
Hujusce Sepulchri Vaporem!
Lætare, Festina, & Ora
Ne Sphingi adeo nefandæ
Ullus in ævum
Resurrectionis Concedatur Locus.

Her Sons immur'd with guardian Oceans ſleep,
And Caſtles floating on the Deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign Foes, O Shame! O Sin!
Her Sons had let this baleful Miſchief in;
This helliſh Fury, who with flattering Breath
Did firſt divide and then devour,
And made wild Waſte where e'er ſhe ſpread her Power,
Behold ſhe meets her fatal Hour
And lies enchain'd in Death.

XIII.

Shout at the Grave, O Traveller;
Triumphant Joys that reach the Skies
Are here the juſteſt Obſequies:
Shout thrice; then flee afar
The poys'nous Steams and Stenches of the Sepulchre;
Go, turn thy Face to Heaven, and pray,
That ſuch a hateful Monſter never may
Obtain a Reſurection-Day.

XXI.

The DEATH *of* LAZARUS.

WHAT a wondrous Difference there is betwixt the Soul and the Body of a poor distressed, dying Christian? His Flesh perhaps with *Lazarus* is full of Diseases, and in a few Moments time it lies dead upon the Dunghill; a noisome Carcase! an unlovely and offensive Sight! then, as tho' it were unworthy for the Earth to bear it, 'tis thrown under Ground to rot in Darkness, as a Companion and Food for Worms: But his Soul (like one of the Lamps of *Gideon* shining out at Midnight from a broken Pitcher) appears immediately in its native Brightness and Beauty, as a Creature born of Heaven, and akin to GOD; it is taken up as an honourable Burden for the Wings of Angels; it is swiftly convey'd above the Heavens, and made a Companion for all the Sons of GOD in Glory. *Luke* xvi. 20, 22. *Judges* vii. 16, 19.

LET us take a distinct Review of each of these different Circumstances of the Flesh and Spirit, and set them in a just Light and in due Opposition.

THE

THE Body with all its Bonds and Nerves lies dead and moveleſs, a demoliſh'd Priſon and broken Fetters; the Soul all Life and Vigour, a Priſoner releaſed from all its Chains, and exulting in glorious Liberty.

THE Body an unworthy Load of Earth; the Soul a Burden fit for an Angel's Wing.

THE Body thrown under Ground and hid in Darkneſs; the Soul riſing above the Skies, and ſhining there in Garments of Light.

THE Body the Entertainment and the Contempt of Worms; the Soul proper Company for *Chriſt* and his Saints.

WAS it not a Stroke of Divine Love that demoliſh'd the Priſon-houſe, and releas'd the Captive? that broke the dark earthen Pitcher, and bid the Lamp *appear and ſhine?*

XXII.

An HYMN *to* CHRIST JESUS, *The Eternal Life.*

I.

WHERE ſhall the Tribes of *Adam* find
The ſovereign Good to fill the Mind?
Ye Sons of Moral Wiſdom, ſhow
The Spring whence living Waters flow.

II.

Say, will the *Stoicks* flinty Heart
Melt, and this cordial Juice impart?
Could *Plato* find theſe bliſsful Streams,
Amongſt his Raptures and his Dreams?

III.

In vain I ask; for Nature's Power
Extends but to this mortal Hour:
'Twas but a poor Relief ſhe gave
Againſt the Terrors of the Grave.

IV.

JESUS, our Kinſman, and our GOD,
Array'd in Majeſty and Blood;

Thou

Thou art our Life ; our Souls in Thee
Poſſeſs a full Felicity.

V.

All our immortal Hopes are laid
In Thee, our Surety, and our Head ;
Thy Croſs, thy Cradle, and thy Throne,
Are big with Glories yet unknown.

VI.

Let *Atheiſts* ſcoff, and *Jews* blaſpheme
Th' Eternal Life, and JESUS' Name ;
A Word of his Almighty Breath
Dooms the rebellious World to Death.

VII.

But let my Soul for ever lie
Beneath the Bleſſings of thine Eye ;
'Tis Heaven on Earth, 'tis Heaven above,
To ſee thy Face, to taſte thy Love.

XXIII.

DISTANT THUNDER.

WHEN we hear the Thunder rumbling in ſome diſtant Quarter of the Heavens, we ſit calm and ſecure amidſt our Buſineſs or Diverſions, we feel no Terrors about us, and apprehend no Danger. When we ſee the ſlender Streaks of Lightning play afar off in the

the Horizon of an Evening Sky, we look on and amuſe ourſelves as with an agreeable Spectacle, without the leaſt Fear or Concern. But, lo, the dark Cloud riſes by degrees, it grows black as Night, and big with Tempeſt; it ſpreads as it riſes to the Mid-Heaven, and now hangs directly over us; the Flaſhes of Lightning grow broad and ſtrong, and like Sheets of ruddy Fire, they blaze terribly all round the Hemiſphere. We bar the Doors and Windows and every Avenue of Light, but we bar them all in vain; the Flames break in at every Cranny, and threaten ſwift Deſtruction. The Thunder follows, burſting from the Cloud with ſudden and tremendous Craſhes; the *Voice of the Lord* is redoubled with Violence, and overwhelms us with Terror; it rattles over our Heads, as tho' the whole Houſe were broken down at once with a Stroke from Heaven, and were tumbling on us amain to bury us in the Ruins. Happy the Soul whoſe Hope in his GOD compoſes all his Paſſions amidſt theſe Storms of Nature, and renders his whole Deportment peaceful and ſerene amidſt the Frights and Hurries of weak Spirits and unfortify'd Minds.

WHAT Leſſon ſhall we derive from ſuch a Scene as this? Methinks I ſee here in what manner the Terrors of the Book of GOD and the Threatnings of divine Vengence are receiv'd and entertain'd by ſecure Sinners. Theſe Threatnings appear to them like Streaks of Lightning afar off: The moſt dreadful Predictions of the Fury of GOD ſound in their Ears

but

but like the feeble Murmurs of the Sky, and far diſtant Thunder. The Poor among Mankind go on to purſue their Labours of Life, and the Rich their vain Amuſements; they have no Fear about theſe future Storms afar off, nor any Solicitude to avoid them. But the Hour is haſtening when every Threatning in the Bible ſhall appear to be the Voice of GOD, and his Power ſhall employ all the terrible Things in the Creation for the Accompliſhment of his dreadful Word. The Wings of Time bring onward the remote Tempeſt: Theſe dark Clouds unite and grow big with divine and eternal Vengeance; they riſe high, they hang over the Nations, and are juſt ready to be diſcharg'd on the Head of Impenitents. The GOD of Thunder will roar from Heaven, and cauſe his Voice to be heard through the Foundations of the Earth, and to the very Centre of Hell. The Spirit of the haughtieſt Sinner ſhall tremble with unknown Aſtoniſhment, and the Man of Mockery ſhall quiver to his very Soul. The Lightnings of GOD ſhall kindle the World into one vaſt Conflagration; the Earth, with all its Foreſts and Cities ſhall make a dreadful Blaze; the Enemies of the Lord ſhall be Fuel for this devouring Fire, and a painful Burning ſhall be kindled in their Conſciences, which innumerable Ages ſhall not extinguiſh. *Who can dwell with* this *devouring Fire? Who can* endure *theſe everlaſting Burnings?*

BLESSED Souls, who in a wiſe and happy Hour have heard theſe divine Warnings, who ſtood in Awe of

of these distant Thunders, and reverenced and obey'd the Voice of the Lord in them. Blessed Souls, who beheld the Flashes of the Wrath of GOD while they were yet afar off; who saw them kindling terribly in the Threatnings of the broken Law, and fled for Refuge to the Hope set before them in the Gospel! they are divinely secur'd amidst the Promises of the Covenant of Grace, from all the Approaches of the fiery Indignation. JESUS has sprinkled his own Blood upon 'em; a sovereign and preventive Remedy against these Terrors, a sure and eternal Defence against the Power of the destroying Angel and the burning Tempest. *Their Feet shall stand on high, their Habitation is a Munition of Rocks*; they shall live secure and rejoice in their GOD amidst the Ruins of the lower Creation.

XXIV.

David's *Lamentation over* Saul *and* Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 19, &c.

THE *Jews* were acquainted with several Arts and Sciences long e're the *Romans* became a People, or the *Greeks* were known among the Nations. Tho' *Moses* might learn some of them in his *Egyptian* Education, yet perhaps others were taught by GOD himself, amidst their Travels in the Wilderness, when they

they form'd such a wonderful portable Structure as the Tabernacle, and wrought such Garments of exquisite Glory and Beauty to adorn the High Priest in his sacred Ministrations. Nor is it unlikely that *Moses* introduced among them the *Art of Verse*; for the most ancient Poetical Compositures which are known in the World, are the 15th Chapter of *Exodus*, where he triumphs over *Pharaoh* and his Army, the 90th *Psalm*, where he describes the Frailty and Misery of Human Life, and the 32d of *Deutronomy*, where he leaves behind him a noble divine Ode at his Death, for the perpetual Memory of GOD and his Wonders.

THE next remarkable Instance we have of this kind, are the Writings of *David*, the sweet Psalmist of *Israel*; but even *David* could never be supposed to borrow any thing from the *Greeks*, when *Homer*, the Father of their Verse, was supposed to be but a Contemporary with *Solomon* the Son of *David*. If the *Greeks* had been acquainted with the Songs of *Moses*, which I have mention'd, or the *Romans* had ever known the Odes of *David*, and amongst the rest this admirable Elegy, they would never have spoke of the *Jews* with so much Contempt, as a rude and barbarous People; at least I am persuaded their Poets would have conceived a much better Opinion of them, when they found them so far exceed any thing that their own Nations had ever produced. I believe I might fairly challenge all the Antiquity of the *Heathens* to present us with an Ode of more beautiful Sentiments, and greater

greater Elegancy, than this Lamentation over *Saul* and *Jonathan*. 'Tis rehearſed in the Scripture indeed, but perhaps not written by Inſpiration, for there is ſcarce any thing of GOD or Religion in it. *David* the mere Man was a ſublime Poet, and GOD made him a Prophet.

I HAVE ſeen it ſeveral times in an *Engliſh* Dreſs, but none of them have given me any more Satisfaction, than perhaps I ſhall give to thoſe who read mine. 'Twas a mere Admiration of this *Hebrew* Song that ſet my Imagination at work, in this Attempt to imitate.

I SHALL here firſt tranſcribe it from the Scripture, tho' it is impoſſible that it ſhould appear at this diſtance of Time, and in our Lanquage, with half the Luſtre in which it ſtood in that Age and Nation when it was written.

2 Sam. i. 17. *And* David *lamented with this Lamentation over* Saul, *and over* Jonathan *his Son.*

19. *The Beauty of* Iſrael *is ſlain upon thy high Places: How are the Mighty fallen!*

20. *Tell it not in* Gath, *publiſh it not in the Streets of* Askelon, *leſt the Daughters of the* Philiſtines *rejoice, leſt the Daughters of the uncircumciſed triumph.*

21. *Ye Mountains of* Gilboa, *let there be no Dew, neither let there be Rain upon you, nor Fields of Offerings: for there the Shield of the Mighty is vilely caſt away, the Shield of* Saul, *as tho' he had not been anointed with Oil.*

22. *From*

22. *From the Blood of the Slain, from the Fat of the Mighty, the Bow of* Jonathan *turned not back, and the Sword of* Saul *returned not empty.*

23. Saul *and* Jonathan *were lovely and pleaſant in their Lives, and in their Death they were not divided; they were ſwifter than Eagles, they were ſtronger than Lyons.*

24. *Ye Daughters of* Iſrael, *weep over* Saul *who clothed you in Scarlet with other Delights, who put on Ornaments of Gold upon your Apparel.*

25. *How are the Mighty fallen in the midſt of the Battle! O* Jonathan, *thou wert ſlain in thy high Places.*

26. *I am diſtreſſed for thee, my Brother* Jonathan; *very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me; thy Love to me was wonderful, paſſing the Love of Women.*

27. *How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War periſhed!*

PARAPHRASED *thus.*

I.

UNHAPPY Day! diſtreſſing Sight!
Iſrael, the Land of Heaven's elight,
How is thy Strength, thy Beauty fled!
On the high Places of the Fight
Behold thy Princes fall'n, thy Sons of Victory dead.

II.

Ne'er be it told in *Gath*, nor known
Among the Streets of *Askelon*:

How will *Philistia*'s Youth rejoice
And triumph in our Shame,
And Girls with weak unhallowed Voice
Chant the Dishonours of the *Hebrew* Name!

III.

Mountains of *Gilboa*, let no Dew
Nor fruitful Showers descend on you:
Curse on your Fields thro' all the Year!
No flow'ry Blessings there appear,
Nor golden Ranks of Harvest stand
To grace the Altar, or to feed the Land.
'Twas in those inauspicious Fields
Judean Heroes lost their Shields:
'Twas there (Ah base Reproach and Scandal of the Day!)
Thy Shield, O *Saul*, was cast away,
As tho' the Prophet's Horn had never shed
Its sacred Odours on thy Head.

IV.

The Sword of *Saul* had ne'er till now
Awoke to War in vain,
Nor *Jonathan* withdrawn his Bow
Without an Army slain.
Where Truth and Honour mark'd their Way,
Not Eagles swifter to their Prey,
Nor Lyons strong or bold as they.

V.

Graceful in Arms and great in War
Were *Jonathan* and *Saul*,

Pleasant

Pleaſant in Life, and Manly fair;
Nor Death divides the Royal Pair,
And Thouſands ſhare their Fall.
Daughters of *Iſrael*, melt your Eyes
To ſofteſt Tears, and ſwell your Sighs,
Diſrob'd, diſgrac'd your Monarch lies
On the bleak Mountains, Pale and Cold:
He made rich Scarlet your Array;
Bright were your Looks, your Boſoms gay
With Gems of regal Gift, and interwoven Gold.

VI.

How are the Princes ſunk in Death!
Fall'n on the ſhameful Ground!
There my own *Jonathan* reſign'd his Breath;
On the high Places where he ſtood,
He loſt his Honours and his Blood;
Oh execrable Arm that gave the mortal Wound!

VII.

My *Jonathan*, my better Part,
My Brother, and (that dearer Name) my Friend,
I feel the mortal Wound that reach'd thy Heart,
And here my Comforts end.
How Pleaſant was thy Love to me!
Amazing Paſſion, ſtrong and free!
No Dangers could thy ſteddy Soul remove:
Not the ſoft Virgin loves to that degree,
Nor Man to that degree does the ſoft Virgin love.

To name my Joys, awakes my Pain ;
The dying Friend runs cold thro' every Vein ;
My *Jonathan*, my dying Friend,
How thick my Woes arise ? where will my Sorrows [end ?

VIII.

Unhappy Day ! distressing Sight !
Israel, the Land of Heaven's Delight,
How are thy Princes fall'n, thy Sons of Victory slain!
The broken Bow, the shiver'd Spear,
With all the sully'd Pomp of War,
In rude Confusion spread,
Promiscuous lie among the Dead,
A lamentable Rout o'er all the inglorious Plain.

XXV.

The SKELETON.

YOUNG *Tramarinus* was just returned from his Travels abroad, when he invited his Uncle to his Lodgings on a *Saturday Noon* ; his Uncle was a substantial Trader in the City, a Man of sincere Goodness, and of no contemptible Understanding ; *Crato* was his Name. The Nephew first entertain'd him with Learned Talk of his Travels. The Conversation happening to fall upon Anatomy, and speaking of the *Hand*, he mention'd the *Carpus* and *Metacarpus*, the

the joining of the Bones by many hard Names, and the *Periosteon* which covered them, together with other *Greek* Words which *Crato* had never heard of. Then he shewed him a few Curiosities he had collected; but Anatomy being the Subject of their chief Discourse, he dwelt much upon the Skeletons of a Hare and a Partridge: "Observe Sir, said he, how firm the Joints! how "nicely the Parts are fitted to each other! How pro-"per this Limb for Flight, and that for Running! "and how wonderful the whole Composition!" *Crato* took due Notice of the most considerable Parts of those Animals, and observed the chief Remarks that his Nephew made; but being detain'd there two Hours without a Dinner, assuming a pleasant Air, he said, "I wish "these Rarities had Flesh upon them, for I begin to "be hungry, Nephew, and you entertain me with "nothing but Bones." Then he carry'd home his Nephew to Dinner with him, and dismiss'd the Jest.

THE next Morning his Kinsman *Tramarinus* desired him to hear a Sermon at such a Church, for I'm informed, said he, the Preacher will be my old School-master. It was *Agrotes*, a Country Minister, who was to fulfil the Service of the Day; an honest, a pious, and an useful Man, who fed his own People Weekly with Divine Food, composed his Sermons with a Mixture of the Instructive and the Pathetick, and deliver'd them with no improper Elocution. Where any Difficulty appear'd in the Text or the Subject, he usually explain'd it in a very natural and easy Manner, to the understanding of

all his Parishoners; he paraphrased on the most affecting Parts largely, that he might strike the Conscience of ev'ry Hearer, and had been the happy Means of the Salvation of many: But he thought thus with himself, "When I preach at *London*, I have Hearers of a wiser "Rank, I must feed them with Learning and substan-"tial Sense, and must have my Discourse set thick "with distinct Sentences and new Matter." He contrived therefore to abridge his Compositures, and to throw four of his Country Sermons together to make up one for the City, and yet he could not forbear to add a little *Greek* in the beginning: He told the Auditors how the Text was to be explain'd, he set forth the *Analysis* of the Words in order, shew'd the *Hoti* and the *Dioti*, (i. e. *that* it was so, and *why* it was so) with much learned Criticism, (all which he wisely left out in the Country;) then he pronounced the Doctrine distinctly, and filled up the rest of the Hour with the mere Rehearsal of the General and Special Heads: But he omitted all the Amplification which made his Performances in the Country so clear and so intelligible, so warm and affecting. In short, it was the mere Joints and Carcass of a long Compositure, and contain'd above forty Branches in it. The Hearers had no time to consider or reflect on the good Things which were spoken, or apply them to their own Consciences; the Preacher hurry'd their Attention so fast onward to new Matters, that they could make no use of any thing he said while he spoke it, nor had they a Moment for Reflection,

flection in order to fix it in their Memories, and improve by it at home.

THE young Gentleman was somewhat out of Countenance when the Sermon was done, for he miss'd all that Life and Spirit, that pathetick Amplification which impress'd his Conscience when he was but a School-boy: However he put the best Face upon it, and began to commend the Performance "Was it not (said he) Sir, a substantial Discourse? "How well connected were all the Reasons; how "strong the Inferences, and what a Variety and "Number of them?" 'Tis true (saith the Uncle) but yet methinks I want Food here, and I find nothing but Bones again. I could not have thought, Nephew, you would have treated me two Days together just alike; Yesterday at Home, and to Day at Church, the first Course was *Greek*, and all the rest mere *Skeleton*.

XXVI.

WORDS *without* SPIRIT.

EMERA was much displeased with her Maid-Servants for some Pieces of gross ill Conduct in Domestick Affairs. The Occasion of her Displeasure was great and just, but she had not the Spi-

rit of Reproof. *Criton* the Partner of her Life, happening then to be in his Cloſet, ſhe went up and made her Complaints there; he intreated her to excuſe him from the Oeconomy of the Kitchen and the Parlour: 'Twas all entirely under her Dominion, and if her Maids were ſo culpable, ſhe muſt reprove them ſharply: "Alas, ſaid ſhe, I cannot chide; "however, to ſhew my Reſentment, if you will "write down a Chiding, I'll go immediately and "read it to them." This is no Fable, but Hiſtory. Now what better Improvement can be made of it, than to make a Parable like it?

Lectorius is a pious Man, and worthy Miniſter in a Country Pariſh; his Diſcourſes are well formed, his Sentiments on almoſt every Subject are juſt and proper, his Stile is Modern and not Unpolite, nor does he utterly neglect the Paſſions in the Turn of his Compoſures: Yet I cannot call him a good Preacher, for he does not only uſe his written Notes to ſecure his Method, and to relieve his Memory, which is a very proper and uſeful Practice, but he ſcarce ever takes his Eye off from his Book to addreſs himſelf with Life and Spirit to the People: For this Reaſon, many of his Hearers fall aſleep; the reſt of them ſit from *January* to *December*, regardleſs and unconcern'd; an Aire of Indolence reigns through the Faces of his Auditory, as if it were a Matter of no Importance, or not addreſs'd to them, and his Miniſtrations have little Power or Succeſs.

IN his laſt Sermon he had an Uſe of Reproof for ſome Vices which were practiſed in a publick and ſhameleſs manner in his Pariſh, and as the Apoſtle required *Timothy to reprove ſuch Sinners before all*, ſo he ſuppoſed that theſe Sins, at leaſt, ought not to eſcape a publick Rebuke. The Paragraph was well drawn up, and indeed it was animated with ſome juſt and aweful Severities of Language; yet he had not Courage enough to chide the Guilty, nor to animate his Voice with any juſt degree of Zeal. However, the good Man did his beſt, he went into the Pulpit and read them a Chiding.

HIS Conduct is juſt the ſame when he deſigns his Addreſs in his Paper to any of the ſofter Paſſions; for by the Coldneſs of his Pronunciation, and keeping his Eye ever fixed on his Notes, he makes very little Impreſſion on his Hearers. When he ſhould awaken ſenſeleſs and obſtinate Sinners, and pluck them as Brands out of the Burning, he only reads to them out of his Book ſome Words of *Pity*, or perhaps a *Uſe of Terror*; and if he would lament over their Impenitence and their approaching Ruin, he can do no more than read them a Chapter of Lamentation.

SINCE there are ſo many of the Kindred of *Lectorius* in our Nation, 'tis no Wonder that ſome of them ariſe to vindicate the Family and their Practice. Do not the *Engliſh* Sermons, ſay they, exceed

those of other Nations, because they are composed with so much Justness and Accuracy, and by careful Reading, they are delivered with great Exactness to the People, without trusting one Sentence to the Frailty of the Memory, or the Warmth of sudden Imagination?

I AM sure it may be reply'd, that if the *English* Sermons exceed those of our Neighbours, the *English* Preachers would exceed themselves, if they would learn the Art of Reading by the Glance of an Eye, so as never to interrupt the Force of their Argument, nor the Vivacity and Pathos of their Pronunciation; or if they made themselves so much Masters of what they had written, and delivered it with such Life and Spirit, such Freedom and Fervency, as tho' it came all fresh from the Head and the Heart. 'Tis by this Art of Pronouncing, as well as by a warm Composure, that some of the *French* Preachers reign over their Assemblies, like a *Cicero* or a *Demosthenes* of old, and that with such superior Dignity and Power, as is seldom seen now a-Days in an *English* Audience, whatsoever Esteem may be paid to our Writings.

A PAPER with the most pathetic Lines written upon it, has no Fear nor Hope, no Zeal or Compassion; 'tis conscious of no Design, nor has any Solicitude for the Success; and a mere Reader, who coldly tells the People what his Paper says, seems to be as void of all these necessary Qualifications, as his Paper is.

XXVII.

The CHURCH-YARD.

WHEN I enter into a Church-Yard, I love to converſe with the Dead. See how thick the Hillocks of Mortality ariſe all around me, each of them a Monument of Death, and the Covering of a Son or Daughter of *Adam*. Perhaps a Thouſand or Ten Thouſand Pieces of Human Nature, Heaps upon Heaps, lie buried in this Spot of Ground; 'tis the old Repoſitory of the Inhabitants of the neighbouring Town; a Collection of the Ruins of many Ages and the Rubbiſh of Twenty Generations.

I SAY within myſelf, What a Multitude of Human Beings, noble Creatures, are here reduced to Duſt! GOD has broken his own beſt Workmanſhip to pieces, and demoliſh'd by Thouſands the fineſt earthly Structures of his own building. Death has entered in, and reigned over this Town for many ſucceſſive Centuries; it had its Commiſſion from GOD, and it has devoured Multitudes of Men.

SHOULD a Stranger make the Enquiry which is expreſs'd, *Deut.* xxix. 24. *Wherefore has the Lord done thus* to the Work of his own Hands? *What meaneth*

meaneth the Heat of this great Anger? The Anſwer is ready, *Ver.* 25, &c. *Becauſe they have ſinned, they have forſaken the Covenant of the Lord God, therefore the Lord has rooted them out of their Land in Anger, and in Wrath, and in great Indignation, and hath caſt them into another Land,* even the Land of Corruption and Darkneſs, *as it is at this Day.*

BUT have not other Towns, Cities and Villages their Church-yards too? My Thoughts take the Hint and fly Abroad through all the Burying-places of the Nations. What Millions of Mankind lie under the Ground in Urns, or mingled with common Clay? Every ancient Town and City in the World has burnt or buried all its Inhabitants more than Thirty times over: What wide ſpreading Slaughter, what lamentable Deſolation, has Death made among the Children of Men! But the Vengeance is juſt in all; each of them are Sinners; and *the Anger of God hath kindled againſt them to bring upon them the* firſt *Curſe that is written in his Book, In the Day that thou* ſinneſt, *thou ſhalt ſurely die,* Gen. ii. 17.

GO to the Church-yard then, O ſinful and thoughtleſs Mortal, go learn from every Tomb-ſtone and every riſing Hillock, that *The Wages of Sin is Death.* Learn in Silence among the Dead, that Leſſon which infinitely concerns all the Living; nor let thy Heart be ever at reſt till thou art acquainted with JESUS, *who is the Reſurrection and the Life.*

XXVIII. *To*

XXVIII.

To a PAINTER *reſtoring an old Picture.*

SIR,

WHEN you take a Review of the former Labours of your Pencil, and retouch the Features of *Idalio* with ſo skilful a Hand, you remove the brown Vail which rolling Years had ſpread over them, and brighten all the Piece into its early Form and Lovelineſs. There riſes a freſh Vigour upon the Looks, and the Spirit of the Poet is infuſed again into the Image of our aged Friend. We ſee and wonder how the Eyes reſume their Youth and Fire; what a Genius glows in the Countenance; and new Light and Life are ſcatter'd over all the Shadow of the Man, who himſelf is haſting to Death and Darkneſs.

O COULD you renew all the living Originals, and recover them from the Deformations and Diſgraces of Time, as eaſily as your Pencil calls their Pourtraits back again from Age, you would be the firſt Man in the Univerſe for Wealth and Fame. Even the groſſeſt Senſualiſt, who is ſtrongly attach'd to his Cups and his Amours, would relinquiſh them both to make his Way to your Hand, and offer all the Remnant of his Patrimony for a Caſt of your Favour:

Aurato,

Aurato, the decrepit Miser, would bring his Mines of Gold, and lay them at your Foot; while his Daughter *Quadrilla*, in her Fortieth Year, throws down her Cards in haste to increase the Crowd at your Door, and entreat the Blessings of your Art.

But Nature (alas!) hath fixed the Limits of Youth, Beauty and Vigour; narrow Limits indeed! and when once pass'd, they are unrepassable. The broken Lines of an ancient Painting may be reunited and grow strong, the Features may rise round and elevated, and the Colours glow again with sprightly Youth; but our real Form grows cold and pale, it sinks, it flattens, it withers into Wrinkles; the Decay is resistless and perpetual, and Recovery lies beyond the Reach of Hope. This Shadow of *Idalio*, touched by your Pencil, lives again, and will see another Age, but the Substance dies daily, and is ready to drop into the Dust.

To this Point of Mortality, since 'tis certain and inevitable, let us often direct our Eyes; let our scatter'd Thoughts be recollected from all their Wandrings, and pay a daily Visit to Death. Acquaintance with it in the Light of Christianity, will dispel its darkest Terrors; and since *Idalio* and *Apelles*, Poets and Painters, with all their sprightly Airs, are borne away with the rest of Mankind by the sweeping Torrent of Time, let us hold the Period of Life ever in our View, let us all keep our Spirits awake, and guard against

againſt a Surprize. O may your Soul and mine never ſtart back from the gloomy Gate which opens a Paſſage into the World of Spirits! We know we muſt leave our Fleſh behind us in the Grave; and there let it lie till it hath finiſhed the Time of its appointed Purification; let it lie and refine from all the Dregs of Sin and ſenſual Impurities; let it wait for the Beams of the laſt Morning, and ſalute the Dawn of the great Riſing Day. Glorious and ſurpriſing Day indeed, for the Reſtoration of all the Originals of Mankind, when Paintings and Shadows ſhall be no more! Bleſſed Hour, when our Duſt, at the creating Call of Heaven, ſhall ſtart up into MAN; it ſhall glow with new Life and immortal Colours, ſuch as Nature in her gayeſt Scenes hath never diſplay'd, ſuch as the Dreams of Poets were never able to repreſent, nor the Pallet of *Titian* ever knew.

XXIX.

On the Sight of Queen MARY, *in the Year* 1694.

I.

I Saw th' Illuſtrious Form, I ſaw
Beauty that gave the Nations Law:
Her Eyes, like Mercy on a Throne,
In condeſcending Grandeur ſhone.

II. That

II.

That blooming Face! how lovely fair
Hath Nature mix'd her Wonders there!
The rosy Morn such Lustre shows
Glancing along the *Scythian* Snows.

III.

Her Shape, her Motion, and her Mein,
All heavenly; such are Angels seen,
When the bright Vision grows intense,
And Fancy aids our feebler Sense.

IV.

Earth's proudest Idols dare not vie
With such superior Majesty:
A kindling Vapour might as soon
Rise from the Boggs, and mate the Moon.

V.

I'll call no *Raphael* from his Rest;
Such Charms can never be express'd:
Pencil and Paint were never made
To draw pure Light without a Shade.

VI.

Britain beholds her Queen with Pride,
And mighty WILLIAM at her Side
Gracing the Throne, while at their Feet
With humble Joy Three Nations meet.

VII.

Secure of Empire, ſhe might lay
Her Crown, her Robes, and State away,
And 'midſt Ten Thouſand Nymphs be ſeen:
Her Beauty would proclaim the Queen.

EPANORTHOSIS.

VIII.

Her Guardian Angel heard my Song.
Fond Man, (he cry'd) forbear to wrong
My lovely Charge. So vulgar Eyes
Gaze at the Stars, and praiſe the Skies.

IX.

Rudely they praiſe, who dwell below,
And Heaven's true Glories never know,
Where Stars and Planets are no more
Than Pebbles ſcatter'd on the Floor.

X.

So, where celeſtial Virtues join'd
Form an incomparable Mind,
Crowns, Scepters, Beauties, Charms and Aire,
Stand but as ſhining Servants there.

XXX.

On the Effigies of his Royal Highneſs, GEORGE, *late Prince of* DENMARK, *and Lord High Admiral of* Great-Britain, *made in Wax, and ſeated at a Banquet near the Effigies of her late Majeſty Queen* ANNE.

All happily perform'd in a very near Imitation of the Life, by CHRYSIS. 1705.

SO look'd the Hero, coming from the Board
Of Naval Counſels, and put off his Sword.
So ſat the Prince, when with a ſmiling Air
He reliſh'd Life, and pleas'd his SOVEREIGN FAIR.
Surpriſing Form! ſcarce with a ſofter Mein
Did his firſt Love addreſs his future QUEEN.
Publiſh the Wonder, Fame.* But O! forbear
T' approach the Palace and the Royal Ear,
Leſt her impatient Love and wiſhing Eye
Seek the dear Image, gaze, and mourn, and die.
Or ſtay: The Royal Mourner will believe
Her GEORGE reſtor'd, and ſo forget to grieve.
What cannot *Chryſis* do? Thoſe artful Hands
Shall raiſe the Hero: Lo, in Arms he ſtands: -

* *This Poem was written juſt after Prince* GEORGE's *Death.*

FAIRBOURN

FAIRBOURN * and LEAK * ſubmiſſive ſhall eſpy
War on his Brow, and Orders in his Eye,
Auſpicious, Juſt, and Wiſe: The Fleet obeys,
And the *French* Pyrates flee the *Britiſh* Seas.

* *Two* Britiſh *Admirals*.

XXXI.

To VELINA, *on the* DEATH *of ſeveral young Children.*

I HAVE ſeen a comely Fruit-tree in the Summer-Seaſon, with the Branches of it promiſing plenteous Fruit; the Stock was ſurrounded with ſeven or eight little Shoots of different Sizes, that grew up from the Root at a ſmall diſtance, and ſeemed to compoſe a beautiful Defence and Ornament for the Mother-Tree: But the Gardener, who eſpied their Growth, knew the Danger; he cut down thoſe tender Suckers one after another, and laid them in the Duſt. I pitied them in my Heart, and ſaid, *How pretty were theſe young Standards! how much like the Parent! how elegantly cloathed with the Raiment of Summer! and each of them might have grown to a fruitful Tree:* But they ſtood ſo near as to endanger the Stock; they drew away the Sap, the Heart and Strength of it, ſo far as to injure the Fruit, and darken the hopeful Proſpect

Prospect of Autumn. The Pruning-knife appeared unkind indeed, but the Gardener was wise; for the Tree flourish'd more sensibly, the Fruit quickly grew fair and large, and the In-gathering at last was plenteous and joyful.

WILL you give me Leave, *Velina*, to persuade you into this Parable? Shall I compare you to this Tree in the Garden of GOD? Your agreeable Qualifications seem to promise various Fruits, of Faith, of Love, of universal Holiness and Service: You have had many of these young Suckers springing up around you; they stood a-while your sweet Ornaments and your Joy; and each of them might have grown up to a Perfection of Likeness, and each might have become a Parent-Tree: But say, Did they never draw your Heart off from GOD? Did you never feel them stealing any of those Seasons of Devotion, or those warm Affections that were first and supremely due to him that made you? Did they not stand a little too near your Soul? And when they have been cut off successively, and laid one after another in the Dust, have you not found your Heart running out more toward GOD, and living more perpetually upon him? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to GOD every Day, since the last was taken away? Are you not aiming at some greater Fruitfulness and Service than in Times past? If so, then repine not at the Pruning-knife, but adore the Conduct of the heavenly Husbandman, and say, "All his Ways are Wisdom and Mercy."

BUT

BUT I have not yet done with my Parable.

WHEN the Granary was well ſtored with excellent Fruit, and before Winter came upon the Tree, the Gardener took it up by the Roots, and it appeared as dead. But his Deſign was not to deſtroy it utterly; for he removed it far away from that Spot of Earth where it had ſtood, and planted it in a Hill of richer Mold, which was ſufficient to nouriſh it with all its Attendants. The Spring appeared, the Tree budded into Life again, and all thoſe fair little Standards that had been cut off, broke out of the Ground afreſh, and ſtood up around it (a ſweet young Grove) flouriſhing in Beauty and immortal Vigour.

YOU know now where you are, *Velina*, and that I have carried you to the Hill of Paradiſe, to the bleſſed Hour of the Reſurrection. What an unknown Joy will it be, when you have fulfilled all the Fruits of Righteouſneſs in this lower World, to be tranſplanted to that heavenly Mountain! What a Divine Rapture and Surpriſe of Bleſſedneſs, to ſee all your little Offspring around you that Day, ſpringing out of the Duſt at once, making a fairer and brighter Appearance in that upper Garden of GOD, and rejoycing together, (a ſweet Company) all Partakers with you of the ſame happy Immortality! all fitted to bear heavenly Fruit, without the need or danger of a Pruning-knife. Look forward by Faith to this glorious Morning, and admire

mire the whole Scheme of Providence and Grace. Give chearful Honours beforehand to your Almighty and All-wise Governor, who by his unsearchable Counsels has fulfilled your best Wishes, and secured your dear Infants to you for ever, tho' not just in your own Way; that blessed Hand which made the painful Separation on Earth, shall join you and your Babes together in his own heavenly Habitation, never to be divided again, tho' the Method may be painful to Flesh and Blood. Fathers shall not hope in vain, nor *Mothers bring forth for Trouble; They are the Seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their Offspring with them*, Isaiah lxiii. 23. Then shall you say, *Lord, here am I, and the Children that thou hast given me.* For he is *your God, and the God of your Seed in an everlasting Covenant.* Amen.

XXXII.

Earth, Heaven, *and* Hell.

I Have often tried to strip Death of its frightful Colours, and make all the terrible Airs of it vanish into Softness and Delight: To this End, among other Rovings of Thought, I have sometimes illustrated to myself the whole Creation, as one immense Building, with different Apartments, all under the

the immediate Poſſeſſion and Government of the great Creator.

ONE ſort of theſe Manſions are little, narrow, dark, damp Rooms; where there is much Confinement, very little good Company, and ſuch a Clog upon ones natural Spirits, that a Man cannot Think or Talk with Freedom, nor exert his Underſtanding, or any of his Intellectual Powers with Glory or Pleaſure. This is the *Earth* in which we dwell.

A SECOND ſort are ſpacious, lightſome, airy and ſerene Courts, open to the Summer-Sky, or at leaſt admitting all the valuable Qualities of Sun and Air, without the Inconveniencies; where there are Thouſands of moſt delightful Companions, and every thing that can give one Pleaſure, and make one capable and fit to give Pleaſure to others. This is the *Heaven* we hope for.

A THIRD ſort of Apartments are open and ſpacious too, but under a Wintry-Sky, with perpetual Storms of Hail, Rain and Wind, Thunder, Lightning, and every thing that is painful and offenſive; and all this among Millions of wretched Companions curſing the Place, tormenting one another, and each endeavouring to increaſe the publick and univerſal Miſery. This is *Hell*.

Now

Now what a dreadful Thing it is to be driven out of one of the firſt narrow dusky Cells, into the Third ſort of Apartment, where the Change of the Room is infinitely the worſe? No wonder that Sinners are afraid to die. But why ſhould a Soul that has good Hope, through Grace, of entring into the ſerene Apartment, be unwilling to leave the narrow ſmoaky Priſon he has dwelt in ſo long, and under ſuch Loads of Inconvenience?

DEATH to a good Man, is but paſſing through a dark Entry, out of one little dusky Room of his Father's Houſe, into another that is fair and large, lightſome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O may the Rays and Splendors of my heavenly Apartment ſhoot far downward, and gild the dark Entry with ſuch a chearful Gleam, as to baniſh every Fear when I ſhall be called to paſs through!

XXXIII.

A HORNETS NEST *deſtroy'd.*

WHAT curious little Creatures were theſe! how bright and beautiful the Body of them! how nimble and ſprightly the ſeveral Limbs! how ſwift the Wing of this Inſect for Flight, and the Sting as dreadful

ful for its own Defence, and for the Puniſhment of thoſe that hurt it. What rich Contrivance is there in all the inviſible Springs of this little Engine! and yet here are Thouſands of them deſtroy'd at once, and reduced to common Earth.

IF any Artiſt amongſt Men could have framed but one ſuch a wonderful Machine as this, it would have been ſold for Thouſands of Gold and Silver, it would have been valued at the Price of Royal Treaſures, and thought fit only for the Cabinet of the greateſt Princes. The Deſtruction of ſuch a rare Piece of Workmanſhip would have been an uncompenſable Loſs among Men; but 'tis the Work of GOD, and here are Thouſands of theſe elegant Structures demoliſhed, and caſt out to the Dunghill, without any Concern or Injury to GOD or Man. Glorious indeed, and all Divine is the Magnificence of the great Creator! With what a Profuſion doth he pour out the Riches of his Art, even amongſt the meaner Parts of the Creation! he makes yearly Millions of theſe Animals without Labour, and he can part with Millions out of his Kingdom without Loſs.

YET theſe are not ſuperfluous or uſeleſs Beings in the Dominions of GOD. There was a time when he raiſed an Army of them, and ſent them upon a great Expedition, to drive the Nations of the *Canaanites* and their Kings out of their own Land, when he would plant his beloved *Iſrael* there, *Exod.* xxiii. 28. *Joſ.*

xxiv. 12. Thus he knows how to employ them, when and where he pleases: But he gives Leave to every Man to destroy their Nests and their Armies, wheresoever they become a Nuisance to him; for if he want them himself, he can summon them from the most distant Parts of the World, and they shall come at his first Call. He can *hiss for the Fly that is in the uttermost Parts of* Egypt, *and the Bee that is in the Land of* Assyria, *Isa.* vii. 18. and they shall range themselves under his Banner to execute his dreadful Commission. Or if the whole Creation does not afford Legions of them sufficient for his Purpose, He, who could animate the Dust of the Earth into Lice, *Exod.* viii. 16. can command all the Sands of the Sea into swarms of Hornets; or he can call Millions out of Nothing into Being with a Word, all dress'd in their proper Livery, and armed with their Stings to carry on his War. What can be wanting to that GOD who has all the uncreated and unknown World of Possibles within the Reach of his Voice? *Rom.* iv. 17. *He calleth the Things that are not, as tho' they were.*

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

CITATIONS *and* INSCRIPTIONS.

ANCIENT Cuſtom and modern Faſhion are two ſovereign Tyrants, who bear almoſt an univerſal Sway over the Practices of Mankind. They are directly oppoſite to each other, and they ſhare the Empire of the World between them. The Learned and the Mighty, as well as the Poor and the Fooliſh, obey their Dictates without further Enquiry, and ſubmit all to their Authority, without Reſerve, and without Reaſon.

WHY did the *Perſians* worſhip the Fire, and the *Chineſe* the Souls of their Anceſtors? Why do the *Papiſts* ſay their Prayers in *Latin*, and the *Jews* waſh their Hands always before eating? 'Twas the Uſage of ancient Ages, and the Cuſtom of their Fathers. Why did the Ladies of *Great-Britain* wear Ruffs and Fardingals a Century and a half ago? and why do the Men of Faſhion now a-days keep two Knots of Hair ever dangling on their Shoulders, with one long Curl behind? Does Nature find ſo much Convenience, or ſpy ſo much Decency in it. Neither of the two; but ſtill there's ſuppoſed to be Reaſon enough

for any of these Oddities, since 'tis the present Mode. The Mode will soon reconcile Fancy to the most aukward Appearances, and the most incommodious Practices: But if Nature, Reason, and Convenience, make never so loud Remonstrances, they must all stand aside and submit, while some *old Customs* and some *new Fashions* pronounce their absolute Decrees concerning a thousand Things, and determine without Appeal.

YET if Reason, or Religion, might have leave to put in a Word, methinks there are some ancient Fashions which should never have been antiquated, as well as there are some new ones which should never have been suffered to arise.

'TWAS a Fashion among our Grandfathers, to cite a worthy or elegant Sentence from some Author of established Fame, and that in their Conversation, as well as their Writings: They would chuse to express their Sentiments in the bright and beautiful Language of some ancient Poet or Philosopher, which gave new Life and Strength to the Period: But for these fifty Years past you gain the Name of a *Pedant*, if you affront the modish World with a wise and pious Saying borrowed from one of the Ancients in their own Language.

I WILL grant indeed, that 'twas a Piece of Pride, Vanity and Impertinence in some who lived in the

the laſt Century, to interline all their Diſcourſes, and almoſt every Page of their Books, with perpetual Scraps of *Greek* and *Latin*; and it became yet more ridiculous in Sermons and in Treatiſes which were written only for the Uſe of the *Engliſh* World, who knew nothing but their Mother-Tongue; but muſt ſo uſeful and entertaining a Practice be baniſh'd for ever, becauſe it has been abuſed, and carried to Extreams? Suppoſe I have a fine and noble Sentiment in my Thoughts, which I learned from *Seneca* or *Cicero*, muſt I be bound to deliver it in my own ruder Language, rather than let thoſe ingenious Ancients ſpeak it in their own Phraſe; ſuppoſing always that the Company in which I ſpeak, underſtand the *Roman* Tongue? Is it ſuch a Crime to let *Juvenal* or *Horace* ſay an agreeable and pertinent Thing for me, when I thereby confeſs that I cannot ſay any Thing myſelf ſo pertinent and ſo agreeable? And why may not a *David* or a *Solomon*, as well as a *Virgil*, a *Milton* or an *Addiſon* raiſe and dignify a Period now and then with their noble, and juſt, and elegant Lines, and enliven a modern Page with their warm and ſplendid Images? 'Tis not Nature and Reaſon, but mere Faſhion that hath branded this Practice with the odious Name of *Puritaniſm*, or of *Pedantry*; and I think I may congratulate the preſent Age, that it begins a little to be revived, even by Writers of the firſt Rank.

MAY I preſume again to enquire why we ſhould abſolutely renounce the Faſhion of our Fore-fathers,

in adorning their Churches and their Houses with the wise and pious Sayings of Philosophers, or of Prophets and Men inspir'd? GOD himself invented this Practice, and made it a Law for the *Jews*, his favourite People, that *they should write his Statutes on the Posts of their Houses, and on their Gates*, to strike the Eye and the Heart of all that came in. Nor is there any thing Superstitious or *Jewish* in this Matter; the Walls of *Christian* Temples were wont to be inscribed with remarkable Precepts of Piety taken from the Word of GOD; Moral and Divine Motto's were, in former Centuries, thought an Ornament to the narrow Pannels of their Wainscot, and long and beautiful Sentences ran round the Cornish of a private House, and carried Virtue and Peace with them all the Way. That Divine Rule of Equity, *Deal with others, as you would have others deal with you*, has stood Guard in a Tradesman's Shop against every Appearance of Fraud, and every Temptation to overreach a Customer. Closets and Compting-Houses often told our Ancestors their Duty when they were alone; and their large and spacious Halls taught Virtue and Goodness to the World in fair and legible Characters. The Parlour and the Dining-Room put their Friends in mind of GOD and Heaven, in Letters of Vermillion and Gold; and the Kitchen and the Out-houses instructed the Servants in their Duty, and reproved them to the Face, when they ventured to practise Iniquity out of the Sight of their Master.

I KNOW

I KNOW there's a *Decorum* to be obſerved in all Things of this kind. I am not for paſting up whole Pages of Morality round the Rooms, nor filling every naked Pannel with little *Gothick* Emblems and Ornaments, with pious Rhimes or Lectures of Religion: But methinks we run to a wide Extream, when we abſolutely exclude every ſuch Leſſon of Virtue from all the Places of our Reſidence. And ſince the preſent Mode has condemned all theſe Inſcriptions of Truth and Goodneſs, I know not what is come in the room of them, unleſs it be the filthy Abuſe of Letters, and a lewd or a profane Couplet graven with a Diamond on a Pane of Glaſs. Our Walls in Ages paſt wore the Signatures of Honour and Virtue; now there are too many Windows, that as ſoon as they admit the Light, diſcover our Shame. I wonder how any Man that pretends to Politeneſs and Elegancy, ſhould ſcribble ſuch Lines as female Modeſty ought never to ſee, and which the rudeſt Tongue of his own Sex ought never to pronounce.

AT other times you ſhall find ſome vile Reproach on particular Perſons left ſtanding on the Glaſs to be read by future Comers; and thus the Scandal is convey'd to Multitudes in a long Succeſſion; and every Reader, by learning the unjuſt Reproach, may in ſome Senſe be ſaid to increaſe the Writer's Guilt.

If they muſt write the Names of their Miſtreſſes on the Windows, and deſcribe their Beauties there, let them do it in ſuch Language as may not offend the Tongue of Modeſty to repeat, nor raiſe a Bluſh on the Cheek of Virtue.

If the Muſe laviſh her immortal Wit
To paint a fading Face,
And the firm Diamond the frail Honours write
Upon the brittle Glaſs,
Let no foul Word pollute that heavenly Ray
Which makes the Lines appear:
Lewdneſs would taint the Sun-beams in their Way,
Lewdneſs ſhould ne'er be read but when keen Lightnings play
To blaſt the Writer's Hand, and ſhake his Soul with Fear.

If they will write the Name of a Friend or a Stranger there, let it be a Name of Worth and Honour, let it be ſome Example of Virtue, and attended with a due Encomium.

ALBINUS.

Clear as the Glaſs, his ſpotleſs Fame,
And laſting Diamond writes his Name.

Or if a Diamond muſt be uſed for a Pen, and a Pane of Glaſs muſt be the Tablet on which we write, I ſhould rather chooſe that thoſe pellucid Mediums which tranſmit the Light of Heaven to our Eyes, ſhould

ſhould convey ſome Beam of ſacred Knowledge, or ſome uſeful *Memento* to the Mind.

Words of Eternal Truth proclaim,
All mortal Joys are vain:
A Diamond Pen engraves the Theme
Upon a brittle Plain.

XXXV.

Againſt LEWDNESS.

I.

WHY ſhould you let your wandring Eyes
Entice your Souls to ſhameful Sin?
Scandal and Ruin are the Prize,
You take ſuch fatal Pains to win.

II.

This Brutal Vice makes Reaſon blind,
And blots the Name with hateful Stains:
It waſtes the Fleſh, pollutes the Mind,
And tears the Heart with racking Pains.

III.

Let *David* ſpeak with heavy Groans,
How it eſtrang'd his Soul from GOD,

Made him complain of broken Bones,
And fill'd his House with Wars and Blood.

IV.

Let *Solomon* and *Samson* tell
Their melancholy Stories here,
How bright they shone, how low they fell,
When Sin's vile Pleasures cost them dear.

V.

In vain you choose the darkest Time,
Nor let the Sun behold the Sight:
In vain you hope to hide your Crime
Behind the Curtains of the Night:

VI.

The wakeful Stars and Midnight Moon
Watch your foul Deeds, and know your Shame;
And GOD's own Eye, like Beams of Noon,
Strikes through the Shade, and marks your Name.

VII.

What will ye do when Heav'n enquires
Into those Scenes of secret Sin?
And Lust, with all its guilty Fires,
Shall make your Conscience rage within?

VIII.

How will you curse your wanton Eyes,
Curse the lewd Partners of your Shame,
When Death with horrible Surprize
Shews you the Pit of quenchless Flame?

IX. Fleet

IX.

Flee, Sinners, flee th' unlawful Bed,
Leſt Vengence ſend you down to dwell
In the dark Regions of the Dead,
To feed the fierceſt Fires of Hell.

XXVI.

Againſt DRUNKENNESS.

I.

IS it not ſtrange that every Creature
Should know the Meaſure of its Thirſt,
(They drink but to ſupport their Nature,
And give due Moiſture to their Duſt;)

II.

While Man, vile Man, whoſe nobler kind
Should ſcorn to act beneath the Beaſt,
Drowns all the Glories of his Mind,
And kills his Soul to pleaſe his Taſte?

III.

O what a hateful, ſhameful Sight,
Are Drunkards reeling through the Street!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their Shame on all they meet.

IV. Is

IV.

Is it ſo exquiſite a Pleaſure
To troll down Liquor through the Throat,
And ſwill, and know no Bound nor Meaſure,
'Till Senſe and Reaſon are forgot?

V.

Do they deſerve th' immortal Name
Of *Man*, who ſink ſo far below?
Will GOD, the Maker of their Frame
Endure to ſee them ſpoil it ſo?

VI.

Can they e'er think of Heaven and Grace,
Or hope for Glory when they die?
Can ſuch vile Ghoſts expect a Place
Among the ſhining Souls on high?

VII.

The meaneſt Seat is too refin'd
To entertain a Drunkard there.
Ye Sinners of this loathſome Kind,
Repent, or periſh in Deſpair.

XXXVII.

VANITY *Confeſs'd.*

'TWAS a ſtrange and thoughtleſs Expreſſion of a very ingenious *Author, "Among all the "Millions of Vices (*ſays he*)* that I inherit from "*Adam*, I have eſcaped the firſt and Father-Sin of "*Pride:*" And he goes on to prove it by aſſerting his Humility, after many boaſted Inſtances of his Learning and Acquirements. Surely (thought I) this Man lived much abroad, and converſed but little at home; he knew much of the World, but he was not acquainted with himſelf; and while he practiſes his Vanity in ſo publick a manner, he ſtrongly denies that any belongs to him.

Senotus was a Man of a more mortified Soul, a ſagacious Self-Enquirer while he lived; and among his moſt ſecret Papers which eſcaped the Flames, this following Soliloquy was found after his Death. How paſſionately does he mourn this Frailty, and with what a becoming Senſe doth he lament and bewail this original Blemiſh of his Nature! 'Twas written before he arrived at his ſacred Dignity, but it diſcovers the Sentiments and the Piety which attended him through all his Life.

* *Dr.* Brown, *in his* Religio Medici.

PRIDE

PRIDE (saith he) is so extensive, so universal a Disease of Mankind, that I know no part of the Infection which we derive from our first Father, that has so intimately mingled itself with the whole Mass of Blood, has so much corrupted our best Powers, and runs without Exception through the whole Race. Methinks I can scarce move, or speak, but I feel the secret Poison working, and I am betray'd at every Turn into new Folly and Guilt by this flattering and subtile Enemy.

IF I am accepted in Company, and find Favour among Men, how ready am I to impute it to my own Merit! and if I meet with Reproach, how does my Heart swell against the Tongue that uttered it, and I begin to charge the ignorant World that they have not known me! or I accuse them secretly of doing Injustice to my Character; for I fancy myself to have deserved the Honours of Mankind, and not their Censures.

THIS active Iniquity is never at rest; whether I have to do with GOD or Man, it besets me on every Side, it breaks the Commands of the first Table, as well as the second, detracts from the Honour that I owe to my Maker, and the Charity due to my Fellow-Creatures.

I DEVOTE myself and all my Powers to GOD in the Morning, and I think I do it with solemn

Sin-

Sincerity: Then I meditate, I compoſe, or perhaps I preach, and diffuſe the Knowledge and the Glory of *Chriſt*, my Lord: But if ſome ſhining Thought break into my Meditations, how fond am I to ſpread and dreſs it, to make Self ſhine a little; and thus ſacrilegiouſly attempt to ſhare the Honour that is due alone to my Saviour and his Goſpel! how cloſely doth this Serpent-Iniquity twine about my Nature, and defile my moſt religious Services! Often do I aſſume thoſe Lines in my Lips, and with the pleaſing Pain that belongs to Repentance, I appropriate the Words to myſelf, as tho' I had been the Author of them

'Tis Pride, that buſy Sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curſt Pride, that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty Worm!

IF I begin to write any Divine Thoughts in Verſe, to entertain myſelf or my Fellow-Chriſtians with holy Melody, I find this Tempter at my right Hand, abuſing my Poeſy, to the ruin of my Religion. —

My God, the Songs I frame
Are faithleſs to thy Cauſe,
And ſteal the Honours of thy Name
To build their own Applauſe.

SOMETIMES I raiſe my Thoughts a little to contemplate my Creator in the numerous Wonders of his

his Power and Wiſdom, in his inimitable Perfections, and in the Majeſty and Grandeur of his Nature; I fall down before him, confounded in his Preſence: My own Ideas of his tranſcendent Excellency overwhelm me with a Senſe of my own Meanneſs, and I lay myſelf low in the Duſt, whence I and all my Fore-fathers ſprang; but perhaps a ſudden Moment turns my Thought aſide to my Brethren, my Fellow-Mortals; and when I imagine myſelf ſuperior to ſome of them, the Worm that lay level with the Duſt begins to ſwell and riſe again, and a vain Self-Compariſon with Creatures interrupts the humble Proſtrations of my Soul, and ſpoils my Devotion to my GOD.

AND here 'tis very aſtoniſhing to conſider upon what Trifles of Circumſtance fooliſh Man is ready to exalt himſelf above his Neighbour: I am even aſhamed to think, that when I ſtand among Perſons of a low Stature, and a mean outward Appearance, (eſpecially if they are utter Strangers) I am ready to look downward upon their Undertakings, as beneath my own, becauſe Nature has formed my Limbs by a larger Model, has raiſed this animal Bulk upon higher Pillars, and given me a full and florid Aſpect. Ridiculous Thought, and wild Imagination! as tho' the Size and Colour of the Brute were the proper Meaſure to judge of the Man!

AT

AT another Time, when I have been engaged in free Diſcourſe, I have heard a ſprightly Youth talk moſt pertinently on the propoſed Subject, but I felt myſelf ready before-hand to deſpiſe whatever he ſhould ſay, becauſe I happened to be born ten Years before him; and yet how wretchedly inconſiſtent is this Diſtemper of Mind! for I was tempted the next Moment to neglect what was ſpoken by a grave Gentleman preſent, becauſe he was born twenty Years before me: My own Vanity would perſuade me that the one was ſo much younger than I, that he had not yet arrived at Senſe, and the other ſo much older, that he had forgot it.

I FIND it is not *Youth* or *Age*, but 'tis *Self* is the Idol and the Temptation. My fooliſh Heart is apt to ſay within itſelf, even when I am in the midſt of Perſons of Thought and Sagacity, "Methinks they "ſhould all be of my Mind when I have given my Opi-"nion;" and I feel a ſecret Inclination to flatter my own Judgment, tho' I condemn the young and the old. Thus is Pride buſy and zealous to exalt *Self* on every Occaſion, to ſet up the *Idol*, and make all bow down to it.

THESE ſilent and unſeen Turns of Thought within me are ſo impudent, and ſo unreaſonable, that I cannot bear to let 'em appear even before my own Judgment: I ſcarce bring them to a Trial, for I know they are Evil; I condemn them as ſoon as they

are

are born, I banish them for ever from my Soul, and forbid their Return. But e're I am aware they will come to their old native Seat again, in spight of all the Laws and Rules of Reason and Religion; they overleap all the Bars and Fences that I raise perpetually to keep them out. This wicked Pride is a home-born and domestick Enemy, it knows every Avenue of the Soul, and is hardly excluded even by the severest Watchfulness.

We are so fond to appear always in the right, that I find myself to need a good degree of Self-Denial, in order to believe that Truth is Truth, when I have happened to fall into a different Sentiment; and what is this but Pride of Heart? I need not go far backward in my Life, to find an Instance of this Folly or Madness; something of this kind so often occurs.

Three Days ago I was relating an Affair of great Consequence, and was opposed in my Narrative by a Friend, who knew the whole Story perfectly: I felt my Heart unwilling to yield to his Opposition, tho' the Reasonings that attended his Narration carried superior Light and Force in them; I was hardly convinced that I was in the wrong, till I had left the Company and bethought myself. This cursed Conceit! how it blinds the Eyes to Reason, and bars our Conviction! And 'tis the same Disease of the Mind that prevents our Confession of an Error, even when we are inwardly convinced of it: 'Tis Pride that cramps the

the Organs of Speech, and makes these Words, *I was mistaken*, so hard to pronounce in every Language.

WHEN I am debating a Point of Controversy, how much am I pleased when I overcome! and how ready do I find my Tongue to contend for Victory, too often with greater Solicitude than for Truth! I feel the Mischief working, tho' I hate it. I look inward, I blush and chide myself; but in the next Company Nature returns, the inward Distemper stirs again, I am ambitious of Conquest in the next Dispute; yet I profess to be a *Philosopher*, a Disciple of Wisdom, and a Lover of Truth; but I feel I am a Son of *Adam*.

I WATCH against the first Risings of this inbred Evil, but 'tis beforehand with me: I resolve to speak my Sentiments with a modest Aire, but Vanity sits upon my Lips, and forms the Sentence, or at least gives some swelling Accents to the Sound: Then I sigh inwardly at the sudden Reproach, *What a vain Wretch am I!* and should condemn myself as the very vilest Piece of Human Nature, if I did not observe the same Folly working at my right Hand and at my left, and shewing itself all round me in a Variety of Shapes. Were all the Progeny of *Eve* to be summoned to the Bar of GOD, and tried upon this Indictment,

Alas for poor Mankind! Nor Sex nor Age is free:
What would become of Man? What would become of me?

Vanisso

Vaniſſo was in Company while this Paper was read, wherein *Senotus* confeſs'd this Foible of his Soul; and with ſome Confuſion broke out thus: "What! *Se-*
" *notus*, the Wiſe and Pious, the Modeſt and the
" Humble, ſay all this! *Senotus*, the Venerable Man
" of the Epiſcopal Order, and the Glory of our
" Church, talk at this rate? O for an eternal Suc-
" ceſſion of ſuch Biſhops in every See! But what
" Leſſon ſhall I learn by it? I'll retire to my Cloſet
" and ſearch inward; for how many Vices ſo ever
" hung about me, yet I never thought myſelf a proud
" Man before, but I begin to ſuſpect me now.

XXXVIII.

PASSION *and* REASON.

AMONG the multitude of Words that are uttered by the Paſſions, you may ſometimes chance to hear the Dictates of Reaſon: But if you ſuffer yourſelf to be ruffled, and return Wrath for Wrath, you ſo effectually ſtop your Ears againſt her ſofter Voice, that you cannot believe there was a Syllable o Reaſon in all the Diſcourſe of your Opponent; and thus by indulging a Spirit of Contradiction, you forbid your own Improvement.

Tran-

Tranquillus is a Gentleman of penetrating Judgment, and a ſedate Temper: *Aſtrapé* is the Partner of his Life; a Perſon of good Underſtanding, but her Imagination far exceeds; there is great Brightneſs in her Converſation, but her Paſſions are warm, and ſhe ſo far forgets herſelf, that her Voice is ſometimes a little elevated, even while Company is preſent. When the Clouds gather, and the Storm riſes, *Tranquillus* yields to the Circumſtances of the Hour; he knows 'tis in vain to debate with a Tempeſt, or reprove a Wirlwind, but he calmly expects Silence and fair Weather To-morrow.

MANY a time has the good Man confeſs'd, that he has gained ſome uſeful Hints of Knowledge under thoſe Lectures; for I have worn out (ſaid he) many a Campaigne, I have learnt to read Truth by the Flaſh of Gunpowder, and to hearken to good Senſe, even when the Cannons roar. Her Admonitions are aſſiſtant to my Virtue, tho' ſometimes they are pronounced louder than was needful.

HAPPY Man, who is grown ſo familiar with Wiſdom, as to diſtinguiſh her Voice in the midſt of Thunders, and to know and venerate that divine Sunbeam among whole Sheets and Volumes of Lightning! Happy Man, whoſe Soul never kindles at thoſe Flaſhes, nor doth he find his Tongue inclined to eccho to the Noiſe!

Aſtrapé

Aſtrapé indeed would do well to correct her Temper; but one would almoſt be content to live a Month among thoſe Storms, if one might but gain by that Means the placid and lovely Virtues of *Tranquillus.*

I.

LET *Aſtrapé* forbear to blaze
As Lightning does, with dreadful Rays,
Nor ſpoil the Beauties of her Face,
To arm her Tongue with Thunder:
That Reaſon hardly looks Divine,
Where ſo much Fire and Sound combine,
And make the Way for Wit to ſhine
By riving Senſe aſunder.

II.

Yet if I found her Words grow warm,
I'd learn ſome Leſſon by the Storm,
Or guard myſelf at leaſt from Harm
By yielding like *Tranquillus.*
Tempeſts will tear the ſtiffeſt Oak,
Cedars with all their Pride are broke
Beneath the Fury of that Stroke
That never hurts the Willows.

XXXIX.

One Devil casting out another.

LATRISSA is often indispos'd. Her Friends attend her with most obliging Visits, and sometimes give her Relief in a gloomy Hour. Last *Friday* she was seized with her usual Discomposures; two Ladies of her greatest Intimacy spent the Afternoon in her Chamber; they talk'd of publick Business, and the Commotions of the World; she was all Silence and unmov'd. They brought in Virtue and Religion, and try'd to raise the Conversation to Heaven; her Soul was very heavy still, and her Ears were listless. They descended to common Trifles, survey'd the green Fields through the Window, and blest the fine Weather and the warm Sun-shine; *Latrissa* was all cloudy within, and received the Talk very coldly.

WHEN they found all these Attempts were in vain, they ran to the charming Topick of Dress and Fashion, gay Colours and new Habits; they traversed the Park, and rehearsed the Birth-Day; but even this would awaken no pleasing Aires, not introduce one Smile, nor scarce provoke an Answer.

AT

At last one of the Visitants happen'd to mention a Name or two, for which *Latrissa* had a known Aversion, and began to expose their Conduct and their Character. *Latrissa* soon felt the wicked Pleasure; the luscious Poison wrought powerfully within, her Voice eccho'd to every Accusation, and confirm'd all the Infamy. A Discourse so agreeable, scatter'd the inward Gloom, and awaken'd her Gall and her Tongue at once. After a few Sentences past, she assumed the Chair, and ingross'd the whole Conversation herself. She rail'd on triumphantly for an Hour together, without Intermission, and without Weariness, tho' when her Friends first came in to see her she could hardly speak for fainting.

Thus have I seen an old *Lap-Dog* lie sullen or lazy before the Fire, tho' pretty Miss hath try'd a hundred Ways to awaken the Creature to Activity and Play: But a Stranger happening to enter the Room, the little Cur hath called up all his natural Envy and Rage, nor hath he ceased barking till the Stranger disappeared; when the sullen Animal would not play, he let us hear that he could bark.

But I reprove myself. This Vice is too big to be chastiz'd by Ridicule, for 'tis a most hateful Breach of the Rules of the Gospel. What a dismal Spectacle is it to see this Engine of Scandal set on work so successfully among Christians, to drive out the deaf and dumb

dumb Spirit! to see *Satan* employ'd to cast out *Satan*, and one evil Spirit dispossess'd by another!

O THE shameful Gust and Relish that some People find in Reproach and Slander! The great Apostle says, *Speak Evil of no Man*, and he excludes *Railers* and *Revilers from the Kingdom of Heaven*; yet *Latrissa* performs the Duties of the Church and the Closet, rails daily at some of her Neighbours, and thinks herself a Christian of the first Rank still; nor will she see nor believe the Iniquity of her Temper, or the Guilt of her Conversation.

XL.

Excellencies *and* Defects *compensated.*

FAME doth not always belong to the Active and the Sprightly, nor immortal Memory to the Sons of Wit. *Gravonius* was a Person of Prudence and Virtue, but rather of a slow Conception, and a very moderate Share of Natural Vivacity; a Man of little Discourse, but much Thought; he would sometimes bring forth very valuable Sentences, and furnish the Company with wise Observations that he had collected by many Years Reading, and long Acquaintance with Men and Books. He travelled on daily in a

regular Round of Life and Duty to a good old Age, he pass'd off the Stage with Honour amongst his Friends, and was remembred Twenty Years after his Death.

Lycidas was a Gentleman of great Parts, sprightly Wit, far superior to *Gravonius* in the Powers of the Mind, and at least equal to him in Virtue; he shone bright in every Company, and put a Lustre upon all his Religion; he was the Wonder and Love of his Friends while he lived. He was summon'd away from the World in the Bloom of Life, deep Lamentations were made at his Grave, but in a few Years time he was forgotten.

How came this to pass, that what blazed so bright should vanish so soon, and be lost at once? The Reason is not far to seek. *Gravonius* kept his Hours and his Rounds as constant as the Sun, and his Track of Life was drawn to a great Length, and was well known to the World: He said over his Apophthegms and Lessons of Prudence, till his Acquaintance had learnt them by Heart. *Lycidas* was active and ready in all the Varieties of Life, but never tied himself down to Rules, and Forms, and Sentences, nor could he teach another to act as he did: He always entertained his Friends with a rich Profusion of new Sentiments. Neither his Wit nor his Wisdom had any Common-places: His Manner and his Way was like an Eagle in the Air, that leaves no Track behind. His Conversation and his Life had a thousand Beauties in them,

but

but they were neither to be imitated, or ſcarce rehearſed by another.

IF I were to live always, ſurely I would wiſh to be *Lycidas*, that I might have *my Heart ever at my Right Hand*, in the Phraſe of *Solomon*; that I might know on the ſudden how to ſpeak pertinently, and what Courſe to take in every new Occurrence of a World that's in perpetual Changes: I would have an Underſtanding ever ready to ſuggeſt the Thing that's proper in every Time and Place. It muſt be allow'd, that *Lycidas* was much the more uſeful Man on Earth, tho' his Name was ſoon forgotten. But *Gravonius* hath this to compenſate his Slowneſs, that in ſome Senſe he lives the longer for it: His regular Conduct was learn'd and copied by his Family; his Sentences are often rehearſed among his Friends; he ſpeaks while he is under Ground, and gives Advice to the Living Twenty Years after he is dead.

THERE is nothing on Earth excellent on all Sides; there muſt be ſomething wanting in the beſt of Creatures, to ſhew how far they are from Perfection: GOD has wiſely ordained it, that Excellencies and Defects ſhould be mingled amongſt Men; Advantage and Diſadvantage are thrown into the Balance, the one is laid over againſt the other, that no Man might be ſupremely exalted, and none utterly contemptible.

XLI.

ENVY *Discover'd.*

ENVY is a malignant Vice; of so hateful an Aspect, and so black a Character, that every Man abhors it, when appearing in its own Colours; and whosoever is accused, renounces the Charge with Indignation.

WHEN *Athon* was a Boy, and read the Description of this foul *Fury* in the Books of the *Greek* and *Roman Poets*, he imagined it was some Beldam that infested Heathen Countries, but he could not believe that she should dwell among *Christians*, and have a Temple in their very Bosoms.

COULD one ever suppose that *Envy* should mix itself with the Blood and Spirits of a good Man, or find any room in the same Heart where there is a Savour of true Religion? Religion consists in an Intercourse of Divine and Human Love;

But Envy *smiles at Sorrows not her own,*
And laughs to hear a Nation groan.
But Envy *feeds on Infamy and Blood,*
And grieves at all that's Great and Good.

But

But Envy *pines, becauſe her Neighbours thrive,*
And dies to ſee a Brother live.

YET this *very malignant Vice*, this *Fury of Hell*, makes her Way ſometimes into the very *Soul* that is *born of God*, and that hopes to be an Inhabitant of *Heaven*; but it generally takes care to conceal its Name, and to diſguiſe its odious Appearance, that it may not be known in the Heart where it dwells. It too often breaks out indeed before the Eyes of the World, to the Shame and Scandal of Religion, and appears in its own moſt hateful Form, *Rejoicing in Miſchief*; but it much more frequently ſits brooding within, *fretting at the Peace and Welfare of others*, and ſpreads a melancholly Gloom and painful Horror round all the Chambers of the Soul, if the Sun but ſhine upon a Neighbour's Houſe.

THERE is many a Chriſtian indulges this *ſecret Iniquity*, and practiſes this Vice without the Reproaches of Conſcience, becauſe he can't believe his Conduct deſerves this Name. And whether can I ſend ſuch a one to learn the Nature of this *Sin* better than to his *Bible?*

THE *Holy Pſalmiſt* was once overtaken with a Fit of *Envy*, and after he had been divinely convinc'd and aſhamed of it, the Way wherein he confeſſes and deſcribes it is this; That he inlarged his Ideas of the Proſperity of the Wicked, he ſpread abroad all their

Honours and their Riches before the Eyes of his Imagination, and magnify'd every Circumstance of their Health, their Strength, and all their Comforts of Life; but he conceals or lessens all their Troubles, as tho' they had nothing to complain of; while at the same time his Mouth was filled with Complaints of his own Sorrows, he painted his own Grievances upon his Fancy in the darkest Colours, and the most dismal Shapes, and by the Comparison of their Condition and his own, his Soul grew much more uneasy.

" As for my wicked Neighbours, *says he*, " they thrive in the World, they increase in " Riches, they are not in Trouble like other Men, " nor are they plagued as I am; their Eyes stand " out with Fatness; they have more than Heart " can wish; they oppress and prosper, they are en- " compassed with Pride and Honours, they are gay " and wanton in their Garments of Oppression and " Violence; in Life their Strength is firm, and " they die easy, for they have no painful Agonies in " their Death: But as for me, the Waters of a full " Cup are wrung out to me; all the Day long have " I been plagued, and chastened every Morning, " *Psal.* lxxiii.

THE good Man, when he felt this evil Temper working in him, indulged it too much at first; but upon a just Review he chid himself, and submitted

to

to call it by its proper Name, *I was* envious *at the Foolish, when I saw the Prosperity of the Wicked.*

O THAT it had been found only among the *Jews* and *Heathens*, and never broke into *Christendom!* But this is a fruitless Wish ———

Thonillo has an Affluence of all the Blessings of Life, except perfect Health and publick Honour. He is sometimes confined to his Chamber by small Indispositions, while his next Neighbour *Thiron* is half-gone in a dangerous Consumption, and *Thonillo* knows it too; but *Thiron* walks about the Fields, and rides daily in the Country, if possible to preserve his Life; in the mean time he receives his Friends with a becoming degree of Chearfulness and Pleasure, and is much honoured and esteemed by all his Acquaintance, nor yet beyond his Merit.

GO, visit *Thonillo*, and he entertains you with nothing but long tiresome Complaints of his own Pains and Ailments, and with a sensible Anguish at Heart tells you, that he hears *Thiron* laugh aloud with his Companions; that *Thiron* rides about at his Ease, while himself is a Prisoner; and while he inlarges upon all the Topicks that make his own Life any way uncomfortable, he takes as much Pains to expatiate upon all the better Circumstances of his Neighbour; he spreads them abroad in their most ample Forms, and with an inward Resentment paints out *Thiron*'s Happiness

pineſs in glaring Colours; he magnifies it to a vaſt Exceſs in his own Fancy, and before his Friends, that he may ſeem to have ſome Reaſon to ſupport his uneaſy Compariſon, and his inward Diſquietude of Soul.

SOME of thoſe that viſit him happen to ſpeak well of *Thiron*; and while they pity his dying Circumſtances, they mention his Virtues with Praiſe. Ah! ſays *Thonillo*, my Neighbour walks at his Pleaſure, he is courted and careſs'd, and he loves thoſe that careſs him; but if they knew all that I have heard of him, they would change their Opinion, and regret his Honours.

THUS *Thonillo* grows peeviſh with all around him, and frets away a good Part of his own Health, becauſe his Neighbour is not confined to his Chamber too. He loſes all his good Character, by endeavouring to ſully that of his Neighbour; nor can you ever pleaſe him, unleſs you find fault with ſome of his Acquaintance, and ſink their Names a little, and diminiſh their Praiſe.

YET *Thonillo* thinks himſelf a very good Chriſtian, and thanks GOD he has no *Envy* belonging to him. *Thonillo* read the Seventy-third *Pſalm* this Morning, and could not ſee any thing of his own Temper or Features there. Who will help *Thonillo* to a Pair of Spectacles, and aſſiſt his Eye-ſight?

I HAD.

I HAD ſcarce written this, when *Sibylla* entered the Room, and when ſhe had read the Paper, "Surely, ſaid ſhe, you have drawn the Picture of *Thonillo* to the Life; for tho' I never ſaw the Gentleman, yet I have heard much of him; I know a Brother and Siſter of his, *Thonerus* and *Thonerina*, and am acquainted with many others of his near Relations.

XLII.

The Rough MAN *ſoftened.*

EGRIDIA was of a ſickly Conſtitution, but ſhe was born of Quality; and having condeſcended to marry a private Gentleman, ſhe aſſum'd a right to be imperious while her Diſtempers made her peeviſh. She was yoked with a Partner of a tall and firm Stature, robuſt and healthy, a Man of great Courage and Roughneſs, a very *Sampſon:* Yet his Soul had a tender Part in it, and would weep and bleed, if touch'd in the right Vein.

HE never knew indeed what Sickneſs meant, and therefore, tho' he was continually entertained with Complaints new and old, yet he ſhewed very little Sympathy with his ſuffering Friends under their va-

rious Pains of Nature. But he met with many sharp Reproaches for want of it, and had daily severe Lectures read to him at home on that Occasion.

ONE Evening he was attacked with more Fury than usual, and it awaken'd him to make this short Reply.

"PRITHEE, *Egridia*, do not labour in vain. "*Beef* or *Stock-fish* may be beaten till it be tender, but "the *Soul* of a Man is neither Flesh nor Fish; 'tis "not to be buffeted into Softness, nor teiz'd or scold-"ed into Compassion."

Egridia took the Hint, and changed her Artillery in order to a Conquest. In a few Days she found that *Sampson*'s Heart was not all made of *Iron*, but there were some kinder Materials in his Composition. She dropt a few Tears on him, and the *Clay* grew soft; she practis'd upon him with the Arts of Kindness, and he melted like *Wax* into Compassion before the gentle Fire, and began to condole sincerely upon all her Complaints.

REPROACHES, like Needles, may make uneasy Impressions upon a rough Temper, and awaken it to Fury; but every Surgeon will tell us, that a *Callus* or hard Flesh, is to be cured by supplying Oils, and not by the Incision-knife. Perpetual Rhetorick of the clamorous kind, may at last force the Countenance of a *Samp-*

a *Sampſon* perhaps to imitate Pity, for the Sake of his own Peace; but it can never teach his Soul to practice the tender Paſſion. Perſecution may ſometimes produce a Hypocrite, but 'tis ſoft Perſuaſion and Kindneſs only, can make a real Convert to Sympathy, and turn a Heart of Stone into ſincere Tenderneſs.

MAN is the ſame Thing ſtill, as he was in the Days of *Solomon*; and Human Nature in *Great Britain* is to be managed the ſame way as it was in *Judea* above two Hundred Years ago. The Maxims of that Philoſopher are everlaſting Truth, and his Prudentials will ſtand the Teſt in all Ages. *A ſoft Anſwer turneth away Wrath, but grievous Words ſtir up Strife. By long Forbearing, even a Prince is perſuaded, and a ſoft Tongue breaketh the Bone*, Prov. xv. 1. and xxv. 15.

XLIII.

IGNORANCE *of Ourſelves.*

HOW ſtrangely are we ſituated in this mortal State! We open our Eyes, we employ our Senſes, and take notice of a thouſand Things around us; but we ſee and know almoſt nothing of Ourſelves. We are conſcious indeed of our Being, and therefore we are ſure that *we are*; but *what we are*, lies deep in Darkneſs. We ſee and feel theſe Limbs, and this Fleſh

Flesh of ours; we are acquainted at least with the Outside of this Animal Machine, and sometimes call it *Ourselves*, tho' Philosophy and Reason would rather say, *'Tis our House*, or *Tabernacle*, because we possess it or dwell in it; 'tis our *Engine*, because we move and manage it at Pleasure: But what is this *Self* which dwells in this Tabernacle, which possesses this House, which moves and manages this Engine and these Limbs? Here we are much at a Loss, and our Thoughts generally run into some airy Forms of Being, some empty Refinements upon sensible Images, some thin rarefy'd Shape and subtile Confusion. We know not this *Self* of ours, which is conscious of its own Existence, which feels so near a Union of this Flesh and Limbs, and which knows a Multitude of Things within us and without us. A surprising *Phænomenon* in Nature is this, that the Soul of Man, which ranges abroad through the Heavens and the Earth, and the deep Waters, and unfolds a thousand Mysteries of Nature, which penetrates the Systems of Stars and Suns, Worlds upon Worlds, should be so unhappy a Stranger at home, and not be able to tell what its *Self* is, or what it is made of.

And as we are ignorant what Ourselves are in a *natural* Sense, so we are as little acquainted with Ourselves in a *moral* Respect. Self-love and Pride, and various Passions, throw an everlasting Disguise upon our own Temper and Conduct. Whether we have any lovely Qualities in us or no, yet we fondly love

Ourselves,

Ourſelves, and then we readily believe all lovely Qualities belong to us.

'TIS hard, exceeding hard, to convince a Lover that any Blemiſhes are to be found in the dear Centre of his Affections: But we are warm and zealous Lovers of Ourſelves in all the Ages of Life. *Youth* is wild and licentious; but in thoſe Years we perſuade Ourſelves that we are only making a juſt Uſe of Liberty. In that Scene of Folly we are light and vain, and ſet no Bounds to the frolick Humour; yet we fancy 'tis merely an innocent Gaiety of Heart, which belongs to the Springs of Nature and the blooming Hours of Life. In the Age of *Manhood*, a rugged or a haughty Temper is angry and quarrelſome; the Fretful and the Peeviſh in *elder Years*, if not before, are ever kindling into Paſſion and Reſentment; but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful Conduct a mere neceſſary Reproof of the Indignities which are offered them by the World. Self-love is fruitful of fine Names for its own Iniquities. Others are ſordid and covetous to a ſhameful degree, uncompaſſionate and cruel to the Miſerable; and yet they take this vile Practice to be only a juſt Exerciſe of Frugality, and a dutiful Care of their own Houſhold. Thus every *Vice* that belongs to us, is conſtrued into a *Virtue*; and if there are any Shadows or Appearances of Virtue upon us, theſe poor Appearances and Shadows are magnified and realized into the Divine Qualities of an Angel. We who paſs theſe juſt Cenſures on

on the Follies of our Acquaintance, perhaps approve the very same Things in Ourselves, by the Influence of the same native Principle of Flattery and Self-Fondness. So different is our Judgment of the same Weaknesses when we find them in Ourselves, from the Sentence we pronounce upon them if we see them in our Neighbour.

THUS we begin to learn and practice early this Art of *Self-deceiving*; we grow up in Disguise and Self-Flattery, and we live unknown to Ourselves. Happy for us, if our Eyes are opened to behold the Imposture before we go off the Stage; for such gross Mistakes will then be fatal, or at least extremely dangerous, when 'tis too late to correct them.

TEACH me, O my Maker, the Knowledge of myself, this moral or divine Knowledge, which is necessary to correct my Errors, and to reduce my Feet to the sacred Paths of Virtue. Let me see so much of my Folly, Vice and Vanity, as to be fond of this wretched Self no longer. Let me grow so far out of love with Myself, as to fly from Myself to the Arms and Mercy of my GOD. There mould and fashion me after thine Image in all the moral Qualities of my Soul, and let me find in myself those divine Features which will be ever beautiful in thy Eyes! Grant me this Blessing, O Father of Spirits; for I cannot rest till I see and know myself made like thee. When this is done, I can bear the rest of my Ignorance with humble

humble Patience till I put off this Vail and Diſguiſe of Fleſh ; I can wait to learn *what Sort of Being my Soul is*, till I arrive at the World of Souls.

XLIV.

Abſence from GOD, *who is our All.*

MY GOD, my Maker, I have called thee my all-ſatisfying Portion, and my eternal Good; when I contemplate thee, I ſtand amazed at thy Grandeur; thy Wiſdom, thy Power, thy Fulneſs of Bleſſing, wrap my Soul up in Aſtoniſhment and devout Silence. In that happy Moment my Soul cries out, What are Creatures when compared with Thee, but mere Shadows of Being, and faint Reflections of thy Light and Beauty! And yet (ſtupid as I am) I ſoon looſe my Sight of GOD, and ſtand gazing upon thy Creatures all the Day, as if Beauty and Light were theirs in the Original.

WHAT are they all, O my GOD, but empty Ciſterns that can give no Relief to a thirſty Soul, unleſs thou ſupply them with Rivulets from on high? And yet we crowd about theſe Ciſterns, and are attached to them, as tho' they were the unfailing Springs and Fountains of our Bleſſedneſs. Every Breath we draw is a new and unmerited Gift from Heaven; GOD

GOD is *our Life, and the Length of our Days*; and yet we are contented to spend that Life far from Heaven and from GOD, and to dwell afar off from him, amidst the Regions of Mortality and Death; we are are ever grovelling in this Land of Graves, as tho' immortal Blessings were to be drawn from the Clods of it.

OUR real and eternal Interest depends more on thy single Favour, than on the united Friendship of the whole Creation; and yet, foolish Wanderers that we are! we absent ourselves from our GOD, and rove far and wide to seek Interests and Friendships among Creatures whose Character is Weakness, Vanity, and disappointing Vexation. How fond are we of a Word or a Look from a Worm in a high Station? How do we caress them and court their Love, at the Expence of Virtue and Truth, and the Favour of GOD our Maker? And yet they are nothing without GOD, but he is our All without their Leave.

SHOULD my Father and my Mother, and every mortal Friend forsake me, and every good Angel take his Flight, should these Heavens and this Earth, with all their innumerable Inhabitants disappear at once, and vanish into their first Nothing, thy Presence with me is all-sufficient, thy Hand would support my Being, and thy Love would furnish out an Eternity of Life and coeval Happiness. Why then do I tie myself so fast to my mortal Friends, as tho' my

Separa-

Separation from them were certain Misery? Why do I lean upon Creatures with my whole Weight, as tho' nothing else could support me?

OH my GOD! I am convinced that I have more Affairs, and of far higher Importance, to transact with thee, than with all thy Creatures, and yet I am ever chattering with thy Creatures, and say little to my GOD; or at best give him a Morning or an Evening Salutation, and perhaps too with Indolence and Formality. *Whom have I in Heaven or on Earth but thee*, that can supply all my Wants, and fill up all the Vacancies of my Heart? And yet how are my Thoughts and Hours busily employed in quest of Satisfaction among the shining Snares, or at best among the flattering Impertinences of the World; tho' every new Experiment shews me they are all unsatisfying. If I happen to find any thing here below made a Channel to convey some Blessing to me from thy Hand, how prone am I to make an Idol of it, and place it in the room of my GOD?

HOW much, alas! do I trust to my Food to nourish, and Physick to heal me! but 'tis thou alone can'st bless me with Ease, Nourishment and Health, while I dwell in this Cottage of Flesh and Blood. Let Medicines and Physicians pronounce Despair and Death upon me, a Word of thine can shut the Mouth of the Grave, can renew the Vigour and Bloom of Youth, and repair the Decays of Nature. If thou with-hold thy

thy vital Influence, my Flesh languishes and expires, even among the luxurious Provisions of the Table, and the *Recipes* of the Learned; and 'tis thou only can'st provide me a blissful Habitation, when this Cottage is fallen to the Ground. *Father, into thy Hand I commend my Spirit*, when it is dislodged from this mortal Tabernacle; and why should I not keep my Spirit ever near thee, since every Moment I am liable to be turned out of this Dwelling, and sent a naked Stranger into the unknown World of Spirits?

'Tis but a few Days and Nights more that I can have to do with Sun, Moon and Stars; a little time will finish all my Commerce with this visible World; but I have Affairs of infinite and everlasting Moment to transact with the Great God. 'Tis before thy Tribunal I must stand as the final Judge of all my Conduct, from whose decisive Sentence there is no Appeal; and yet how fond am I, and wretchedly solicitous, to approve myself rather to Creatures, whose Opinion and Sentence is but empty Air. 'Tis by thy Judgment that I must stand or fall for ever; the Words of thy Lips will be my eternal Bliss, or my everlasting Woe; why then should I, a little Insect, or Atom of Being, be concerned about the Smiles or Frowns of my Fellow-Insects, my equal Atoms? Can all their Applauses, or their Reproaches, weigh a Grain in the Divine Balance, that sacred and tremendous Balance of Justice, in which all my Actions and my Soul itself must be weighed? Let all the

Creatures

Creatures above and below frown and ſcowl upon me, if my Creator ſmile, I am happy; nor can all their Frownings diminiſh my compleat Joy.

FORGIVE, gracious GOD, forgive the paſt Follies and Wanderings of a ſinful Worm, from thee the higheſt and the beſt of Beings. I am even amazed at my own Stupidity, that I could live ſo much abſent from thee, when my eternal All depends upon thee.

AND how much more inexcuſable is my Forgetfulneſs of my GOD, ſince he has ſent his own Son, his faireſt Image, into Fleſh and Blood, to put me in mind of my Maker, and to teach me what my GOD is? *He that has ſeen me, ſays he, has ſeen the Father; I and the Father are One.* We happen to be born indeed too late for the Sight of his Face, but we have the Tranſcript of his Heart, the true Copy of his Life, and the very Features of his Soul, convey'd down to us in his ever-living Goſpels. There we may read *Jeſus*, there we may learn the Father. O may the little Remnant of my Days be ſpent in the Preſence of my GOD; and when I am conſtrained to converſe with Creatures, let me ever remember that I have infinitely more to do with my Creator; and thus ſhorten my Talk and Traffick with them, that I may have Leiſure to converſe the longer with thee. Let me ſee Thee in every thing; let me read thy Name every where; Sounds, Shapes, Colours, Motions, and all viſible Things, let

let them all teach me an invisible GOD. Let Creatures be nothing to me, but as the Books which thou hast lent me to instruct me in the Lessons of thy Power, Wisdom and Love; above all, let me derive this Science by Converse with the blessed *Jesus*, and may I be so wise a Proficient in this Divine School, as to learn some new Lesson daily. Train me up among thy visible Works and thy Word, O my heavenly Father, by the condescending Methods of thy Grace and Providence, till I am loosen'd and weaned from all Things below GOD; and then give me a glorious Dismission into that intellectual and blissful World, where in a more immediate Manner I shall see GOD, and where GOD himself is the sensible and acknowledged Life of Souls.

XLV.

FORMALITY *and* SUPERSTITION.

'TIS a melancholy Thing to consider how great a Part of Mankind, even in Christian Countries, deceive themselves in the sacred and important Affairs of GOD and *Religion*. They cheat their Consciences with the empty Forms of Worship, and hope to secure themselves from eternal Evils, and to obtain every Blessing

Bleſſing of the upper and lower World, by mere bodily Service, and the outward Shapes of Devotion.

THE *Papiſt* ſprinkles himſelf with Holy Warer, and believes that the Devil dares not aſſault him; he has ſign'd his Forehead with a Croſs, and got ſome Relicks of a Saint about him, and now he imagines himſelf ſo well guarded, that he defies the Powers of Hell. He ſays his Prayers in *Latin*, in full Tale and Number, for he counts his String of Beads to ſecure his Memory and his Honeſty, and expects GOD ſhould hear and bleſs him for it; tho' he himſelf does not know what he prayed for, in ſo many hard Words and Syllables.

Ritillo profeſſes the Proteſtant Faith, keeps his Church, cons over his Prayer-book, bows at the Name of *Jeſus*, and makes all the Reſponces in proper Time; he obſerves every Feſtival, honours the Saints, receives the Sacrament at *Chriſtmas* and *Eaſter*, and grows up merely in the Power of theſe Forms to full Aſſurance of Salvation; yet *Ritillo* knows not what you mean by Conviction of Sin, he ſcarce ever thought himſelf to want Repentance, or ſaw and felt his real need of Grace and Forgiveneſs.

NOR is this dangerous Piece of Self-flattery confin'd only to thoſe Parties of Chriſtians that deal much in Ceremony. *Amorphus* divides himſelf from the National Church, that he may enjoy and practice purer

purer Worship, without the Inventions of Men; he carries his Scruples to a considerable Length in this Way; he dares not be present at a common Funeral, lest he should appear to join in some exceptionable Forms; he attends the best of Preachers in their separate Meetings, and that with an Aire of Zeal and Devotion; he lays his Bible every Night under his Pillow, and reads three Chapters every Morning; he endures perhaps many a Scoff for his precise Practices and Punctilio's, yet he neglects the great Duties of Repentance and Charity, and puts the vain Fancy of Preciseness and Separation in the room of Faith and Love, and inward Holiness.

POOR abused Mankind, that feeds on the Wind to gain Immortality, and rests on a Shadow for Support in Matters of everlasting Weight and Consequence!

BELIEVE me, *Amorphus*, your mere Nonconformity is no better a Defence against the Devil than the Reliques of a Saint or the Holy-water Pot. Your Disgust against established Forms of Prayer, will procure no more Blessings from Heaven, than the *Latin* Devotions of a Priest or a Friar. *Superstition* does not always lie in the Observance of more Ceremonies than GOD has made, or in a mere Affectation to serve him with Rites and Forms of the Contrivance of Men. *Anthemerus* is as superstitious in his Hatred of *Christmas* and *Good Friday*, as *Hemerino* is in the too fond Observation of them,

them, becauſe each of them place their Merit in their Zeal about a Thing which GOD has left indifferent in his Word, and for which he owes them no ſpecial Reward.

THE ſevere Separatiſt with all his Singularities, and the High-Church Man with all his Rituals and Rubrick, his Saints and their Feſtivals, the ſcrupulous, the preciſe, and the ceremonious Worſhipper, will be all ſhut out together from the Kingdom of Heaven, if they have no better Certificate to ſhow at the Gates of it, than ſuch empty Characters as theſe. Theſe Shapes of Profeſſion, without real Piety, have no Place in the World of Spirits, and are of no Eſteem in Paradiſe, where *God* and *Angels* dwell. Nothing can ever make way for our Admiſſion there, but a holy Acquaintance with GOD, Repentance of every known Sin, and Truſt in *Jeſus* the Saviour; nothing but the Life and Spirit and Power of Godlineſs, but Patience Humility and Self-Denial, Mortification and Watchfulneſs, and Faith that worketh by Love.

MERE *Forms* are ſo eaſy a Way of getting to Heaven, that GOD would never allow them to be a ſufficient Title, leſt his Palace ſhould be crouded with ten Thouſand Hypocrites.

XLVI.

COWARDISE *and* SELF-LOVE.

I HAVE often thought 'tis a right noble and gallant Principle which enables a Perſon to paſs a juſt and ſolid Judgment upon all Things that occur, without ever being warpt aſide by the Influence of Faſhion and Cuſtom: 'Tis a noble Soul that can practiſe ſteady Virtue in Oppoſition to the Courſe and Humour of the Multitude;

'Tis brave to meet the World, ſtand faſt among
Whole Crowds, and not be carry'd in the Throng.

'TWAS a female Muſe wrote theſe Lines, but there is a manly Spirit and Vigour in them. Not that we ſhould be fond of running counter to the Cuſtom of the Age or Nation wherein we dwell, out of a humourous Singularity to ſhew our Valour; but when thoſe Cuſtoms have a plain Appearance of Vice and Folly in them, we ſhould dare to be Virtuous and Wiſe in ſpight of the World.

'TIS a Felicity in Human Life to have a good degree of Courage inwrought into our very Frame, and mingled

mingled with our Blood and Spirits. Virtue itſelf, even where it has a great Aſcendant in the Soul, has not Power to exert itſelf, and ſhine out to the World, if Animal Nature want this brave and hardy Temperament. How much do I feel myſelf ſtand in need of this Fortitude of Conſtitution? What ſhall I do to acquire it? Methinks I ſhould be ready to part with a few Ornaments of the Mind, and make an Exchange of ſome of the more ſhewy and glittering Sciences for this bodily Virtue, (if I may ſo expreſs it) this Complexional Bravery.

I CONFESS, there are ſome other and worſe Principles than a mere defect of natural Courage which tempt a Man ſometimes to comply with the Faſhion, and to fall in roundly with the Errors and Vices of the Times. Some Perſons have ſo little Love to Truth and Virtue, and ſuch an exceſſive Fondneſs for the Thing call'd SELF, that they will never expoſe themſelves to the leaſt Inconveniency, in order to ſupport the Honour of Wiſdom and Religion among Men. Such an one was *Criſpus* in the 4th Satire of *Juvenal*, who ever flattered the Court, and ſoothed the ſucceſſive Emperors in all their Vices, and by this Means drew out his Age to Fourſcore Years.

Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem, nec Civis erat, qui libera poſſet
Verba animi proferre, & Vitam impendere Vero.

Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
Solstitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ.

PARAPHRASED *thus.*

He never was the Man that dar'd to swim
Against the rolling Tide, or cross the Stream:
He was no Patriot, nor indulg'd his Breath
Bravely to speak his Sense, and venture Death.
Thus he spun out his supple Soul, and drew
A Length of Life amidst a vicious Crew.
Full Fourscore Years he saw the Sun arise,
Guarded by Flattery, and entrench'd in Lyes;
For 'twas his settled Judgment from his Youth,
One Grain of Ease was worth a World of Truth.

BUT this wretched *Self-Love* is so vile a Principle that 'twill not only constrain a Man to avoid his Duty, but 'twill oftentimes push him upon most inhumane Practices, and make him sacrifice his Friends, his Parents, or his Country to his own Ease and Safety.

O cursed Idol SELF!
The Wretch that worships thee would dare to tread
With impious Feet on his own Father's Head,
To 'scape a rising Wave when Seas the Land invade.
To gain the Safety of some higher Ground,
He'd trample down the Dikes that fence his Country round
Amidst a general Flood, and leave the Nation drown'd.

WELL,

WELL, tho' my natural Courage run very low, yet I hate these Characters which have been now described, and abominate the Principles whence they proceed. I confess, a feeble Man and diffident had need to pray daily, *Lord, lead us not into Temptation:* But if ever I should be called to bear witness to the Truth, and to do publick Honour to Religion and Virtue, at the Expence of all my mortal Interests, I trust the God of Nature and Grace to furnish me with every necessary Talent, and to uphold me with Divine Fortitude. And O may I never dare to do a base or unworthy Action, to the Injury of my Friend or my Country, or to the unjust Detriment of the meanest Figure among Mankind, in order to save Life itself, or to acquire the richest Advantages that can belong to it!

XLVII.

SICKNESS *and* RECOVERY.

IT was the Custom of *David*, as appears by several of his Psalms, and it was the Practice of *Hezekiah* and *Jonah*, Kings and Prophets, to rehearse the Agonies of their Distress, when they offer'd to Heaven their Songs of Deliverance. They recollected their Hours and Days of Bitterness, and the Workings of

their Soul amidst their sharp and grievous Sorrows, to make the Remembrance of their Salvation the sweeter, and so kindle the Zeal of their Gratitude to a higher Flame. Is it a Matter of Blame to imitate such Examples? Doth not the Reason hold good in our Age, and to all Generations? Why should a *Christian* be any more afraid to tell the World of his Afflictions or Disturbances than a *Jew?* Or why should he be ashamed to let them know, that amidst those Sinkings of Life and Nature, *Christianity* and the *Gospel* were his Support? Amidst all the Violence of my Distemper, and the tiresome Months of it, I thank God I never lost Sight of Reason or Religion, tho' sometimes I had much ado to preserve the Machine of Animal Nature in such Order as regularly to exercise either the Man or the Christian, especially when I shut my Eyes to seek after Sleep and Repose, and had not their Aid to fence against the disorderly Ferments of natural Spirits. But these Conflicts are described in the following Lines. Blessed be God for preserving and healing Mercy!

THOUGHTS *and* MEDITATIONS
in a long SICKNESS, 1712 *and* 1713.

The Hurry of the Spirits, in a Fever and Nervous Disorders.

MY Frame of Nature is a ruffled Sea,
And my Disease the Tempest. Nature feels
A strange Commotion to her inmost Centre;

The

The Throne of Reaſon ſhakes. "*Be ſtill, my Thoughts;*
"*Peace and be ſtill.*" In vain my Reaſon gives
The *peaceful* Word, my Spirit ſtrives in vain
To calm the Tumult and command my Thoughts.
This Fleſh, this circling Blood, theſe brutal Powers
Made to obey, turn Rebels to the Mind,
Nor hear its Laws. The *Engine* rules the *Man.*
Unhappy Change! When Nature's meaner Springs
Fir'd to impetuous Ferments break all Order;
When little reſtleſs Atoms riſe and reign
Tyrants in Sovereign Uproar, and impoſe
Ideas on the Mind; confus'd Ideas
Of Non-exiſtents and Impoſſibles,
Who can deſcribe them? Fragments of old Dreams,
Borrow'd from Midnight, torn from Fairy Fields
And Fairy Skies, and Regions of the Dead,
Abrupt, ill-ſorted. O 'tis all Confuſion!
If I but cloſe my Eyes, ſtrange Images
In thouſand Forms and thouſand Colours riſe,
Stars, Rainbows, Moons, green Dragons, Bears, and Ghoſts,
An endleſs Medley, ruſh upon the Stage,
And dance and riot wild in Reaſon's Court
Above controul. I'm in a raging Storm,
Where Seas and Skies are blended, while my Soul
Like ſome light worthleſs Chip of floating Cork
Is toſt from Wave to Wave: Now overwhelm'd
With breaking Floods I drown, and ſeem to loſe
All Being: Now high-mounted on the Ridge
Of a tall foaming Surge, I'm all at once
Caught up into the Storm, and ride the Wind,

The whistling Wind ; unmanageable Steed,
And feeble Rider ! Hurried many a League
Over the rising Hills of roaring Brine,
Thro' airy Wilds unknown, with dreadful Speed
And infinite Surprize ; till some few Minutes
Have spent the Blast, and then perhaps I drop
Near to the peaceful Coast ; some friendly Billow
Lodges me on the Beach, and I find Rest :
Short Rest I find ; for the next rolling Wave
Snatches me back again ; then ebbing far
Sets me adrift, and I'm borne off to Sea
Helpless, amidst the Bluster of the Winds,
Beyond the Ken of Shore.

Ah, when will these tumultuous Scenes be gone ?
When shall this weary Spirit, tost with Tempests,
Harrass'd and broken, reach the Port of Rest,
And hold it firm ? When shall this way-ward Flesh
With all th' irregular Springs of vital Movement
Ungovernable, return to sacred Order,
And pay their Duties to the ruling Mind ?

Peace of Conscience *and Prayer for* Health.

Yet, gracious God, amidst these Storms of Nature,
Thine Eyes behold a sweet and sacred Calm
Reign thro' the Realms of Conscience : All within
Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wond'rous Grace
Keeps off thy Terrors from this humble Bosom,

Tho'

Tho' ſtain'd with Sins and Follies, yet ſerene
In penitential Peace and chearful Hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning Blood.
Thy vital Smiles amidſt this Deſolation
Like heavenly Sun-beams hid behind the Clouds,
Break out in happy Moments, with bright Radiance
Cleaving the Gloom; the fair celeſtial Light
Softens and gilds the Horrors of the Storm,
And richeſt Cordials to the Heart conveys.

O GLORIOUS Solace of immenſe Diſtreſs,
A Conſcience and a God! A Friend at home,
And better Friend on high! This is my Rock
Of firm Support, my Shield of ſure Defence
Againſt infernal Arrows. Riſe, my Soul,
Put on thy Courage: Here's the living Spring
Of Joys divinely ſweet and ever new,
A peaceful Conſcience and a ſmiling Heaven.

MY God, permit a creeping Worm to ſay,
Thy Spirit knows I love thee. Worthleſs Wretch,
To dare to love a God! But Grace requires,
And Grace accepts. Thou ſeeſt my labouring Soul:
Weak as my Zeal is, yet my Zeal is true;
It bears the trying Furnace. Love Divine
Conſtrains me; I am thine. Incarnate Love
Has ſeiz'd and holds me in Almighty Arms:
Here's my Salvation, my eternal Hope,
Amidſt the Wreck of Worlds and dying Nature,
I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine.

O THOU all-powerful Word, at whose first Call
Nature arose; this Earth, these shining Heavens,
These Stars in all their Ranks came forth, and said,
We are thy Servants: Did'st thou not create
My Frame, my Breath, my Being, and bestow
A Mind immortal on thy feeble Creature
Who faints before thy Face? Did not thy Pity
Dress thee in Flesh to die, that I might live,
And with thy Blood redeem this captive Soul
From Guilt and Death? O thrice adored Name,
My King, My Saviour, My *Emanuel*, say,
Have not thy Eyelids mark'd my painful Toil,
The wild Confusions of my shatter'd Powers,
And broken fluttering Thoughts? Hast thou not seen
Each restless Atom that with vexing Influence
Works thro' the Mass of Man? Each noxious Juice,
Each Ferment that infects the vital Humours,
That heaves the Veins with huge Disquietude
And spreads the Tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy View, and all within thy Reach?
Yes, all at thy Command, and must obey
Thy sovereign Touch: Thy Touch is Health and Life,
And Harmony to Nature's jarring Strings.

(Groans

WHEN shall my Midnight-Sighs and Morning-
Rise thro' the Heights of Heaven, and reach thy Ear
Propitious? See, my Spirit's feeble Powers
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy Throne,
Like early Incense climbing thro' the Sky

From

From the warm Altar. When ſhall Grace and Peace
Deſcend with Bleſſings, like an Evening Shower
On the parch'd Deſart, and renew my Bloom?
Or muſt thy Creature breathe his Soul away
In fruitleſs Groans and die?
Come, bleſt Phyſician, come attend the Moan
Of a poor ſuffering Wretch, a plaintive Worm,
Cruſh'd in the Duſt and helpleſs. O deſcend,
Array'd in Power and Love, and bid me riſe.
Incarnate Goodneſs, ſend thy Influence down
To theſe low Regions of Mortality
Where thou haſt dwelt, and clad in fleſhly Weeds
Learnt ſympathetic Sorrows; ſend and heal
My long and ſore Diſtreſs. Ten thouſand Praiſes
Attend thee: *David*'s Harp is ready ſtrung
For the *Meſſiah*'s * Name: A winged Flight
Of Songs harmonious, and new Honours wait
The Steps of moving Mercy.

Encourag'd to hope for HEALTH *in* MAY. *December* 1712.

CONfin'd to ſit in Silence, here I waſte
The golden Hours of Youth. If once I ſtir,
And reach at active Life, what ſudden Tremors
Shake my whole Frame, and all the poor Machine

* *At this Time my Imitation of* David's *Pſalms in Chriſtian Language was not half done: As faſt as I recover'd Strength after this long Illneſs, I apply'd myſelf by degrees to finiſh it.*

Lies fluttering? What strange wild convulsive Force
O'erpowers at once the Members and the Will?
Here am I bound in Chains, a useless Load
Of breathing Clay, a Burden to the Seat
That bears these Limbs, a Borderer on the Grave.
Poor State of worthless Being! while the Lamp
Of glimmering Life burns languishing and dim,
The Flame just hovering o'er the dying Snuff
With doubtful Alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with every Blast.

Yet my fond Friends would speak a Word of Hope;
Love would forbid Despair: "Look out, they cry,
"Beyond these gloomy Damps, while Winter hangs
"Heavy on Nature, and congeals her Powers:
"Look chearful forward to the vital Influence
"Of the returning Spring;" I rouze my Thoughts
At Friendship's sacred Voice, I send my Soul
To distant Expectation, and support
The painful Interval with poor Amusements.

My Watch, the solitary kind Companion
Of my Imprisonment, my faithful Watch
Hangs by; and with a short repeated Sound
Beats like the Pulse of Time, and numbers off
My Woes, a long Succession; while the Finger
Slow-moving, points out the slow-moving Minutes;
The slower Hand, the Hours. O thou dear Engine,
Thou little Brass Accomptant of my Life,
Would but the mighty Wheels of Heaven and Nature

Once

Once imitate thy Movements, how my Hand
Should drive thy dented Pinions round their Centres
With more than Ten-fold Flight, and whirl away
Theſe clouded wintry Suns, theſe tedious Moons,
Theſe Midnights; every Star ſhould ſpreed its Race,
And the ſlow *Bears* precipitate their Way
Around the frozen Pole: Then promis'd Health
That rides with roſy Cheeks and blooming Grace
On a *May* Sun-beam ſhould attend me here
Before To-morrow ſheds its Evening-Dew.

AH fooliſh Ravings of a fruitleſs Wiſh
And Spirit too impatient! Know'ſt thou not,
My Soul, the Power that made thee? He alone
Who form'd the Spheres, rolls them in deſtin'd Rounds
Unchangeable. Adore and truſt and fear him:
He is the Lord of Life. Addreſs his Throne,
And wait before his Foot, with awful Hope
Submiſſive; at his Touch Diſtemper flies:
His Eyelids ſend Beams of immortal Youth
Thro' Heaven's bright Regions. His all-powerful Word
Can create Health, and bid the Bleſſing come
Amid the wintry Froſt, when Nature ſeems
Congeal'd in Death; or with a ſovereign Frown
(Tho' Nature blooms all round) he can forbid
The Bleſſing in the Spring, and chain thee down
To Pains and Maladies and grievous Bondage
Thro' all the circling Seaſons.

The

The Wearisome Weeks of SICKNESS.

1712, or 1713.

THUS pass my Days away. The chearful Sun
Rolls round and gilds the World with lightsome Beams,
Alas, in vain to me; cut off alike
From the blest Labours, and the Joys of Life;
While my sad Minutes in their tiresome Train
Serve but to number out my heavy Sorrows.
By Night I count the Clock; perhaps Eleven,
Or Twelve, or One; then with a wishful Sigh
Call on the lingring Hours, *Come Two; come Five: When will the Day-light come?* Make haste, ye Mornings,
Ye Evening-shadows haste; wear out these Days,
These tedious Rounds of Sickness, and conclude
The weary Week for ever ——
Then the sweet Day of sacred Rest returns,
Sweet Day of Rest, devote to God and Heaven,
And heavenly Business, Purposes divine,
Angelick Work; but not to me returns
Rest with the Day: Ten Thousand hurrying Thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous far from Heaven
And heavenly Work. In vain I heave and toil,
And wrestle with my inward Foes in vain,
O'repower'd and vanquish'd still: They drag me down
From Things cœlestial, and confine my Sense
To present Maladies. Unhappy State,
Where the poor Spirit is subdu'd t' endure

Unholy

Unholy Idleneſs, a painful Abſence
From God, and Heaven, and Angels bleſſed Work,
And bound to bear the Agonies and Woes
That ſickly Fleſh and ſhatter'd Nerves impoſe.
How long, O Lord, how long?

A HYMN *of* PRAISE *for* RECOVERY.

HAPPY for Man, that the ſlow circling Moons
And long revolving Seaſons meaſure out
The tireſome Pains of Nature! Preſent Woes
Have their ſweet Periods. Eaſe and chearful Health
With ſlow Approach (ſo Providence ordains)
Reviſit their forſaken Manſion here,
And Days of uſeful Life diffuſe their Dawn
O're the dark Cottage of my weary Soul.
My vital Powers reſume their Vigour now,
My Spirit feels her Freedom, ſhakes her Wings,
Exults and ſpatiates o'er a thouſand Scenes,
Surveys the World, and with full Stretch of Thought
Graſps her Ideas; while impatient Zeal
Awakes my Tongue to Praiſe. What mortal Voice
Or mortal Hand can render to my God
The Tribute due? What Altars ſhall I raiſe?
What grand Inſcription to proclaim his Mercy
In living Lines? Where ſhall I find a Victim
Meet to be offer'd to his ſovereign Love,
And ſolemnize the Worſhip and the Joy.

SEARCH

SEARCH well my Soul, thro' all the dark Recesses
Of Nature and Self-Love, the Plies, the Folds,
And hollow winding Caverns of the Heart,
Where Flattery hides our Sins; search out the Foes
Of thy Almighty Friend; what lawless Passions,
What vain Desires, what vicious Turns of Thought
Lurk there unheeded: Bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the Rebels to his Honour.
Well he deserves this Worship at thy Hands,
Who pardons thy past Follies, who restores
Thy mouldring Fabrick, and with-holds thy Life
From the near Borders of a gaping Grave.

ALMIGHTY Power, I love thee, Blissful Name,
My Healer-God; and may my inmost Heart
Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy Throne,
To leave Petitions at thy Feet, and bear
Thy Frowns and Silence with a patient Soul.
The Hand of Mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the Ear of heavenly Pity deaf
To mortal Cries. It notic'd all my Groans,
And Sighs and long Complaints, with wise Delay,
Tho' painful to the Sufferer; and thy Hand
In proper Moment brought desir'd Relief.

RISE from my Couch, ye late enfeebled Limbs,
Prove your new Strength, and shew th' effective Skill
Of the Divine Physician; bear away

This

This tottering Body to his ſacred Threſhold :
There laden with his Honours, let me bow
Before his Feet ; let me pronounce his Grace,
Pronounce Salvation thro' his dying Son,
And teach this ſinful World the Saviour's Name.
Then riſe, my hymning Soul, on holy Notes
Tow'rd his high Throne ; awake, my choiceſt Songs,
Run ecchoing round the Roof, and while you pay
The ſolemn Vows of my diſtreſsful Hours,
A Thouſand friendly Lips ſhall aid the Praiſe.

JESUS, great Advocate, whoſe pitying Eye
Saw my long Anguiſh, and with melting Heart
And powerful Interceſſion ſpread'ſt my Woes
With all my Groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my Praiſes now ; thy holy Incenſe
Shall hallow all my Sacrifice of Joy,
And bring theſe Accents grateful to his Ear.
My Heart and Life, my Lips and every Power
Snatch'd from the Graſp of Death, I here devote
By thy bleſt Hands an Offering to his Name.
Amen, *Hallelujah.*

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

The DEIST *and the* CHRISTIAN.

APISTUS went into a Church one Morning, becauſe he knew not how to employ the Hour, and heard the Text read out of *Rom.* xii. 1. *I beſeech you therefore, Brethren, by the Mercies of God, that you preſent your Bodies a living Sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reaſonable Service.*" "Well, ſaid he to himſelf, "I like this Period; I hope I ſhall "now hear a Piece of Divine *Service* that has ſome-"thing *reaſonable* in it; it is my Opinion, as well as "*Paul*'s, that we ſhould employ theſe *living Bodies* of "ours to the *Service* of that God that made us, and "the *Mercies of God* oblige us to it.

THE Preacher purſued his Subject with much Beauty and Juſtneſs of Thought and Style; he expatiated on the various Engagements we lie under to the great God to *preſent* our whole Natures and all our active Powers as a *living Sacrifice* to him. Thus far *Apiſtus* was charm'd with the Performance. But after the mention of many of thoſe Mercies of God which oblige us to a holy Life, he came at laſt to name that illuſtrious Inſtance of Divine Mercy, in

ſending

ſending his own Son *Chriſt Jeſus* to redeem us from Sin and Hell; then he ſhewed that the only Ground and Foundation upon which God would accept this *living Sacrifice of our Bodies* was the dying Sacrifice of his own Son, *who bore our Sins in his Body on the Tree.* Here *Apiſtus* begun to be ruffled a little, and as the Sermon went on with ſome Life and Spirit on this glorious Subject, he was ſo much diſpleaſed with the Preacher, that he roſe up and went out of the Church, and with an Air of mingled Indignation and Contempt, he told his Neighbour *Pithon* the whole Story on the *Monday.*

COME, ſit down a little, ſaid *Pithon*, and let us examine the Merits of this Cauſe. Our Bible obliges us to give to the great God our Creator all that *reaſonable Service* which you pretend to; it teaches us *to preſent our Bodies*, and our Souls too, as a *Sacrifice to our God:* The Soul muſt be there, or the Body can never be a *living Sacrifice.* Thus far we agree. Now if your Religion be right, the *Chriſtian* is in a very ſafe and ſecure State, for he endeavours to perform all that *reaſonable* Duty and *Service* that the Light of Nature requires of him as well as you.

BUT we Chriſtians are taught further to believe, that all Men are Sinners; and ſurely you yourſelf muſt acknowledge you have been guilty of many Violations of the Law of God and Nature, and you have not always performed that reaſonable Service to God, which

which your own Conſcience requires. Have you not too often been tempted to alienate ſome of thoſe very Powers of Body or Mind from the Service of God, which you had before devoted to him as your *living Sacrifice?* Have your Soul, your Lips and your Hands been always employ'd in their Duty to this God? Have you never indulged a criminal Wiſh, never ſpoken an evil Word, or committed an Action which your own Conſcience condemns? Think of this, *Apiſtus*, and your Conſcience muſt tell you that you are a Sinner too.

We believe alſo, that without a Sacrifice for Sin, there is no Acceptance with God, and we have reaſon to think that God has told us ſo. But this God in his infinite Mercy has provided ſuch a Sacrifice, he has made the Body and Soul of his own Son a *dying Sacrifice* of Atonement; this is the only Ground of our Hope, and 'tis a glorious Ground indeed! Now if our Religion be true, what will become of *Apiſtus*, who confeſſes he hath been a Sinner, and yet renounces at once this only Hope and this Atonement?

Heb. x. 26, 27, 31. *For if we ſin wilfully*, i. e. by renouncing the Chriſtian Sacrifice, *after we have received the Knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more Sacrifice for Sin, but a certain fearful looking for of Judgment and fiery Indignation which ſhall devour the Adverſaries. And it is a fearful Thing to fall into the Hands of the Living God.*

XLIX.

XLIX.

To POCYON.

The Mischief of warm Disputes and Declamations on the Controverted Points of CHRISTIANITY.

My Dear P.

I GAVE your last Letter a joyful Entertainment; methought it talk'd so pleasingly and so long with me, as if it meant to make amends for its tedious Delay: One of the chief Subjects of its Discourse was the extensive Design of Divine Love to Men. I have been debating with myself, whether I should return my Friend an Answer to his proposed Thoughts on a Point so abstruse and difficult: I have not yet decided the Cause for myself, for want of sufficient Study and Thoughtfulness, tho' you know I have been no Stranger to Diligence in Academical Studies these several Years past: It seems to require larger Time, and a vast and more comprehensive Survey of Things, in order to fix my Opinions in these Controversies, or pronounce any thing certain in Doctrines so much disputed; unless it please God himself by a divine Ray to strike a powerful Light upon any particular Truth, and convey it in that Light to the Understanding and the

the Conscience of the Enquirer. I'm persuaded this is his frequent Method with humble and tractable Spirits, who have not Capacity nor Advantages for a long Train of Reasonings, and Years of Suspense and Enquiry. In the mean time I would pursue Knowledge with Honesty and Diligence in the ordinary Methods which are suited to attain it.

When I'm in doubt about any Point, and set my Thoughts at work in a search after Truth, I think I ought to retire more than hitherto I have done, from the noisy and furious Contests which the several Factions and Parties of Christians are engaged in. I am very unwilling to contend in a Dispute, or to flourish in a Declamation upon the Subject into which I'm enquiring. Sophistry and Oratory throw so much Paint upon the Question in Dispute, or raise so much Dust about it, as to conceal the Truth from the Eye of the Mind, and hide the Merits of the Cause from Reason.

In Matters of the Christian Faith, I would make the Scripture my Guide, and enter into a calm Conference with myself in a Survey of the Oracles of God, in order to a Decision of the Sense and Meaning of them; not neglecting the Assistance of pious and learned Authors, but conversing very little with the Angry and Supercilious. I would with daily and hourly Importunity address the Father of Lights, to shine upon his own Word, and to discover his Intent therein. I would

would humbly implore the Spirit of Wisdom and Revelation to take the Things of Christ, and shew them to my Understanding in a most convincing Light, and to lead me as it were by the Hand into all needful Truths. My Reason should be used as a necessary Instrument to compare the several Parts of Revelation together, to discover their mutual Explication, as well as to judge whether they run counter to any Dictates of natural Light. But if an inquisitive Mind overleap the Bounds of Faith, and give the Reins to all our Reasonings upon Divine Themes in so wide and open a Field as that of Possibles and Probables, 'tis no easy Matter to guess where they will stop their Career. I have made Experiment of this in my own Meditations; when I have given my Thoughts a loose, and let them rove without Confinement, sometimes I seem to have carried Reason with me even to the Camp of *Socinus*; but then St. *John* gives my Soul a Twitch, and St. *Paul* bears me back again (if I mistake not his Meaning) almost to the Tents of *John Calvin*. Nor even then do I leave my Reason behind me. So difficult a Thing is it to determine by mere Reasoning those Points which can be learnt by Scripture only.

BUT you would urge me further perhaps to inform you, why I am so cold and backward to enter into a Debate on the Subject you propose, and upon which you flourish with such force of *Similes*, and in Language so bright and pathetick. I am too sensible, dear *Pocyon*, and that by reading your Letter, that such

ſuch Diſputations can hardly be managed without intereſting the Affections in them, and I'm afraid to be byaſs'd, for I ſeek the Truth. 'Tis exceeding hard to diſpute without gaining ſome inviſible Prejudice and Good-liking to the Opinion we defend. So devoted are we to ourſelves, in this dark and degenerate State, that Self-love too eaſily engages our Favour to the Cauſe we have eſpouſed, and for no other Reaſon than becauſe we eſpouſed it. Tho' we had no Kindneſs before for an Opinion that we maintain for diſputing-ſake, yet if a plauſible and ſmiling Argument for it occurs in our haſty Thoughts, how prone are we to hug the Creature of our Brain, and be almoſt in love with the Opinion, for the ſake of the Argument? I confeſs there are no ſuch formal Reaſonings in our Minds as theſe; yet we are inſenſibly captivated to eſteem any thing that proceeds from ourſelves: Our Paſſion firſt thinks it Pity that ſuch a happy Argument of our own Invention ſhould be on the falſe Side, and by ſecret Inſinuation perſuades the Judgment to vote it true. How often have I experienced theſe Fallacies working within me in verbal Diſputations before my Tutor! And for this Reaſon, I have no great Eſteem of the Method of our Academical Diſputes, where the young Sophiſters are obliged to oppoſe the Truth by the beſt Arguments they can find, and the Tutor defends it and aſſiſts the Reſpondent. There is a certain Wantonneſs of Wit in Youth, and a pleaſing Ambition of Victory, which works in a young warm Spirit, much ſtronger than a Deſire of Truth.

Truth. There is a ſtrange Delight in baffling the Reſpondent, and it grows bigger ſenſibly, if we can put the Preſident to a Puzzle or a Stand. The Argument which is ſo ſucceſsful, reliſhes better on the Lips of the young Opponent, and he begins to think that 'tis ſolid and unanſwerable ; " Surely my Tutor's " Opinion can hardly be true, and tho' I thought I " was put on the Defence of a falſe Doctrine, yet " ſince I have found ſo good an Argument for it, I " can hardly believe it falſe." Then his Invention works on to ſtrengthen his Suſpicion, and at laſt he firmly believes the Opinion he ought for. Often have I been in danger of ſuch Deluſions as theſe, and feel myſelf too ready to ſubmit to them now. Even a Cloſet, and Retirement, and our cooleſt Meditations are liable to theſe ſecret Sophiſtries. Upon the firſt Sight of an Objection againſt our Arguments, our Thoughts are ſtrangely hurried away to ranſack the Brain for a Reply, and we torture our Invention to make our Side have the laſt Word, before we call in cool Judgment calmly to decide the Difference ; and thus from a hot Defence of our own Reaſonings, we unimaginably ſlide into a cordial Defence of the Cauſe.

THIS unaccountable Prejudice for an Opinion in Diſpute, ſticks ſo cloſe to Human Nature, that I queſtion whether *Pocyon* himſelf can boaſt an abſolute Freedom. You ſeem, my Friend, to indulge and maintain ſome hard Conſequences now, which ſome time ago would have ſtartled your Soul, and affrighted and forbid

forbid your Assent. Farewel, dear Man, and let your next Letter proceed on the Philosophical Themes that are before us, in which you may expect a bolder Freedom of Thought, a more agreeable Reply and Correspondence from

Yours, &c.

Southampton,
1696.

L.

Of Labour and Patience in Instructing MANKIND.

To POCYON, *complaining of his just Anger and melancholy Resentment, that he met with so many Persons of narrow and uncharitable Souls, obstinate in Opinions, and violent against all other Notions and Practices, but what themselves had embraced.*

YESTERDAY, my Friend, I received your long Complaint, and I have already five Hundred Things to say to you; for there is not a Person I converse with that can stir up the Thoughts which lie at the bottom of my Soul like you. All my Notions are afloat when I read your Letters, but at present 'tis in a troubled Sea; for you express your own Melancholy with so lively an Aire, that it raises a Gust of the

the ſame Paſſion in me; tho' Nature has not mingled much of that dark Humour in my Conſtitution. If I cannot preſent you my Sympathy in ſuch vivid and tender Expreſſions as I would, yet I can read over your Lines again and again, and ſay I feel them.

I COULD help you, methinks, to ſpurn this Globe away, and join with you in renouncing Commerce with Men, while we ariſe to ſome higher Worlds, furniſh'd with Inhabitants of a better Compoſition. Or, if this be too bold a Thought, and we cannot aſcend above the common Rank of Human Nature, let us retire from them into ſome ſolitary Shade, that we may be free from their Impertinences, for we can't live happily among the Race which this Earth breeds, they are of ſo perverſe a Mold. How have I fretted ſometimes to ſtand by and hear the Nonſenſe of a brutal World that pretends to Reaſon! 'Tis Education, 'tis Paſſion, 'tis Prejudice, 'tis Stubbornneſs, 'tis what you will but good Senſe, that commands the Judgments and ſtamps the Opinions of Men. How often have I laboured by Reaſons of the brighteſt Evidence to rectify a groſs and vulgar Miſtake? But Words have been loſt in the Wind: Prejudice and Education had eleven Points of the Law, and it was impoſſible for Argument to diſpoſſeſs them. Thoſe Arguments that I have ſought out from far, and dig'd deep for them with the Sweat of my Soul, and have felt and yielded to their reſiſtleſs Power, thoſe very Arguments (I ſay) have been anſwered with a Jeſt or a loud

Laugh, and been scorn'd by unletter'd Animals, as the *Leviathan* derides and mocks at a Spear of Straw. Then, my Friend, I have almost regretted the Labours of my Brain, and wonder'd to what Purpose I had devoted myself to Studies that improv'd my Reason. 'Tis true, our Design is to tame and polish an uncultivated World; but if this World be so mad and savage as never to be tam'd, then I do but teach an Ass *Latin*, and wash an *Æthiop*.

Union of Hearts, and Impotence to bear
Thy Sorrows, Friend, transported me thus far
With Sympathetic Fury, not my own;
But now my Reason reassumes the Throne,
And strikes my Passion dumb.

WERE I a Heathen Philosopher, perhaps I might thus loosely philosophize; if I were a mere Orator, or a Poet, I would chide and flourish at this rate; but as I pretend to be a Christian, I must recant it all, and put these cooler Thoughts in the Place of it.

WHEN our sovereign Creator form'd our Souls, and sent them to inhabit these two Engines of Flesh, which were then a framing for you and me, he knew well what a World he sent us into, and designed our Converse to be with Men (shall I say) of like Infirmities with ourselves: For if they are perverse and intractable, perhaps we are proud, imperious and disdainful; and perhaps too, we are seldom so much in

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the right as we think ourſelves to be; 'tis probable that Minds releas'd from Fleſh, and the *Genii* of a higher Region may ſmile at ſome of the Fooleries and airy Shapes of Reaſon which we hug and embrace, as much as we do at the ſenſeleſs Notions and obſtinate Practices of our Fellow-mortals, whom we have the Vanity to think ſo much beneath ourſelves. Poor weak Reaſoners are we and they, when compared with the Worlds above us!

BUT to drop this Thought: I ſay ſtill, God deſigned us to dwell here in ſuch a wretched World, and I grant 'tis no ſmall Part of our State of Trial; but to alleviate our Unhappineſs, he has mingled in the Maſs of Mankind ſome finer Veins, ſome more intellectual and unprejudiced Spirits, in whoſe Converſation we may find ſuitable Delight, and Pleaſures worthy of the rational Nature. Why ſhould not we ſuppoſe there are many other Minds as happily turn'd as our own, and of ſuperior Size and more divine Temper? All Men have not been bleſs'd with our Advantages, yet their native Felicity of Thought may tranſcend ours. And as for the reſt, God has ordain'd it our Duty to aſſociate with 'em for valuable Ends and Purpoſes in his Providence, which regard both them and us. 'Tis our Buſineſs to endeavour to perſuade 'em to lay aſide their miſtaken Notions, to remove all the Byaſſes of Error from their Judgment, to quench their Indignation againſt Men of different Opinions, and to inlarge

their narrow Souls, tho' we find it a difficult Work. I have often seen what you complain of, and have been ready to conclude that when we have to do with vulgar Souls, we should not lavish away our Labour to convince them of innocent Mistakes in Matters of small Importance, but only lay out our Thoughts to rectify their Notions in Things that regard their present or future Welfare. And when we reflect how very impotent and low are the Capacities of some ignorant Creatures that we have to do with, how short their Reasonings, how few their Advantages to improve their Minds, how uncapable their Judgments are of growing up to a solid and mature State by our utmost Cultivation, and how unable their Minds are in many Cases to discern and distinguish Truth; I have been tempted to persuade myself, it is not dishonest Policy to engage their Affections a little. I know well, that the Passions were never made to judge of Truth; but if we find Persons who will never judge by any other Rule, I would make Enquiry whether we might not in some Cases honestly make use of this. If we find that Affection is the great Gate of Entrance into the Judgments of the Multitude, and Reason is but like the Back-Door, or some meaner Avenue, and seldom open'd to let in any Doctrine, may we not thence infer, that the softer Arts of winning upon Men, are to be studied by us as well as hard Arguments?

How

HOW have I mourned inwardly, to consider that even pious and holy Souls have been so over-run with Ignorance and Zeal, (that is, with Fire and Darkness) and have been so possessed with narrow Thoughts and uncharitable Notions, that it must be the Work of an Age, or the Power of a God, to correct their Errors. Yet I reflect again, that my Maker in his wise Providence disposed my Lot amongst Persons of this Constitution, and expects that I should carry it amongst 'em, as it becomes one to whom he has indulged higher Favours; that I should strive with Constancy to reduce my Neighbours to Thoughtfulness, Virtue and Religion, and not be tir'd and desist, tho' I find but little Success; 'tis a coward Soldier that declines the Fight, because he can't every Day gain a new Victory.

WHEN I recount how many weary Months my Saviour spent in preaching divine Doctrines to a wild Multitude, and to their more conceited Leaders, and how little, very little Fruit he found whilst he was upon Earth; I persuade myself 'twas with a Design to encourage his Followers in the Gospel, and become a Pattern of Patience to such as should meet with the same Disappointments. *Tho'* Israel *be not gathered, yet surely my Judgment is with the Lord, and my Reward with my God.* If I can't *bring* Jacob *again to his Duty, yet shall I be glorious in the Eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my Strength*, Isa. xlix. 4, 5. These

were the Encouragements of the Son of God himself, when dwelling in feeble Flesh, and contending with an obstinate and vicious Age; and St. *Paul*, the next in Dignity to the Man *Jesus*, expected to be *a sweet Savour unto God in them that perish, as well as in those that were saved*, 2 Cor. ii. 15. If we can't turn stupid and headstrong Sinners from the Errors of their Way, we must not suffer ourselves to swim with the Tide, nor fall into a Compliance with their mistaken Notions and Practices. 'Tis our Business to move right onward towards Heaven, through the midst of a Multitude that are travelling another Way. The greater the Exercise of our Patience is, the weightier will be our Crown; and if we have broke through a Multitude of Difficulties in our Journey toward Paradise, our Rewards will not be few. *He that overcomes shall eat of the Tree of Life.* Large and shining and durable Glories, in a rich and pleasing Variety, are made over by Promise to those that overcome, if we can but read the second and third Chapters of the *Revelations*, and believe them.

FAREWEL, my *Pocyon*, and persevere in Patience to teach Mankind, nor forget to continue your heartiest Love and Instructions to

Your Affectionate Lover and willing Disciple.

Newington,
1697-8.

LI.

LI.

Publick DISPUTATIONS.

SINCE the true Design of Philosophy is to learn and know the Truth, and to render that Knowledge subservient to our Practice and Happiness here and hereafter, how absurd and impertinent are the Methods of the *Aristotelian Schools*, who have changed this Design into mere *Sophistry* and the *Art of Disputation*? They make *Logick* and *Prime Philosophy* to be no longer the Shop or Work-house to form proper Instruments to search out Truth, or to teach Virtue, for they turn it into a *Seminary of Altercations*. When they speak of a young Philosopher, there is no Enquiry, how wise or how good a Man he is, but how skilful a Disputer. He that knows how to attack and foil his Adversary, to stand his Ground and defend himself and his Thesis against all Opposition; this is the Man of Merit and Honour. Then they imagine they have attain'd the most plentiful Fruits of Philosophy, when they can bravely oppose and defend any Themes whatsoever in Publick, by Arguments in Form and Figure.

I will not deny but some *private Conversations* in the manner of *Dispute* may have a Tendency to discover Truth, when they are carried on without Spectators, without Passion or Party-Spirit; and that on this Condition, that on which Side soever Probability and Truth appear, each of the Disputants shall be ready to give up his own Opinion, and surrender it to the Force and Evidence of Reason. But when Contests are so managed, that Disputations are become publick Spectacles, and each of the Combatants aim at nothing so much as always to conquer, and never to yield, it is impossible that Truth should ever be sought or found in this manner. 'Tis much more likely that if she were present, she would withdraw herself from so profane and ill-deserving a Rout of Men. Truth is lost in such Disputing. The genuine Study of Truth, which is *true Philosophy*, is a serene and gentle thing, and may be compar'd to the River *Nile*, that tho' it flows with a soft and placid Stream, yet it renders the whole Country fruitful, and carries more Profit and Plenty with it, than all the Torrents and rapid Rivers that pour down with Noise and Violence.

But what a ridiculous Scene is a *Scholastick Disputation!* a mere Stage-Play! where two Combatants meet, and with Rounds and Flourishes, with many Feints and Approachings and Retirings, with Distinctions heap'd upon Distinctions, to exclude from the Question what no Man ever could doubt or dispute, they

they come at last to the Point in hand; and their grand Design is, that each of them may 'scape safe, without being forced to yield up his Point. Thus when they are put to a Plunge, they talk whatsoever comes uppermost, they raise mutual Scoffs and Clamours and loud Reproaches, and scarce with-hold themselves from manual Conflict, when their Tongues have done their utmost. And if one of them happen to silence and overwhelm his Adversary, how vain he grows! how he swells and exalts himself! What Airs of Arrogance he assumes! as tho' like *Hercules* he had destroy'd an *Hydra*, or like *Atlas* he had supported a World; when perhaps the Truth lies bleeding on the Ground, and by his sophistick Subtilties and his brawling Battle he has supported some gross Error, and established Falshood in triumph. The great *Gassendus* was deeply sensible of this Folly Fourscore Years ago, and declaims against the Professors of *Aristotelian Logick and Philosophy* in his Day upon this Account.

YET perhaps it is possible that *Academic Disputations* may be reduced to such a Form, and put under such Regulations, as to render them serviceable for some good Purposes among Students in the Schools. But I have discoursed more largely on this Subject in some Papers relating to the *various Methods of Improving the Mind.*

LII.

Devotional WRITINGS.

PERHAPS it is a Wish too glorious and happy to be ever fulfill'd in this State of Mortality, to see all the Disciples of *Christ* grown up into such a Catholick Spirit, as to be ready to worship God their common Father, through *Jesus* their common Mediator, in the same Assembly, and to join in the same holy Fellowship. There are so many Punctilio's of Difference to be adjusted, and so many Party-Prejudices to be overcome, that such a Union of Hearts and Sentiments lies beyond our present Hope. Yet methinks every Step towards such a Union, carries a Blessing in it, and every Christian should desire to promote it. *Bohemus* was a *German* Divine, of various Knowledge and sedate Judgment, of admirable Temper and uncommon Piety: He had observed long the Disputes and Divisions in *England* about the Imposition and the Use of Forms of Prayer; he stood by as a Stranger and a Spectator, nor took any Part in the Controversy, but with an indifferent Eye beheld their Disputes, and thought himself on that account the fitter to become a Moderator between both, being under the Influence of no Prejudice nor Party.

I KNOW,

I KNOW, said he, the Church of *England* hath long Prescription on their Side for the Use of Forms in their Publick Assemblies, tho' they cannot say from the first Beginning of Christianity, nor will I. They argue, and with much Force and Evidence, that what we address to the great God ought to be duly considered, nor should our Lips pour our Words rashly, nor offer to our Maker the Sacrifice of Fools. What, say they, cannot Men of Learning, Prudence and Piety compose better Prayers for us than we can utter on a sudden before God, and much fitter for the Ear of his Majesty? Ought we not to serve God with our best? And when we have such happy, devout and affectionate Prayers made to our hands, by Men of great Worth and singular Goodness, why should we offer up to God such poor, lean, raw Sacrifices, such loose Sentences and weak Expressions, as our own Thoughts on a sudden can furnish us with?

BESIDES, say they, is *Invention* the chief Talent we are called to exercise when we bow our Knees before God? Is the Toil of our Imagination, and the Labour of finding out proper Thoughts and Words, our chief Business at the Throne of Grace? Should not our Faith, our Hope, our Love, our Repentance for Sin, our Desire of Mercy, and every Christian Virtue which relates to Worship, be the chief Exercises of our Spirits? Should not these be supremely engaged at such a Season? Let Fancy and Inven-

Invention therefore lie at rest, which are meaner Powers of the Soul, while the Graces and Virtues, and devout Sentiments of the Heart are excited by reading or hearing a well composed Form.

On the other hand, I know it is the Opinion of the *Protestant Dissenters*, that since Prayer is but the Expression of our Sense of divine Things to God, there is no Man who can speak his Mother-Tongue, so destitute of Words, but that he is able with Ease to express his own Sins, and Sorrows, his own Hopes and Fears, his own Faith, and his Desires before God, in such Language as God understands and accepts; and that there is no Man called by Providence to pray in the Presence of others, and to lift up their joint Addresses to Heaven, but he is, or ought to be, sufficiently furnished with Knowledge and Language to perform this Part of Worship in a proper and becoming Manner, to the Edification of himself and those who join with him. I know also, saith he, it hath been Matter of frequent Complaint among them, that the constant and unvaried Repetition of Sett Forms of Prayer has a great Tendency to introduce Coldness and Formality into divine Worship. Tho' the Confessions, the Petitions and Praises are never so happily framed, and the Expressions never so proper and pathetick, yet, say they, where the same Sett of Words and Phrases pass over the Ears in a constant Rehearsal, the Soul by degrees loses those lively Influences and devout Sensations which it at first received from them; and the con-

continual Round of uniform Expreſſions rolling on in a beaten Track, makes little more Impreſſion upon the Heart, than a Wheel that has often travel'd through a harden'd Road.

AND yet, further they ſay, there is no Man knows my Thoughts, my Wants and my Deſires ſo well as I do myſelf; and where the Heart and the Thoughts of a Chriſtian are impriſoned and reſtrained by the Words of any Form, ſo as not to give himſelf the liberty of expreſſing his own preſent devout Breathings towards God, whatſoever holy Elevations of Soul he may feel within himſelf, this brings a heavy Damp upon the inward Devotion of the Heart, it binds the Soul in uneaſy Fetters, it appears to carry in it a Reſiſtance of theſe good Motions of the bleſſed Spirit, whoſe Aſſiſtance is promiſed us in Prayer, becauſe *we know not what to pray for as we ought, and the Spirit maketh Interceſſion for us*, (or *in us*,) *according to the Will of God*, Rom. viii. Such a Reſtraint is indeed painful to a holy and devout Worſhipper, it cuts ſhort the Chriſtian in the Pleaſure of his Converſe with Heaven, while it makes him ſpeak to God the Thoughts of other Men, and he neglects his own.

HAVING repreſented in ſhort, ſomething of the Senſe of both Parties on this Subject, I ſhall not tarry now, ſaid *Bohemus*, to relate how each Party defend themſelves againſt the Difficulties objected by the other,

other; but I beg Leave to interpose a little, and enquire why Mankind, when their Sentiments differ, should be so fond of running into Extreams? Is there no Use to be made of the devout Compositions of holy Men, without confining ourselves to all the Words and Syllables of their Writings? May we not enjoy their Help, without making them our absolute Dictators? Whatsoever Inconveniency may arise from the constant Use or unalterable Imposition of Forms of Prayer, yet certainly there is very considerable Benefit and Assistance in the Christian Life to be derived from Devotional Compositions. Such Forms of pious Address to God as are drawn from a serious Sense of divine Things, and framed by a skilful and judicious Hand, has given rich Advantages to a sincere Worshipper, both in solitary and social Worship. Many a holy Soul has found its inward Powers awaken'd and excited to lively Religion by such Assistances; many a penitent Groan under the Sense of Sin; many an ardent Petition for some peculiar Grace or Virtue; many a pious Aspiration of Heart, and many a joyful Sound of Praise, has ascended towards Heaven in the Words and Language of some well composed Form. And I am well assured the blessed Spirit of God neither confines his sacred Influences to those who worship without Forms, nor with-holds it from those who use them. Both have need of his Aid, and I am persuaded both do partake of it.

INDEED in the Use of Forms, there is no need of binding ourselves to a whole Page together, as it stands in the Book. In the Name of God let us stand fast in our Christian Liberty, and maintain a just Freedom of Soul in our Addresses to Heaven; let us change, enlarge or contract, let us add or omit, according to our peculiar Sentiments, or our present Frame of Spirit. Mr. *Jenks*, a pious Divine of the Church of *England*, has written an excellent Treatise of the *Liberty of Prayer*, which I dare recommend to every Sort of Reader. But when we find the Temper, the Wants and the Wishes of our Hearts so happily express'd in the Words of the Composer, as that we know not how to frame other Words so suitable and so expressive of our own present State and Case, why should we not address our God and our Saviour in this borrowed Language? I confess indeed, when long Custom has induced a sort of Flatness into these Sounds, how happily soever the Words might be at first chosen, then perhaps we shall want something new and various to keep Nature awake to the Devotion. Or if we still confine ourselves entirely to the Forms we read, and forbid our Spirits to exert their own pious Sentiments, we turn these Engines of holy Elevation into Clogs and Fetters. But when Christians make a prudent use of them, they have frequently experienced unknown Advantage and Delight. A dull and heavy Hour in the Closet has been relieved by the use of such devout Compositures of mingled Meditation and Prayer; and many a dry

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and barren Heart has been enabled to offer up the first Fruits of a sweet Sacrifice to God in the Words of another Man. The Fire of Devotion has been kindled by the help of some serious and pathetick Forms, and the Spirit of the Worshipper, which has been straiten'd and bound up in itself, has found a blessed Release by the Pen of some pious Writer. The Wings of the Soul have been first expanded toward God and Heaven by some happy Turn of fervent and holy Language; she has been lifted up by this Assistance above the Earth and Mortality; then she has given herself a more unconfined and various Flight in the upper Regions, she has traversed the heavenly World, she has felt herself within the Circle of divine Attraction, and has dwelt an Hour with God.

THE good Man *Bohemus* had warmed his Imagination a little by this vivid manner of representing the Argument. His Soul catch'd Fire, was seized with a sacred Enthusiasm, and broke out in the following Transport.

Hail, *Hebrew* Psalmist-King! Hail happy Hour!
I see, I hear, I feel the Sovereign Power
Of Language so devout. Th' immortal Sound
Trills thro' my Vitals with a pleasing Wound,
And mortal Passions die. Devotion reigns,
Earth disappears, her Mountains and her Plains,
I soar, I pray, I praise in *David*'s heavenly Strains.

Here

Here Thoughts divine in living Words expreſt,
Pour'd out and copied glowing from the Breaſt,
Spread o're the ſacred Page; what Eye, what Heart,
Can read the Rapture, and not bear its Part
In holy Elevation?
Where Love and Joy exult, the glorious Line
Gives the ſame Paſſions, ſpreads the Fire divine,
And kindles all the Reader. See him riſe
On Wings of Extaſy, ſhoot thro' the Skies,
And mix with Angels; Hail, ye Choirs above,
Where all is holy Joy, where all is heavenly Love.

If Sins review'd in trickling Sorrows flow;
The Page conveys the penitential Woe,
And ſtrikes the inmoſt Spirit. Conſcience hears
The Words of Anguiſh, and diſſolves in Tears.
Ev'n Iron Souls relent, and Hearts of Stone
Burſt at theſe Mournings, and repeat the Groan:
God and his Power are there.

Formiſtes and *Libero* were preſent while *Bohemus* was carry'd away in this ſurpriſing Rapture. The laſt had been educated in too great an Averſion to Forms of Prayer, and the firſt never thought of addreſſing God without 'em; but both were deeply ſtruck with Conviction at this Speech of *Bohemus*; they confeſs'd that they had liv'd all their Days in Extremes, and begun to confeſs their Miſtake.

SURELY, ſays *Libero*, Written Prayers are not ſuch formidable Things as I once imagined them, eſpecially

especially since we are not pinned down to every Sentence, but maintain a just Liberty to alter as we please. And yet further, now I think of it, Christians of every Party find it no Hindrance to the devout Melody and Praise which they offer to God, that they have the Words of a sacred Song provided for them before-hand; and 'tis as certain that composed Forms of Prayer are evidently useful, if not necessary, for the Assistance of Children, to train them up to this Part of Worship, and lead them in the Way to private Devotion in their younger Years; and why should they not be happy Expedients to relieve the Weakness of the Bulk of Christians? Certainly they are so, reply'd *Bohemus*, for if we consider Mankind in the various Ranks, Conditions and Circumstances of Life, and take a just Survey of the many Infirmities that surround human Nature, and the numerous Weights that hang upon the Soul, if we observe the perpetual Diversion from the Things of God, to which the Mind is exposed by constant Business in the World, if we think of the low Capacity, scanty Furniture and poor Invention of many serious Persons whose Hearts have a sincere Tendency toward God, and their want of Words to express even the pious Thoughts that arise within 'em, may we not suppose that they would be thankful for some such Assistances in this Work of inward Religion, if they were but once furnish'd with them by their Friends, and encouraged to make use of them; and even the wisest and best of Men might be glad of them at some Seasons.

AND

AND let me add alſo, ſaid he, there is many a Family which would have lived to this Day without paying Homage to the God of Nature and Grace in ſocial Worſhip, which has been enabled by the Help of pious Forms to maintain daily Religion in the Houſe, and the Children and the Servants of the Family have been trained up to conſtant Devotion and daily Acknowledgment of God, by theſe Aſſiſtances, borrowed from holy and skilful Writers; and God forbid that any Houſe among Chriſtians ſhould be Prayerleſs, ſince theſe devout Compoſitions are ſo eaſy to be had.

THIS is well known and abundantly practiſed amongſt the Chriſtians of the Eſtabliſh'd Church, and they rejoice in it as their Privilege and their conſtant Bleſſing; whereas I fear there are ſome among the Proteſtant Diſſenters have been educated with ſuch an unreaſonable and ſuperſtitious Averſion to all precompoſed Prayers, that a few of them, even to this Day, are hardly willing that Children and ignorant Perſons ſhould uſe them; and there are but few, I doubt, who give themſeves leave to make a full and proper Uſe of ſuch Advantages with which our Nation and our Age are furniſh'd. Dr. *Patrick*, Dr. *Innet*, Dr. *Meriton* and Mr. *Jenks*, with ſeveral other worthy Divines, have done much this Way; ſome of the Diſſenters themſelves have given Aſſiſtance in this Affair, and have compoſed Forms of Addreſs to God upon

upon the common Occasions of Life, as well as upon the various Themes of the Christian Religion. Mr. *Baxter* in the last Age, and Mr. *Howe*; and in this Century Mr. *Murrey*, Mr. *Bourne*, and others; and I wish this sort of Devotional Writings were multiply'd among them.

I ACKNOWLEDGE, says *Libero*, this is the Case; we have some unhappy Prejudices still hanging about our Spirits, in making a religious Use of written or printed Prayers, either in our Retirements, or in the Family; and I am now sensible this has bereaved us of those Advantages for the Religion of the Closet and the Houshold, which our Neighbours partake of, and which we might enjoy with great Liberty of Soul, and rejoice in with rich Improvement. I thank you from my Heart, dear *Bohemus*, for the Lesson I have learnt of you this Day, and I will endeavour that many of my Friends shall learn it too, that they may no more renounce that spiritual Assistance and Relief which may be borrowed from pious Composures; and especially that Masters of Families may begin to make a happy use of them in their Houshold, and worship God by these Helps, when they want them, without the least Restraint laid either upon the just Freedom of their own Spirits, or the Hopes of divine Influences.

AND I, for my Part, saith *Formistes*, return you my sincere Thanks, good *Bohemus*, that you have mark'd out so happy a Medium between an utter Rejection

jection of all Forms of Prayer, and an absolute Confinement of ourselves to them. I cannot but acknowledge I have sometimes found inward Motions of Repentance for particular Sins, of humble Desires towards God, and Wishes for Assistance against particular Temptations and Snares, while I have been reading my written Devotions, and yet I was unwilling to express them with my Tongue, lest I should utter any thing rashly before God. But upon what you have said, I now give myself leave to think, that the sincere Workings of a Man's Heart towards Virtue and Religion, and Things of the upper World, are best known to himself, and may be express'd by himself, when they arise in his Heart, in such Language as a gracious God will accept. I shall never more therefore suppress these good Desires for want of Courage to utter them; but while I make use of Forms of Worship composed by pious and learned Men, I shall remember that they were designed only as Assistances to my Devotion, and not impose 'em on my Conscience as Restraints upon all the good Motions of the blessed Spirit, which our Church teaches us humbly to pray for, and to expect according to the divine Promise. And since the holy Scripture often requires us to pray to God, but never prescribes to us whether we should use our own Words, or the Words of other Men, I will learn for the future to look upon that as a Matter of greater Indifferency than I once thought it, and not make that a Duty for myself, which God has not made so, nor charge my Neighbour *Libero* with Sin,

for

for praying in such a free Manner as God has never forbid.

LIII.

An ELEGY *on* SOPHRONIA, *who died of the Small-Pox*, 1711.

SOPHRON *is introduced speaking.*

I.

FOrbear, my Friends, forbear, and ask no more,
Where all my chearful Airs are fled?
Why will ye make me talk my Torments o'er?
My Life, my Joy, my Comfort's dead.

II.

Deep from my Soul, mark how the Sobs arise,
Hear the long Groans that waste my Breath,
And read the mighty Sorrow in my Eyes,
Lovely *Sophronia* sleeps in Death.

III.

Unkind Disease, to vail that rosy Face
With Tumours of a mortal Pale,
While mortal Purples with their dismal Grace
And double Horror spot the Vail.

IV.

IV.

Uncomely Vail, and moſt unkind Diſeaſe!
Is this *Sophronia*, once the Fair?
Are theſe the Features that were born to pleaſe?
And Beauty ſpread her Enſigns there?

V.

I was all Love, and ſhe was all Delight
Let me run back to Seaſons paſt;
Ah flow'ry Days when firſt ſhe charm'd my Sight!
But Roſes will not always laſt.

VI.

Yet ſtill *Sophronia* pleas'd. Nor Time, nor Care,
Could take her youthful Bloom away:
Virtue has Charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like her's could ne're decay.

VII.

Grace is a ſacred Plant of heavenly Birth:
The Seed deſcending from above
Roots in a Soil refin'd, grows high on Earth,
And blooms with Life, and Joy, and Love.

VIII.

Such was *Sophronia's* Soul. Celeſtial Dew
And Angels Food were her Repaſt:
Devotion was her Work; and thence ſhe drew
Delights which Strangers never taſte.

IX.

IX.

Not the gay Splendors of a flattering Court
Could tempt her to appear and ſhine:
Her ſolemn Airs forbid the World's Reſort;
But I was bleſt and ſhe was mine.

X.

Safe on her Welfare all my Pleaſures hung,
Her Smiles could all my Pains controul;
Her Soul was made of Softneſs, and her Tongue
Was ſoft and gentle as her Soul.

XI.

She was my Guide, my Friend, my earthly All;
Love grew with every waning Moon:
Had Heav'n a Length of Years delay'd its Call,
Still I had thought it call'd too ſoon.

XII.

But Peace my Sorrows! nor with murmuring Voice
Dare to accuſe Heaven's high Decree:
She was firſt ripe for everlaſting Joys;
Sophron, ſhe waits above for thee.

LIV.

An ELEGY

On the much lamented DEATH *of*

Mrs. ELIZABETH BURY,

Late Wife of the Reverend Mr. SAMUEL BURY *of* Briſtol, *annexed to ſome Memoirs of her Life drawn up by him; but collected out of her own Papers.*

SHE muſt aſcend; her Treaſure lies on high,
And there her Heart is. Bear her thro' the Sky
On Wings of Harmony, ye Sons of Light,
And with ſurrounding Shields protect her Flight.
Teach her the wond'rous Songs your ſelves compoſe
For yon bright World; ſhe'll learn 'em as ſhe goes;
The Senſe was known before: Thoſe ſacred Themes,
The God, the Saviour, and the flowing Streams
That ting'd the curſed Tree with Blood divine,
Purchas'd a Heaven, and waſh'd a World from Sin;
The Beams, the Bliſs, the Viſion of that Face
Where the whole Godhead ſhines in mildeſt Grace;
Theſe are the Notes for which your Harps are ſtrung,
Theſe were the Joy and Labour of her Tongue
In our dark Regions. Theſe exalted Strains
Brought Paradiſe to Earth, and ſooth'd her Pains.

Souls made of pious Harmony and Love,
Can be no Strangers to their Work above.

BUT must we lose her hence? The Muse in Pain
Regrets her Flight, and calls the Saint again.
Stay, gentle Spirit, stay. Can Nature find
No Charms to hold the once-unfetter'd Mind?
Must all those Virtues, all those Graces soar
Far from our Sight, and bless the Earth no more?
Must the fair Saint to Worlds immortal climb,
For ever lost to all the Sons of Time?
O, no; she is not lost. Behold her here,
How just the Form! how soft the Lines appear!
The Features of her Soul, without Disguise,
Drawn by her own bless'd Pen: A sweet Surprise
To mourning Friends. The Partner of her Cares
Seiz'd the fair Piece, and wash'd it o're with Tears,
Dress'd it in Flowers, then hung it on her Urn,
A Pattern for her Sex in Ages yet unborn.

Daughters of *Eve*, come, trace these heavenly Lines,
Feel with what Power the bright Example shines;
She was what you should be. Young Virgins, come,
Drop a kind Tear, and dress you at her Tomb:
Gay Silks and Diamonds are a vulgar Road;
Her radiant Virtues should create the Mode.
Matrons, attend her Hearse with Thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and transcribe the Beauties of her Mind,
And let her live in you. The Meek, the Great,
The Chaste, yet Free; the Chearful, yet Sedate,

Swift

Swift to Forgiveneſs, but to Anger ſlow,
And rich in ſolid Learning more than Show,
With Charity and Zeal, that rarely join,
And all the human Graces and divine,
Reign'd in her Breaſt, and held a pleaſing Striſe
Thro' every ſhifting Scene of various Life,
The Maid, the Bride, the Widow, and the Wife.

NOR need a manly Spirit bluſh to gain
Exalted Thoughts from her ſuperior Vein.
Attend her Hints, ye Sages of the Schools,
And by her nobler Practice frame your Rules.
Let her inform you to addreſs the Ear
With conquering Suaſion, or Reproof ſevere,
And ſtill without Offence. Thrice happy Soul,
That could our Paſſions, and her own controul;
Could wield and govern that unruly Train,
Senſe, Fancy, Pleaſure, Fear, Grief, Hope and Pain,
And live ſublimely good! Behold her move
Thro' Earth's rude Scenes, yet point her Thoughts above.
Seraphs on Earth pant for their Native Skies,
And Nature feels it painful not to riſe.

YE venerable Tribes of holy Men,
Read the Devotions of her Heart and Pen,
And learn to pray and die. *Buriſſa* knew
To make Life happy, and reſign it too.
The Soul that oft had walk'd th' Ethereal Road,
Pleas'd with her Summons, took her farewel Flight
[to God.

BUT ne'er shall Words, or Lines, or Colours paint
Th' immortal Passions of th' expiring Saint.
What Beams of Joy (Angelick Airs) arise
O're her pale Cheeks, and sparkle thro' her Eyes
In that dark Hour! how all serene she lay
Beneath the Openings of celestial Day!
Her Soul retires from Sense, refines from Sin,
While the descending Glory wrought within;
Then in a sacred Calm resign'd her Breath,
And as her Eyelids clos'd, she smil'd in Death.

O MAY some pious Friend who weeping stands
Near my last Pillow with uplifted Hands,
Or wipes the mortal Dew from off my Face,
Witness such Triumphs in my Soul; and trace
The Dawn of Glory in my dying Mien,
While on my lifeless Lips such heavenly Smiles are [seen!

September 29.
1720.

LV.

An Elegiac ODE at the DEATH of

Sir THOMAS ABNEY, *Knight and Alderman of* London, Feb. 6. 172½, *in the 83d Year of his Age.*

Affix'd to ſome MEMOIRS of his LIFE,

And Inſcribed to

The LADY *ABNEY.*

MADAM,

YOUR Grief is great and juſt. It is not in the Power of Verſe to charm it: Your Comforts muſt ariſe from a diviner Spring. My Reſidence in your Family hath made me a Witneſs to the Luſtre of Sir THOMAS ABNEY'S *Character, and to the Years of your Felicity; and I bear a ſenſible Share in the Sorrows that are ſhed on his Tomb.*

The Nation *mourns a good Man loſt from the midſt of us, a publick Bleſſing vaniſh'd from the Earth. The* City *mourns the Loſs of a moſt excellent Magiſtrate, a ſure Friend to Virtue, and a Guardian to the publick Peace. The* Church *of Chriſt mourns a beau-*

tiful Pillar taken from the Support and Ornament of the Temple. All these are publick Sorrows; but your Loss, MADAM, *carries a Pain in it, that must be unknown to all but such as knew the domestick Virtues of the Deceased.*

THOSE *who have the Honour of your Ladyship's Acquaintance can tell whence you derive your daily Consolations, even from that World where your departed Relative drinks them at the Fountain Head. O may those Streams descend in full Measure hourly, and refresh yourself and your Mourning House!*

BUT *if a Verse cannot give Comfort to the* Living, *yet it may do Honour to the* Dead: *and 'tis for this Reason that your Ladyship desires a Verse to attend these few Memorials of Sir* THOMAS ABNEY'S *Life. His Modesty hath concealed a thousand Things from the World which might have stood as Witnesses of his Piety and Goodness; but he thought it sufficient that his Record was on High. Yet your unfeigned Love follows him to the Grave, and would do every thing that might adorn his Name and Memory. Since you have call'd me to this Piece of Service, the Obligations that your Ladyship hath laid upon me are strong enough to summon up my youthful Powers and Talents, even when I look upon them as buried and almost forgotten.*

BE-

BESIDES, MADAM, *there are some Occurrences that can of themselves rouze the Muse from the deepest Sleep. Poesy is not always under the Command of the Will. As there have been Occasions heretofore when I have wished to write, but the Imagination has refused to attend the Wish; so there are Seasons when Verse comes almost without a Call, and the Will might resist in vain. A few such Seasons have I met with in the Course of my Life, and some of them have found me even in the Chambers of Death. When I have spent Days in the midst of Mourning, and the whole Soul hath been tuned to Sorrow, the Harp hath sounded of its own accord, and awaken'd all the doleful Strings. Such was the Hour when your Dear and Honoured Brother Mr.* THOMAS GUNSTON *departed this Life; and such is the present Providence. Uncommon Worth forsaking our World, strikes all the Powers of Nature with Sentiments of Honour and Grief, and the Hand and the Heart consent to raise a Monument of Love and Sorrow.*

ACCEPT *then,* Honoured MADAM, *these Lines of* Elegy, *as a sincere Pledge of the greatest Veneration which my Heart pays to the Memory of Sir* THOMAS ABNEY. *How far soever the Verse may fall below the Theme, yet now it must always live, since it is join'd to these* Memoirs, *and atiach'd to a* Character *that cannot die. And while*

succeeding Ages shall read the Honours due to the Deceased, let them know also the Gratitude I pay to your Ladyship, *for the signal Benefits of many Years, conferr'd on*

Your LADYSHIP's

Most obliged, and

Obedient Servant,

I. WATTS.

AT THE

DEATH of that Excellent Man

Sir THOMAS ABNEY.

A SOLILOQUY, or MOURNING MEDITATION.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari Capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.
Ergone ABNEIUM *perpetuus sopor*
Urget? Cui Pudor & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem? HOR.

PART I.

His Private LIFE.

I.

ABNEY expires. A general Groan
Sounds through the House. How must a Friend behave
Where Death and Grief have rais'd their Throne,
And the sad Chambers seem th' Apartments of the Grave?

II.

Shall I appear amongst the chief
Of Mourners, wailing o'er the dear Deceas'd?
Or must I seek to charm their Grief,
And in Distress of Soul to comfort the Distress'd?

III.

I mourn by Turns, and comfort too:
He that can feel, can ease another's Smart.
The Drops of sympathetic Woe
Convey the heavenly Cordial warmer to the Heart.

IV.

We mourn a thousand Joys deceas'd,
We name the *Husband* with a mournful Tongue;
He, when the Powers of Life decreas'd,
Felt the diviner Flames of Love for ever young.

V.

Thrice happy Man! Thrice happy Pair!
If Love could bid approaching Death remove,
The painful Name of *Widow* here
Had ever been unknown. But Death is deaf to Love.

VI.

* ALBINA mourns, she mourns alone,
Her Grief unrival'd in a House of Tears,

* *The Lady* ABNEY.

The

The Partner of her Soul is gone,
Who doubled all her Joys, and half ſuſtain'd her Cares.

VII.

See the fair *Offspring* of the Dead,
With their young Griefs *Albina* they incloſe,
Beſide the *Father*'s dying Bed;
And as her Woes increaſe, their Love and Duty grows.

VIII.

The *Children* feel the *Mother*'s Pain,
Down the pale Cheeks the trickling Sorrows roll;
The *Mother* ſees and weeps again,
With all the tender Paſſions ſtruggling in her Soul.

IX.

The tender Paſſions reign and ſpread
Thro' the whole Houſe, and to the Courts deſcend:
We mourn the beſt of *Brothers* dead:
We mourn the kindeſt *Maſter*, and the firmeſt *Friend*.

X.

We mourn; but not as Wretches do,
Where vicious Lives all Hope in Death deſtroy:
A falling Tear is Nature's due;
But Hope climbs high, and borders on Celeſtial Joy.

XI.

There sits the late departed *Saint* ; *
There dwells the *Husband*, *Father*, *Brother*, *Friend* :
Then let us cease the sore Complaint,
Or mingled with our Groans let Notes of Praise ascend.

XII.

Great God, to Thee we raise our Song,
Thine were the Graces that inrich'd his Mind ;
We bless Thee, that he shone so long,
And left so fair a Track of pious Life behind.

* *Justum & tenacem propositi virum*, &c.
Hâc arte —— *Enixus arces attigit igneas.* HOR.

PART II.

His Public CHARACTER *and* DEATH.

I.

BUT can domestic Sorrow shew
A Nation's Loss ? Can private Tears suffice
To mourn the *Saint* and *Ruler* too,
Great Names, so rarely join'd below the blissful Skies ?

II.

Could ABNEY in our World be born,
Could ABNEY live, and not *Britannia* smile ?

Or

Or die, and not *Britannia* mourn, *
When such ethereal Worth left our degenerate Isle?

III.

'Twas heavenly Wisdom, Zeal divine,
Taught him the Balance and the Sword to hold:
His Looks with sacred Justice shine
Beyond the scarlet Honours, or the wreathen Gold.

IV.

Truth, Freedom, Courage, Prudence stood
Attending, when he fill'd the solemn Chair:
He knew no Friendships, Birth, nor Blood,
Nor Wealth, nor gay Attire, when Criminals were [there †.

V.

He sign'd their Doom with steady Hand;
Yet Drops of Pity from his Eye-lids roll:

* Cunctis *ille bonis flebilis occidit.* Hor.

† — *Est animus tibi*
Rerumque prudens, & secundis
Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;
Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.
— *Bonus atque fidus*
Judex honestum prætulit utili, &
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu ——— Hor.

* He

* He punish'd to reform the Land,
With Terror on his Brow, and Mercy in his Soul.

VI.

His Tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his Lips, and all his Language sweet:
His Soul disdain'd the Airs of Pride,
Yet Love and Reverence greet him thro' the crouded [Street.

VII.

Godlike he liv'd and acted here,
Moving unseen, and still sublimely Great;
Yet when his Country claim'd his Care,
Descending he appear'd, and bore the Pomp of State.

VIII.

He more than once oblig'd the Throne,
And sav'd the Nation; yet he shun'd the Fame,
Careless to make his Merit known.
The *Christian* hath enough that Heaven records his [Name.

IX.

His humble Soul convers'd on high;
Heaven was his Hope, his Rest, his native Home:

* *Qui quærit* Pater urbium:
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Cædes, & rabiem tollere civium —— Hor.

His

His Treasures lay above the Sky;
Much he possest on Earth, but more in Worlds to [come.

X.

With silent Steps he trac'd the Way
To the fair Courts of Light, his wish'd Abode;
Nor would he ask a Moment's Stay,
Nor make the Convoy wait, that call'd his Soul to [God.

XI.

See the good Man with Head reclin'd,
And peaceful Heart, resign his precious Breath:
No guilty Thoughts oppress his Mind;
Calm and serene his Life, serene and calm his Death.

XII.

Laden with Honours and with Years,
His vigorous Virtue shot a youthful Ray;
And while he ends his Race, appears
Bright as the Setting-Sun of a long cloudless Day.

XIII.

Spent with the Toil of busy Hours,
Nature retir'd, and Life sunk down to sleep:
Come, dress the Bed with fadeless Flowers,
Come, *Angels*, round his Tomb immortal Vigils keep.

XIV.

The Heart of every *Briton* rears
A Monument to ABNEY's spotless Fame:

The

The Pencil faints, the Muse despairs;
His Country's Grief and Love must eternize his Name.

Sic cecinit mœrens,
Inter mœrores domesticos,
Et patriæ suæ luctus

I. W.

LVI.

Entrance upon the World.

CURINO was a young Man brought up to a reputable Trade; the Term of his Apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the World with Safety, and pursue Business with Innocence and Success. Among his near Kindred, *Serenus* was one, a Gentleman of considerable Character in the sacred Profession; and after he had consulted with his Father, who was a Merchant of great Esteem and Experience, he also thought fit to seek a Word of Advice from the Divine. *Serenus* had such a Respect for his young Kinsman, that he set his Thoughts at Work on this Subject, and with some tender Expressions, which melted the Youth

Youth into Tears, he put into his Hand a Paper of his beſt Counſels. *Curino* entered upon Buſineſs, purſued his Employment with uncommon Advantage, and under the Bleſſing of Heaven advanced himſelf to a conſiderable Eſtate; he lived with Honour in the World, and gave a Luſtre to the Religion which he profeſs'd; and after a long Life of Piety and Uſefulneſs, he died with a ſacred Compoſure of Soul, under the Influences of the Chriſtian Hope. Some of his Neighbours wondered at his Felicity in this World, join'd with ſo much Innocence, and ſuch ſevere Virtue. But after his Death this Paper was found in his Cloſet, which was drawn up by his Kinſman in Holy Orders, and was ſuppoſed to have a large Share in procuring his Happineſs.

ADVICES *to a* YOUNG MAN.

I. KINSMAN, I preſume you deſire to be happy here, and hereafter; you know there are a Thouſand Difficulties which attend this Purſuit; ſome of them perhaps you foreſee, but there are Multitudes which you could never think of. Never truſt therefore to *your own Underſtanding* in the Things of this World, where you can have the Advice of a *wiſe and faithful Friend*; nor dare venture the more important Concerns of your Soul and your eternal Intereſts in the World to come upon the mere *Light of Nature* and the *Dictates of your own Reaſon*, ſince the *Word of God* and the Advice of Heaven lies in your

your Hands. Vain and Thoughtless indeed are those Children of Pride, who chuse to turn *Heathens* in the midst of *Great Britain*; who live upon the mere Religion of Nature and their own Stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior Advantages of Christianity, and the Blessings of divine Revelation and Grace.

II. WHATSOEVER your Circumstances may be in this World, still value your *Bible* as your best Treasure; and whatsoever be your Employment here, still look upon *Religion* as your best Business. Your *Bible* contains eternal Life in it, and all the Riches of the upper World; and *Religion* is the only way to become a Possessor of them.

III. To direct your Carriage towards *God*, converse particularly with the Book of *Psalms*; *David* was a Man of sincere and eminent Devotion. To behave aright among *Men*, acquaint yourself with the whole Book of *Proverbs*: *Solomon* was a Man of large Experience and Wisdom. And to perfect your Directions in *both these*, read the *Gospels* and the *Epistles*; you will find the best of Rules and the best of Examples there, and those more immediately suited to the *Christian* Life.

IV. As a *Man*, maintain strict Temperance and Sobriety, by a wise Government of your Appetites and Passions; as a *Neighbour*, influence and engage all around

around you to be your Friends, by a Temper and Carriage made up of Prudence and Goodneſs; and let the Poor have a certain Share in all your yearly Profits. As a *Trader*, keep that golden Sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, *Whatſoever you would that Men ſhould do unto you, do you alſo unto them.*

V. WHILE you make the *Precepts* of Scripture the conſtant Rule of your Duty, you may with Courage reſt upon the *Promiſes* of Scripture as the Springs of your Encouragement. All divine Aſſiſtances and divine Recompences are contained in them. The Spirit of Light and Grace is promiſed to aſſiſt them that ask it. Heaven and Glory are promiſed to reward the Faithful and the Obedient.

VI. IN every Affair of Life, *begin with God.* Conſult him in every Thing that concerns you. View him as the Author of all your Bleſſings and all your Hopes, as your beſt Friend and your eternal Portion. Meditate on him in this View, with a continual Renewal of your Truſt in him, and a daily Surrender of yourſelf to him, till you feel that you love him moſt entirely, that you ſerve him with ſincere Delight, and that you cannot live a Day without God in the World.

VII. YOU know yourſelf to be a *Man*, an indigent Creature and a Sinner, and you profeſs to be a *Chriſtian*, a Diſciple of the bleſſed *Jeſus:* But never think

think you know *Christ* nor your *Self* as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for Righteousness and Strength, for Pardon and Sanctification; and let him be your constant Introducer to the great God, tho' he sit upon a Throne of Grace. Remember his own Words, *John* xiv. 6. *No Man cometh to the Father but by me.*

VIII. MAKE *Prayer* a Pleasure and not a Task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a Praying Family, never let it be your Fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that Day, that Hour, or those Minutes to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly Pretences would tempt you to save out of the Publick Worship of the Church, the certain and constant Duties of the Closet, or any necessary Services for God and Godliness. Beware lest a Blast attend it, and not a Blessing. If God had not reserved one Day in Seven to himself, I fear Religion would have been lost out of the World; and every Day of the Week is exposed to a Curse, which has no Morning Religion.

IX. SEE that you *watch* and *labour*, as well as *pray*. Diligence and Dependance must be united in the Practice of every Christian. 'Tis the same wise Man acquaints us, that *the Hand of the Diligent* and the *Blessing of the Lord* join together to

make

make us rich, Prov. x. 4—22. rich in the Treaſures of Body or Mind, of Time or Eternity.

'TIS your Duty indeed under a Senſe of your own Weakneſs, to pray daily againſt Sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you muſt alſo avoid Temptation, and every dangerous Opportunity. Set a double Guard whereſoever you feel or ſuſpect an Enemy at Hand. The World without, and the Heart within, have ſo much Flattery and Deceit in them, that we muſt keep a ſharp Eye upon both, leſt we are trapt into Miſchief between them.

X. HONOUR, *Profit* and *Pleaſure* have been ſometimes called the *World's Trinity*, they are its three chief Idols; each of them is ſufficient to draw a Soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them therefore, and of all their ſubtle Inſinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

REMEMBER that the *Honour* which comes from God, the Approbation of Heaven, and of your own Conſcience, are infinitely more valuable than all the Eſteem or Applauſe of Men. Dare not venture one Step out of the Road of Heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking ſtrictly in it. 'Tis a poor Religion that cannot ſtand againſt a Jeſt.

SELL not your Hopes of heavenly *Treaſures*, nor any thing that belongs to your *eternal Intereſt*, for any

of

of the Advantages of the present Life: *What shall it profit a Man to gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?*

REMEMBER also the Words of the wise Man. *He that loveth Pleasure, shall be a poor Man*; he that indulges himself in *Wine and Oil*, that is, in Drinking, in Feasting, and in sensual Gratifications, *shall not be rich.* It is one of St. *Paul*'s Characters of a most degenerate Age, when *Men become Lovers of Pleasure more than Lovers of God.* And that *fleshly Lusts war against the Soul, is* St. *Peter*'s Caveat to the *Christians* of his Time.

XI. PRESERVE your *Conscience* always soft and sensible. If but one Sin force its Way into that tender Part of the Soul, and dwell easy there, the Road is pav'd for a thousand Iniquities.

AND take heed that under any Scruple, Doubt or Temptation whatsoever, you never let any Reasonings satisfy your Conscience, which will not be a sufficient Answer or Apology to the Great Judge at the last Day.

XII. KEEP this Thought ever in your Mind, 'Tis a World of *Vanity* and Vexation in which you live; the Flatteries and Promises of it are *vain* and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet Disappointments. Many of its Occurrences are teizing and *vexatious:*

In

In every ruffling Storm without, poſſeſs your Spirit in Patience, and let all be calm and ſerene within. Clouds and Tempeſts are only found in the lower Skies; the Heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your Heart and Hope dwell much in theſe ſerene Regions, live as a Stranger here on Earth, but as a Citizen of Heaven, if you would maintain a Soul at eaſe.

XIII. SINCE in many Things we offend all, and there is not a Day paſſes which is perfectly free from Sin, let *Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, be your daily Work. A frequent Renewal of theſe Exerciſes which make a Chriſtian at firſt, will be a conſtant Evidence of your ſincere Chriſtianity, and give you Peace in Life, and Hope in Death.

XIV. EVER carry about with you ſuch a Senſe of the Uncertainty of every thiug in this Life, and of Life itſelf, as to put nothing off till To-morrow, which you can conveniently do to Day. Dilatory Perſons are frequently expoſed to Surprize and Hurry in every thing that belongs to them: The Time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the Concerns of your Soul and your Shop, your Trade and your Religion, lie always in ſuch Order, as far as poſſible, that Death at a ſhort Warning may be no occaſion of a diſquieting Tumult in your Spirit, or of bitter Repentance in a dying Hour. Farewel.

Phroni-

Phronimus, a considerable East-land Merchant, happen'd upon a Copy of these Advices about the Time when he permitted his Son to commence a Partnership with him in his Trade; he transcribed them with his own Hand, and made a Present of them to the Youth, together with the Articles of Partnership. Here young Man, *said he*, is a Paper more Worth than these Articles. Read it over once a a Month, till 'tis wrought in your very Soul and Temper. Walk by these Rules, and I can trust my Estate in your Hands. Copy out these Counsels in your Life, and you will make me and yourself easy and happy.

LVII.

SOULS *in Fetters.*

WHAT a sore Unhappiness is it to the *Christian* World, that Men are confin'd in *Parties!* There are some noble Souls imprison'd from their Infancy within the Pales of a particular Clan, or narrow Tribe, and they must never dare to think beyond those Limits. What shameful Bars are laid in the Way to obstruct the Progress of Knowledge, and the Growth of the Intellectual World! Generous Senti-

Sentiments are ſtifled and forbid to be born, leſt the Parent of them who belongs perhaps to one *Sect*, ſhould be ſuſpected of too much Intimacy with another; and a thouſand brave and free Thoughts are cruſh'd to Death in the very Bud, leſt they ſhould look like the Offspring of a *foreign Tribe*, when they appear in open Light. What a wretched Influence, *Names*, and *Sects*, and *Parties* have upon the Commonwealth of Chriſtianity! We hardly dare believe ourſelves when we have found out a Truth, if our Anceſtors did not believe it too.

A FEW Days ago *Aleuthrus* told me, that when he was a Boy, he firmly believed the *Myſtery of the Maſs*, and thought the Prieſt could turn Bread into Fleſh and Blood, for all his Relations were of that Mind; but when I began to think for myſelf a little (ſaid he) my Faith ſtagger'd, the Falſhood ſeemed too big for my Belief; and yet I know not what ſtrange ſecret Attachment to the Religion of my Fathers forbid me to deny what they had profeſs'd. So I ſhut my Eyes, and laid all my riſing Doubts to ſleep; I ſtretch'd my Faith to its former Size, and ſwallowed the old Doctrine again. Without thinking whether it were poſſible I call'd it Divine, for I could not bear the Thoughts of being a *Heretick*.

Clerico would gladly have heard *Euphonus* preach, if he durſt have ventured the Cenſure of his Friends, and been ſeen in a Meeting-Houſe. He could wil-

lingly have let his Soul loose from all Human Forms and Inventions, if he had not lately subscribed the *Twentieth Article* of the Church among the rest, and declar'd that she *has Power to ordain Rites and Ceremonies.* But since he has subscribed, he does not care to indulge his Thoughts in so much Freedom.

Phileuchus happened to lodge a Week at the House of *Sebastes*, where he heard Mr. *Jenks*'s *Prayers* read daily in the Family with great Devotion; he prevail'd with himself to join in the Worship, and felt his Soul refresh'd by it; yet his own House continued Prayerless still; for tho' he loved Religion at his Heart, yet he could not express himself with any tolerable Decency, Propriety or Courage in Family-Worship, and he was ashamed to let his Friends know that he made use of Forms.

WHAT a poor foolish Thing is Man! Human Nature in all Ages is too much like itself; what is now practised among *Christians*, to the Reproach and Injury of *Revealed Truth*, has been a Bar to the Profession and Improvement of *Natural Religion*, in the Days and the Nations of ancient *Heathenism.*

Socrates is famous in History for his Belief of the One true God, in opposition to the *Polytheism* of the World, and the numerous Idols of the Priest and the People: But he is reported by this Means to have exposed himself to the Resentment and popular Fury of some

ſome of his Countrymen, ſo that he is counted a ſort of *Martyr* for that Cauſe. Yet, as ſome report, he was ſcarce able to ſupport his Courage in the publick Profeſſion of that One true God in a dying Hour, for 'tis ſaid that he ordered a Cock to be offered as a Sacrifice to *Æſculapius* the God of Phyſick. I confeſs 'tis ſo mean and ſervile a Compliance, that I can hardly believe it concerning *Socrates*.

BUT if the Soul of the noble *Grecian* was bound in theſe Fetters of a Popular Religion, which forbid his bold and final Profeſſion of his Diviner Sentiments; 'tis not *Greece* only, but *Rome* alſo has produced Examples of the ſame Weakneſs among ſome of its Heroes. It muſt be acknowledged, they had ſome heavenly Flights of Thought, and Courage enough to let their Notions juſt ſtart into Light, and give broad Hints of their Faith; but they were forced to cramp and diſcourage the Progreſs and the Growth of it, for fear of the National Idolatry which reign'd in their Age. They had not Strength of Soul and Bravery enough to become Martyrs for the Truth.

Cicero was a great Man, but he was afraid to ſpeak what he knew of the Unity of the Eternal God, the Maker of All. *'Tis hard*, ſays he, *to find out him who is the Parent of this Univerſe; and when you have found him, 'tis not lawful to ſhew him to the vulgar World.* Illum quaſi parentem hujus

universitatis invenire difficile: & cum inveneris, indicare in Vulgus nefas. *Lib. de Univers. p.* 2. and the same he saith again, *Lib.* 2. *de Nat. Deor.* Let not our Men of *Heathenism* then, our *British* Infidels, charge all this Folly upon Christians alone, since their Pagan Predecessors were guilty of it as well as we.

O WHERE shall that City stand, whose Inhabitants shall traffick in intellectual Treasures, and set forth all their new Improvements and Acquisitions in open Day-light, without the Danger of Publick Penalties or Reproach? Where shall that happy Race of Men be born, who shall seek Truth with an unbiass'd Soul, and shall speak it freely to Mankind, without the fear of Parties, or the Odium of Singularity? When shall that golden Age arise in *Great Britain*, in which every rich Genius shall produce his brightest Sentiments to the Honour of God, and to the general Profit of Men, and yet stand exempted from common Slander? When shall the sacred Mines of Scripture be digg'd yet deeper than ever, and the hidden Riches thereof be brought out of their long Obscurity, to adorn the Doctrine of God our Saviour? O that these dark and stormy Days of Party and Prejudice were roll'd away, that Men would once give Leave to their Fellow Christians to spell out and read some ancient and unknown Glories of the Person of Christ, which are contained in Scripture, and to unfold some hidden Wonders of his Gospel! The wisest of Men know yet but in part, and 'tis always

ways poſſible to grow wiſer, at leaſt on this ſide Heaven; but publick Prejudice is a Friend to Darkneſs, nor could Ignorance and Error, without this Shield have defended their Thrones ſo long among Creatures of Reaſon, under the Light of Divine Sun-beams.

LVIII.

To LUCIUS, *on the Death of* SERENA.

Dear Sir,

SOME of theſe Verſes attempted to ſooth your Sorrows in a melancholy and diſtreſſing Hour: They were all finiſh'd near the ſame Time, and united in this Form, tho' they have thus long lain in Silence, nor ventur'd to preſent themſelves to you. I am almoſt in Pain already, leſt they ſhould awake your Heart-ake by a Recollection of ſome dear mournful Images, and vaniſh'd Scenes of Grief. Let theſe Lines rather call your Views upward to the better Manſions of your abſent Kindred, and awaken you to aim every Step of Life toward thoſe Regions of Holineſs and Joy. Adieu, and be happy. I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

DEATH *and* HEAVEN.

In Five LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

The Spirit's Farewel to the Body after long Sickness.

I.

HOW am I held a Prisoner now,
Far from my God! This mortal Chain
Binds me to Sorrow: All below
Is short-liv'd Ease or tiresome Pain.

II.

When shall that wond'rous Hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark Abode,
To live at large in Regions, where
Nor Cloud nor Vail shall hide my God?

III.

Farewel this Flesh, these Ears, these Eyes,
These Snares and Fetters of the Mind;
My God, nor let this Frame arise
Till every Dust be well refin'd.

IV.

IV.

Jesus, who mak'ſt our Natures whole,
Mould me a Body like thy own:
Then ſhall it better ſerve my Soul
In Works of Praiſe and Worlds unknown.

ODE II.

The Departing Moment, or, *Abſent from the Body*.

I.

ABSENT from Fleſh! O bliſsful Thought!
What unknown Joys this Moment brings!
Freed from the Miſchiefs Sin hath wrought,
From Pains and Fears, and all their Springs!

II.

Abſent from Fleſh! Illuſtrious Day!
Surpriſing Scene! triumphant Stroke,
That rends the Priſon of my Clay,
And I can feel my Fetters broke!

III.

Abſent from Fleſh! Then riſe my Soul,
Where Feet or Wings could never climb,
Beyond the Heavens where Planets roll,
Meaſuring the Cares and Joys of Time.

IV.

I go where God and Glory ſhine :
His Preſence makes eternal Day.
My All that's mortal I reſign,
For *Uriel* waits and points my Way.

ODE III.

Entrance into Paradiſe, or, *Preſent with the Lord.*

I.

AND is this Heaven ? And am I there !
How ſhort the Road ! how ſwift the Flight !
I am all Life, all Eye, all Ear;
Jeſus is here, — my Soul's Delight.

II.

Is this the heavenly Friend who hung
In Blood and Anguiſh on the Tree,
Whom *Paul* proclaim'd, whom *David* ſung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

III.

How fair, thou Offspring of my God!
Thou firſt-born Image of his Face!
Thy Death procur'd this bleſt Abode,
Thy vital Beams adorn the Place.

IV.

IV.

Lo, he presents me at the Throne
All spotless; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake, my Voice, in heavenly Strains!

ODE IV.

The Sight of GOD *in Heaven.*

I.

CREATOR-GOD, Eternal Light,
Fountain of Good, tremendous Power,
Ocean of Wonders, blissful Sight!
Beauty and Love unknown before!

II.

Thy Grace, thy Nature, all unknown
In yon dark Region whence I came!
Where languid Glimpses from thy Throne
And feeble Whispers teach thy Name.

III.

I'm in a World where all is new;
My Self, my God; O blest Amaze!
Not my best Hopes or Wishes knew
To form a Shadow of this Grace.

IV.

Fixt on my God, my Heart, adore:
My restless Thoughts forbear to rove:
Ye meaner Passions, stir no more;
But all my Powers be Joy and Love.

ODE V.

A Funeral ODE *at the Interrment of the Body, supposed to be sung by the Mourners.*

I.

UNVAIL thy Bosom, faithful Tomb;
Take this new Treasure to thy Trust,
And give these sacred Reliques Room
To seek a Slumber in the Dust.

II.

Nor Pain, nor Grief, nor anxious Fear
Invade thy Bounds. No mortal Woes
Can reach the lovely Sleeper here,
And Angels watch her soft Repose.

III.

So *Jesus* slept: God's dying Son
Past through the Grave, and blest the Bed.
Rest here, fair Saint; till from his Throne
The Morning break and pierce the Shade.

IV.

IV.

Break from his Throne, illuſtrious Morn;
Attend, O Earth, his ſovereign Word;
Reſtore thy Truſt, a glorious Form;
She muſt aſcend to meet her Lord.

LIX.

Divine Conduct diſputed and juſtify'd.

WHEN we meet with any thing in the Conduct of Men which appears ſtrange and unaccountable to us, if at the ſame time it ſeem to carry in it the Aſpect of ſomething low and trifling, we are too ready to think ourſelves ſuch Sons of Wiſdom as to pronounce Puerility and Contempt upon the Perſons and their Practice. So haſty are we to paſs ſudden and raſh Judgments on the preſent Appearances of Things, and to imagine every thing is unreaſonable when we don't immediately ſee the Reaſon of it, as if all Reaſon were ingroſs'd in our Boſoms, and Wiſdom had no other Abode. *Gelotes*, to ſhew his own ſuperior Genius, treats the Rites of *Moſes*, and the Ceremonies of the *Jewiſh* Religion, in the ſame manner; he cannot deviſe what all theſe Bells and Pomgranates, and twenty other little Fineries, were made for upon

the Garments of the High Priest; nor can he guess the Reason of all the petty Punctilio's about Lambs, and Rams, and red Heifers, about Pigeons, Hyssop, and Scarlet, Sprinklings and Washings. He is utterly at a Loss what they were design'd for; and therefore he roundly declares his Opinion, that *Moses* had little to do, who could employ his Mind in contriving such Trifles: 'Tis unaccountable, says he, that a Person who seems in other Things to be a Man of Sense, should prescribe such an endless Ritual with minute Directions about a hundred little Matters relating to the Pins and Tacks, the Boards and Curtains of the Tabernacle, and all that Scenery of Puerile Worship, which a wise Man would neither command nor practise. And thus he goes on to shoot his Bolts of Blasphemy at divine Wisdom over the Shoulders of *Moses*, and through his Sides to ridicule and reproach the God of *Israel*. How often does such a sudden and rash Censure discover its own Folly, when it is pass'd on the Actions of Men, by a further Insight into their wise Designs; and the Man who poured out his Laughter and Contempt upon others, how justly does he become the Object of Contempt and Ridicule himself, on the account of his Pride and Rashness? But when the Counsels and Appointments of the blessed God, when the Works of his Wisdom, which is vast and deep beyond our Ken and Fathom, are thus taken to Task by silly Mortals, and derided because they don't understand the Purpose and Intent of them, what flagrant Impiety

is

is this? What Impudence added to their Raſhneſs? and how much does it deſerve the divine Indignation?

THIS very Man, this *Gelotes*, a few Days ago was carried by his Neighbour *Typiger* to ſee a Gentleman of his Acquaintance; they found him ſtanding at the Window of his Chamber, moving and turning round a Glaſs-Priſm, near a round Hole which he had made in the Window-Shutter, and caſting all the Colours of the Rainbow upon the Wall of the Room: They were unwilling to diſturb him, tho' he amus'd himſelf at this rate for half an Hour together, merely to pleaſe and entertain his Eye-ſight, as *Gelotes* imagined, with the Brightneſs and Strength of the Reds and the Blues, the Greens and the Purples, in many ſhifting Forms of Situation; while ſeveral little Implements lay about him, of white Paper and Shreds of colour'd Silk, pieces of Tin with Holes in them, Spectacles and Burning-Glaſſes. When the Gentleman at laſt ſpy'd his Company, he came down and entertain'd them agreeably enough upon other Subjects, and diſmiſs'd them.

AT another time *Gelotes* beheld the ſame Gentleman blowing up large Bubbles with a Tobacco-Pipe out of a Bowl of Water well impregnated with Soap, which is a common Diverſion of Boys. As the Bubbles roſe, he mark'd the little changeable Colours on the Surface of them with great Attention,

till

till they broke and vanish'd into Air and Water. He seem'd to be very grave and solemn in this Sort of Recreation, and now and then smiled to see the little Appearances and Disappearances of Colours, as the Bubble grew thinner toward the Top, while the watry Particles of it ran down along the Side to the Bottom, and the Surface grew too thin and feeble to include the Air, then it burst to pieces, and was lost.

WELL, says *Gelotes* to his Friend, I did not think you would have carried me into the Acquaintance of a Madman: Surely he can never be right in his Senses who wastes his Hours in such Fooleries as these. Whatsoever good Opinion I had conceived of a Gentleman of your Intimacy, I am amazed now that you should keep up any degree of Acquaintance with him, when his Reason is gone, and he is become a mere Child. What are all these little Scenes of Sport and Amusement, but Proofs of the Absence of his Understanding? Poor Gentleman! I pity him in his unhappy Circumstances; but I hope he has Friends to take care of him under this degree of Distraction.

Typiger was not a little pleased to see that his Project, with regard to his Neighbour *Gelotes* had succeeded so well; and when he had suffered him to run on at this rate for some Minutes, he interrupted him with a surprizing Word: This very Gentleman, says he, is the great Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

TON, the first of Philosophers, the Glory of *Great-Britain*, and renowned among the Nations. You have beheld him now making these Experiments over again, by which he first found out the Nature of Light and Colours, and penetrated deeper into the Mysteries of them, than all Mankind ever knew before him. This is the Man, and these his Contrivances, upon which you so freely cast your Contempt, and pronounce him distracted. You know not the Depth of his Designs, and therefore you censured them all as Fooleries; whereas the learned World has esteemed them the utmost Reach of Human Sagacity.

Gelotes was all Confusion and Silence. Whereupon *Typiger* proceeded thus; Go now and ridicule the Law-giver of *Israel*, and the Ceremonies of the *Jewish* Church, which *Moses* taught them; go, repeat your Folly and your Slanders, and laugh at these Divine Ceremonies, merely because you know not the Meaning of them: Go and affront the God of *Israel*, and reproach him for sending *Moses* to teach such Forms of Worship to the *Jews*. There is not the least of them but was appointed by the greatest of Beings, and has some special Design and Purpose in the Eye of Divine Wisdom. Many of them are explained by the Apostle *Paul*, in his Letter to the *Hebrews*, as Types and Emblems of the Glories and Blessings of the New Testament; and the rest of them, whose Reason has not been discovered

vered to us, remain perhaps to be made known at the Conversion of the *Jews*, when Divine Light shall be spread over all the ancient Dispensations, and a brighter Glory diffused over all the Rites and Forms of Religion, which God ever instituted among the Race of *Adam*.

THUS far *Typiger*; while *Gelctes* was still silent, being pierced to the Heart with a Conviction of his Rashness and Folly, and stung inwardly with bitter Remorse at the Thoughts of his impious and profane Raillery. He went home mournful, and set himself with a sincere and humble Enquiry to learn all the successive Religions of the Bible, which he had ridiculed, and found so much Reason in a great Part of them, that he submitted to believe the Dignity of them all, and profess'd himself a hearty Christian.

THE Book of Nature and the Book of Providence have some obscure Pages in them, as well as the Book of Religion and Grace. There are many Appearances in the Creation of God, and many more in his Government of the World, which are thus impudently arraign'd by thoughtless Mortals. They discover not the Symmetry and exact Proportion between the several Parts of them, and therefore they pronounce them the Works of Chance and mere Caprices of Nature. They cannot penetrate into the distant Designs of the All-wise Creator and Ruler

Ruler of the Univerſe, and they are ready to conclude that there is no Deſign, no Wiſdom in them. But he was a much wiſer Man who tells us, that *God has made every thing beautiful in its Seaſon, but Man has this World in his Heart*, i. e. he is ſo intent upon the preſent little Spot of Ground on which he ſtands, and the little Incidents of that Inch of Time in which he appears, *that he cannot diſcern the Work that God does from the Beginning to the End thereof*; and therefore Men are not able to comprehend the admirable Beauty of his Works, and they are reſolved to believe no farther than they can ſee. Vain Animals of Fleſh and Blood! Proud ſwelling Reptiles of the Earth! As if a Company of Worms, who are juſt crept out of their native Glebe, and retiring into it again after a few Moments, ſhould pretend to arraign and Cenſure the Motions and Phaſes of the Moon, and all the Rules and Movements of the Planetary Worlds. That Man ſurely ſhould have a Stretch of Thought equal to Deity, and with one ſingle Survey graſp all the Atoms of created Matter, and all the World of Minds with all their Ideas, he ſhould view at once all their infinite Relations to each other, with all the Scenes and Appearances in the upper and lower Regions of Creation, from the Beginning of Time far into Eternity, who would dare to conteſt the Wiſdom of Providence, or of any of the Works or the Appointments of his Maker? *How manifold are thy Works, O Lord? In Wiſdom haſt thou made them all. How unſearchable*

able are thy Ways, and thy Judgments untraceable by all the Sons of Men! *Who has known the Mind of the Lord, and who has been his Counsellor? Of him, and by him, and for him, are all Things; to whom be Glory for ever and ever.* Amen.

LX.

Sinful Anger for GOD's *Sake.*

IT is a very possible Thing for us to be sinfully angry with our Neighbour, even upon the Account of Sin: We have Hearts of unsearchable Subtilty and unfathomable Deceit. The best of us are too often tempted to follow the Violence of our own carnal Affections, under an Appearance of Zeal and Duty, and skreen our own Wrath to Man, under the Covert of Love to God. And when the angry Powers of our Nature are set on work under the Colour of so divine a Principle, they are impatient of all Restraint, and know no Bounds, for we cannot do too much for God and his Honour.

Deirus is ready to think, that if he let fly all his Wrath against a Man for a sinful Action, that Wrath can't rise to Excess; he persuades himself that 'tis rather a Work of Righteousness than a Fault,

Fault, and puts it amongſt his Virtues and his Honours. I wiſh *Deirus* would take heed, leſt he mingle the Heat of corrupt Fleſh and Blood with holy Zeal, and offer Iniquity for a Sacrifice. In order to manage well in this Matter, I would admoniſh him to take notice of theſe Things.

FIRST, When an Action offends both GOD and ourſelves at the ſame time, we muſt watch with the utmoſt Diligence, leſt Self-love diſguiſe itſelf in the Form of Zeal, and command our Paſſions entirely into our own Service, while we think they are at work for GOD. Suppoſe I have often inſtructed young *Pravo*, as to his Morals; ſuppoſe I have earneſtly perſuaded him to any Duty, or cautioned him often againſt ſome evil Practice, and I ſee him nevertheleſs obſtinately proceed in his own Way; perhaps I ſhall be ready to indulge my Anger againſt him, becauſe he diſobeys me, more than becauſe he diſpleaſes GOD. Or ſuppoſe my Neighbour *Calumnio* rail at me as a Puritan and a Madman, becauſe I'm ſeen often at Publick Prayers, and upbraid and reproach me with odious Charges for the ſake of my Religion, I'm tempted to kindle perhaps into ſudden Indignation, chiefly becauſe *Self* is reviled, and not becauſe GOD is diſhonoured.

IN ſuch Inſtances as theſe, there is an eaſy Way to find whether our Zeal be more Selfiſh or Divine. Let me ask my own Heart, "Should I "have

" have been so angry with this Youth, if he had " neglected another Friend's pious Advice in the " same Case wherein he has neglected mine?" and yet the Sin against GOD would have been the same. Again, " Should I have grown so warm " against *Calumnio* for reproaching my Fellow-" Christian on the account of his Devotions, as I " am for reproaching me?" and yet his Offence against the Gospel had been the same still. Thus by putting *Self* out of the Case, we guard against the Deceit of Self-love, and pass a juster Sentence on our own Actions.

NOW if upon due Search we find that our Wrath is awakened rather because an Action offends us, than because it offends GOD, this is a *Work of the Flesh*, and must be mortified; our Passions should all be pure. Our blessed Lord *Jesus* bore a Load of Personal Reproaches falling heavy upon himself, and opened not his Mouth; but when the *Jewish* Buyers and Sellers profaned his Father's House of Prayer, then indeed he assumed an extraordinary Character, and gave an Instance of severe Zeal by scourging them out of the Temple, *John* ii. 17.

SECONDLY, Take care of giving up the Reins intirely to an angry Passion, tho' it pretend Sin for its Object, lest it run to an ungovernable Excess; 'tis St. *Paul*'s Counsel, *Be angry and sin not*, *Ephes.* iv. 26. so hard it is to be angry upon any Account

count without Sinning. It was a happy Comparison (whosoever first invented it) that the Passions of our Saviour were like pure Water in a clear Glass: shake it never so much, and 'tis pure still; there was no Defilement in his holy Soul by the warmest Agitation of all those Powers of his Animal Nature; but ours are like Water with Mud at the bottom, and we can scarce shake the Glass with the gentlest Motion, but the Mud arises, and diffuses itself abroad, polluting both the Water and the Vessel. Our irascible Passions can scarce be indulged a Moment, but they are ready to defile the whole Man.

WE may find *whether our Anger rise to a sinful Excess or no*, by such Enquiries as these.

DOES it fire my Blood into Rage, and kindle my Spirits into a sudden Blaze, like a Train of Gunpowder? Then it looks too much like a Work of the Flesh, and may create a just Suspicion of the pious Purity of it, for this has not the Appearance of a Christian Virtue; our holy Religion is a more reasonable and more gentle Thing, and never teaches us to act with a thoughtless Violence, tho' it sometimes calls the active Powers of Flesh and Blood into the Assistance of sincere Zeal.

DOES it transport us away to the Practice of any thing unbecoming our Character? Does it arm

our

our Tongues with vile and scandalous Names, or our Hands with hasty Weapons of Outrage and Cruelty? This Sort of Conduct carries in it more of the Resemblance of the evil Spirit that seeks Revenge and Mischief. I confess there have been some Examples of severe and terrible Zeal amongst the pious *Jews*; but we must remember that the meek and peaceful Religion of the Gospel was not then establish'd; and we must consider too, that most of these Examples had a Divine Commission, and were immediately inspired by GOD himself. Such was the Case of *Phineas*, when he slew the two Offenders in the Camp of *Israel:* So *Elijah* called for Fire from Heaven, to destroy the two Captains and their Companies; and our Lord *Jesus Christ*, under the same Divine Influence, scourged the Merchants out of the Temple. But our Lord himself reproved his own Disciples when they had a mind to imitate the Wrath of *Elijah*, and taught them that under his Dispensation, which was shortly to be set up, *Zeal* was a gentler Virtue, and more of a-piece with the rest of that Religion which he designed to institute.

ANOTHER *Question* we should put to ourselves to find *Whether our Anger be excessive, or no*, is this, Does it throw us off from our Guard, dispossess us of our Temper, and darken our Judgment? Does it make us fierce and positive? Does it rob us of our Patience, and render us deaf to all so-

ber

ber Remonſtrances and Excuſes? Then it can never be from GOD, tho' it pretend to be for him; for Self-government is an eternal Duty, and the *Wiſdom which is from above* is *ſwift to hear, and ſlow to ſpeak*, it is *eaſy to be intreated*, and *full of Forgiveneſs*.

FINALLY, let us ask, Does the Paſſion render us unfit for any Duty to GOD, tempt us to omit any Duty to Man, or hinder us in the Performance of either? We may then aſſure ourſelves it riſes to Exceſs, and becomes in ſome meaſure criminal.

'TIS a certain Rule of Prudence, that all theſe Animal Powers, be they never ſo juſtly employ'd, deſerve a watchful and ſevere Guard upon them, leſt they grow unruly and extravagant.

THE laſt Piece of Advice that I would give to my Friends, and learn to take myſelf, is this, That where the mere *Appearance* of an angry Paſſion will attain the ſame End, I would not chuſe to give myſelf the Trouble and Diſquietude of feeling a *real* one. Why ſhould I ſuffer my Blood and Spirits to riſe into Diſorder, if the Picture of Anger in my Countenance, and the Sound of it imitated in my Voice, will effectually diſcourage and reprove the Vice I would forbid? If I am but wiſe enough to raiſe an Appearance of Reſentment,

I need

I need not be at the Pains to throw myself into this uneasy Ferment. Is it not better for me, as a Man and a Christian, to maintain a calm, sedate Aversion to the Sin, and express my Dislike of it sometimes at least rather by a counterfeit than real Anger? If Hypocrisy be lawful any where, surely it may be allowed in this Case to dissemble a little.

And to carry the Matter yet further, I think I may assert, there are several such Occurrences in Life, wherein 'tis better not so much as to imitate Anger, and to express nothing like it, tho' the Sin may be heinous: *Anorgus*, an excellent Man, and an exemplary Christian, would not only suppress all Wrath, but conceal all Appearance of it, lest the offending Person, by seeing him discomposed or resenting, might be kindled into the same Passion, and thus be rendered unfit to receive a Reproof from him, and grow deaf to all his divine Reasonings.

'Tis a certain and shameful Truth, that in this frail and sinful State, we love ourselves so much, and God so little, that we seldom begin to grow angry for God's Sake, but we soon grow more angry for our own: Therefore upon almost all Accounts it may be given as a Piece of general and safe Advice, That let the Occasion be never so provoking, yet the less Fury the better. *The Wrath of Man never works the Righteousness of God.*

LXI.

LXI.

On the Coronation of their Majesties King GEORGE II. *and Queen* CAROLINE.

October 11. 1727.

ERGO armis invicte Heros age : fortibus apta
Ensem humeris ; meritam *Clementia temperet Iram*
Dum *regis*, *& Leges molli clementér acerbas.*
Te super æquævos omnes Regnator Olympi
Diligit, *& læto vultum exhilaravit Olivo* ;
Ille tuum *sacro cingit Diademate Crinem*,
Transmittetque tuam Longæva in sæcula famam.

En Regina tori consors tibi dextera adhæret,
Auro picta Sinus, *auro radiata Capillos* ;
Tota decens, *tota est gemmisque insignis & auro* :
At Facies cultum illustrat, *faciéque decorâ*
Pulchrior est animus. BUCHANAN.

The Coronation-Day. *An* ODE.

I.

RISE happy Morn, fair Sun, arise ;
Shed radiant Gold around the Skies,
And rich in Beams and Blessings shine,
Profuse on GEORGE and CAROLINE.

II.

Illustrious Pair! No Tear to day
Bedew the Royal Parents Clay!
'Tis GEORGE the BLEST remounts the Throne,
With double Vigour in his Son.

III.

Lo, the Majestick Form appears,
Sparkling in Life and manly Years:
The Kingdom's Pride, the Nation's Choice,
And Heav'n approves BRITANNIA's Voice.

IV.

Monarch, assume thy Powers, and stand
The Guardian-Heroe of our Land:
Let ALBION's Sons thy Style proclaim,
And distant Realms revere thy Name.

V.

Bear on thy Brows th' Imperial Crown:
Rebellion dies beneath thy Frown:
A thousand Gems of Lustre shed
Their Lights and Honours round thy Head.

VI.

Lift up thy Rod of Majesty, *
The Foes of God and Man shall flee:
Vice with her execrable Band
Shakes at the Sword in GEORGE's Hand.

* *The Sceptre.*

VII.

VII.

Law, Juſtice, Valour, Mercy ride
In Arms of Triumph at his Side,
And each celeſtial Grace is ſeen
In milder Glories round the QUEEN.

VIII.

Hail Royal Fair! divinely wiſe!
Not *Auſtrian* Crowns * could tempt thy Eyes
To part with Truth. 'Twas brave Diſdain,
When CÆSAR ſigh'd, and lov'd in vain.

IX.

But Heaven provides a rich Reward;
GEORGE is thy Lover and thy Lord:
The *Britiſh* Lion bears thy Fame,
Where *Auſtrian* Eagles have no Name.

X.

See the fair Train of Princes near:
Come, FREDERICK, Royal Youth, appear,
And grace the Day. Shall foreign † Charms
Still hold thee from thy Country's Arms,

XI.

Britain, thy Country? † Prince, ariſe,
The Morning-Star to gild our Skies;

* *Archducal and Imperial.*

† *That ingenious Device of the Figures of* Great Britain *and the* Proteſtant Religion *attending her Majeſty on her Coronation Medal, with the Motto* Hic amor, Hæc patria, *may ſupport and juſtify theſe Expreſſions.*

(O may no Cloud thy Lustre stain!)
Come, lead along the shining Train.

XII.

Each in Parental Virtues dress'd,
Each born to make a Nation bless'd:
What Kings, what Heroes yet ungrown,
Shall court the Nymphs to grace their Throne.

XIII.

Mark that young Branch * of rising Fame,
Proud of our Great Deliverer's Name:
He promises in Infant-Bloom,
To scourge some Tyrant-Power of *Rome*.

XIV.

Bloom on, fair Stem! Each Flower that blows,
Adds new Despair to *Albion*'s Foes,
And kills their Hearts. O glorious View
Of Joys for *Albion*, ever new!

XV.

Religion, Duty, Truth and Love,
In Ranks of Honour shine and move;
Pale Envy, Slander, Fraud and Spite,
Retire, and hide in Caves of Night.

XVI.

EUROPE, behold th' amazing Scene:
Empire and Liberty convene

* *Prince* WILLIAM.

To

To join their Joys and Wiſhes here,
While *Rome* and *Hell* conſent to fear.

XVII.

Eternal GOD, whoſe boundleſs Sway
Angels and ſtarry Worlds obey,
Command thy choiceſt Favours down,
Where thy own Hands have fixt the Crown.

XVIII.

Come, Light Divine, and Grace unknown,
Come, aid the Labours of the Throne:
Let BRITAIN's golden Ages run
In Circles laſting as the Sun.

XIX.

Bid ſome bright Legion from the Sky
Aſſiſt the glad Solemnity:
Ye Hoſts, that wait on favourite Kings,
Wave your broad Swords, and clap your Wings.

XX.

Then riſe, and to your Realms convey
The glorious Tidings of the Day:
Great WILLIAM ſhall rejoice to know,
That GEORGE the Second reigns below.

LXII.

A Loyal WISH *on her Majesty's Birth-Day,* March 1. *commonly called St.* David's-Day.

Borrowed from PSALM cxxxii. 10, 11.

I.

SILENCE, ye Nations; *Israel*, hear:
Thus hath the Lord to *David* sworn,
" Train up thy Sons to learn my Fear,
" And *Judah*'s Crown shall all thy Race adorn;
" Theirs be the Royal Honours thou hast won,
" Long as the starry Wheels of Nature run;
" Nature, be thou my Pledge; my Witness be the [Sun.

II.

Now, *Britain*, let thy Vows arise,
" May *George* the Royal Saint assume!
Then ask Permission of the Skies,
To put the favourite Name in *David*'s Room:
Fair *Carolina*, join thy pious Cares
To train in Virtue's Path your Royal Heirs,
And be the *British* Crown with endless Honour theirs.

LXIII.

LXIII.

PIETY *in a* COURT.

To PHILOMELA.

MADAM,

I KNOW not by what Train of Ideas I was led this Morning to muſe on theſe four Lines which I read ſome where many Years ago.

The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,
Upon whoſe magick Skirts a thouſand Devils
In chryſtal Forms ſit tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.

THIS Deſcription of a Court gave occaſion to the following Enquiries.

Is there a lovely Soul, ſo much Divine,
Can act her glorious Part, and move, and ſhine
On this enchanted Spot of treach'rous Ground,
Nor give her Vertue nor her Fame a Wound?

Is there a Soul ſo temper'd, ſo refin'd,
That Pomp nor feeds her Senſe, nor fires the Mind,

That soars above the Globe with high Disdain,
While Earth's gay Trifles tempt her Thoughts in vain?

Is there a Soul can fix her raptur'd Eyes,
And glance warm Wishes at her kindred Skies
Thro' Roofs of vaulted Gold, while round her burn
Love's wanton Fires, and die beneath her Scorn?

Is there a Soul at Court that seeks the Grove
Or lonely Hill to muse on heavenly Love;
And when to Crowds and State her Hour descends,
She keeps her Conscience and her God her Friends?

HAVE ye not met her, Angels, in her Flight,
Wing'd with Devotion, thro' meridian Night,
Ne'er Heav'ns high Portal? — Angels, speak her [Name,
Consign *Eusebia* to celestial Fame:
While *Philomel* in Language like your own
To mortal Ears makes her young Victories known;
Let *Raphael* to the Skies her Honours sing,
And Triumphs daily new. With friendly Wing
Gabriel in Arms attend her thro' the Field
Of sacred War, and *Mercy* be her Shield,
While with unsully'd Charms she makes her Way
Thro' Scenes of dangerous Life, to Realms of endless [Day.

I persuade myself, MADAM, you will acknowledge that these Queries are determined with much Truth and Justice, and centres in a Name that answers every Enquiry. *Eusebia* has such a Guard of

of Modeſty ever attending, as forbids theſe Lines to appear before her from my Hand; but *Alethina* happen'd to ſit among a few intimate Friends while this Letter was read thus far; and here ſhe interrupted the reading with a friendly Impatience to confirm it. "I know *Euſebia*'s Modeſty, ſaid "ſhe, and a Bluſh will be eaſily raiſed in the Face of "ſo much Virtue; yet I don't think the Writer "hath miſtook her Character; in my Opinion 'tis "juſt and ſincere; her whole Converſation is of a "Piece: Her publick and her private Hours are of "the ſame Colour and Hue: She is much a Chri-"ſtian in the Family and the Cloſet, nor doth ſhe "put off any part of that glorious Profeſſion at Court. "I have been favour'd with ſome of the Fruits of her "retir'd Meditations, and as I have long had the "Happineſs of her Acquaintance, I dare pronounce "that ſhe lives what ſhe writes. It ſo happens at "preſent, that I can give you a Taſte of her Piety and "her Acquaintance with the Muſes together, for I "have had Leave to tranſcribe three or four Copies "with which I have been much entertained, and "I'm perſuaded you'll thank me for the Entertain-"ment they give you."

1. *A Rural* MEDITATION.

HERE in the tuneful Groves and flow'ry Fields,
Nature a Thouſand various Beauties yields:
The Daiſy and tall Cowſlip we behold
Array'd in ſnowy White, or freckled Gold.

The

The verdant Proſpect cheriſhes our Sight,
Affording Joy unmix'd, and calm Delight;
The Foreſt-Walks and Venerable Shade,
Wide-ſpreading Lawns, bright Rills, and ſilent Glade,
With a Religious Awe our Souls inſpire,
And to the Heavens our raptur'd Thoughts aſpire,
To him who ſits in Majeſty on high,
Who turn'd the ſtarry Arches of the Sky;
Whoſe Word ordain'd the ſilver *Thames* to flow,
Rais'd all the Hills, and laid the Vallies low;
Who taught the Nightingale in Shades to ſing,
And bid the Sky-Lark warble on the Wing;
Makes the young Steer obedient till the Land,
And lowing Heifers own the Milker's Hand;
Calms the rough Sea, and ſtills the raging Wind,
And rules the Paſſions of the Human Mind.

2. *A Penitential* THOUGHT.

CAN I then grieve for ev'ry Wretch's Woe,
And weep if I but hear a Tale of Sorrow?
Say, can I ſhare in every one's Affliction,
Yet ſtill remain thus ſtupid to my own?
Is then my Heart to all the World beſide
Softer than melting Wax or Summer Snow,
But to myſelf, harder than Adamant?
Can I behold the Ruin Sin has made,
And feel God's Image in my Soul defac'd;
Nor heave a Sigh, nor drop a pitying Tear
At my ſad Fate, nor lift my Eyes to Heaven

For

For Aid againſt the Flatt'ries of the World,
The Wiles of *Satan* and the Joys of Senſe?
Give me, ye Springs, O give me all your Streams
That I may weep; nor thus with ſtupid Gaze
Behold my Ruin, like a Wretch enchanted
Whoſe Faculties are bound with powerful Charms,
To ſome accurſed Spot of Earth confin'd.
Give me, ye gentle Winds, your balmy Breath
To heave my Boſom with continued Sighs. —
Teach me, ye Wood-Doves, your complaining Notes
To mourn my Fall, to mourn my rocky Heart,
My Headſtrong Will, and every ſinful Thought.
In ſilent Shades retir'd I long to dwell,
Far from the Tumults of the buſy World,
And all the Sounds of Mirth and clamorous Joy,
'Till every ſtormy Paſſion is ſubdu'd,
And God has full poſſeſſion of my Soul;
'Till all my Wiſhes centre in his Will,
And I no more am fetter'd to the World;
'Till all the Buſineſs of my Life is Praiſe,
And my full Heart o'erflows with heavenly Love,
While all created Beauties loſe their Charms,
And GOD is All in All.

3. *A Midnight* HYMN.

TO thee, All-glorious, ever bleſſed Pow'r,
I conſecrate this ſilent Midnight Hour,
While ſolemn Darkneſs covers o'er the Sky,
And all Things wrapt in gentle Slumbers lie,

Unwearied let me praise thy holy Name,
And ev'ry Thought with Gratitude inflame,
For the rich Mercies which thy Hands impart,
Health to my Flesh, and Comfort to my Heart.
O may my Prayers before thy Throne arise,
An humble, but accepted Sacrifice!
And when thou shalt my weary Eye-lids close,
And to my Body grant a soft Repose,
May my ethereal Guardian kindly spread
His Wings, and from the Tempter screen my Head!
Grant of celestial Light some piercing Beams,
To bless my Sleep and sanctify my Dreams.

4. *The Dying Christian's* Hope.

WHEN faint and sinking to the Shades of Death,
I gasp with Pain for every lab'ring Breath,
O may my Soul by some blest Foretaste know
That she's deliver'd from eternal Woe!
May Hope in *Christ* dispel each gloomy Fear,
And Thoughts like these my drooping Spirits chear.
What tho' my Sins are of a crimson Stain,
My Saviour's Blood can wash me white again:
Tho' numerous as the twinkling Stars they be,
Or Sands along the Margin of the Sea;
Or as smooth Pebbles on some beachy Shore,
The Mercies of th' Almighty still are more.
He looks upon my Soul with pitying Eyes,
Sees all my Fears, and listens to my Cries:

He

He knows the Frailty of each human Breaſt,
What Paſſions our unguarded Hearts moleſt,
And for the Sake of his dear dying Son
Will pardon all the Ills that I have done.
Arm'd with ſo bright a Hope, I ſhall not fear
To ſee my Death hourly approach more near;
But my Faith ſtrength'ning as my Life decays,
My dying Breath ſhall mount to Heaven in Praiſe.

THE Company was not a little charmed with the unaffected Air of Piety and Devotion which runs through all theſe ODES, and pronounced the Pen which wrote *Euſebia*'s Character guiltleſs of Flattery, where the Life correſponds with ſuch ſacred Poeſy as this, and makes the moſt tuneful Harmony in the Ears of the bleſſed God, and of all the Inhabitants of Heaven.

LXIV.

The Courteous *and the* Peeviſh.

THERE are two evident Reaſons why a Creature who is proud and angry in Youth, generally grows old in theſe Vices, and never corrects them. Some who were born near Neighbours to *Veſpus*, and have known his Conduct from the Cradle, have named him to me as a very remarkable Example, in

whom these two Reasons prevail, to keep him an everlasting Slave to these Passions; for in the first Place he had always such an unchangeable good Opinion of himself and his own Conduct, that he could never spy out his own Blemishes, nor could he find any occasion to charge himself with these Iniquities, and therefore he indulged them without Self-Reproof; and then also he is of so very waspish a Temper, that he will not bear any Friend to give him the gentlest Notice of his own Follies. He kindles at once upon the softest Syllables of Remonstrance into a sudden Fit of Indignation; his Spirits rise into a Blaze all in a Moment, and with Fire and Thunder he silences the most friendly Admonisher. The peevish and the furious Boy by this Means is become a Man of Peevishness and Fury. He wears his native Crimes to old Age: Growing Years and decaying Nature increase these unhappy Passions, these inward uneasy Ferments; and while Vegetables lose their sour Juices, and are mellowed by Time, this Animal grows sourer still by Age; he appears daily more fretful and more imperious. Tho' he will bear no Admonition himself, yet he deals out his Rebukes to others with a sovereign Air, and while many fear him, there are few or none that love him.

He has pass'd through several Indispositions in the Course of Life, and been often confin'd to his Chamber by Sickness; but at such Seasons the whole Family is in Terror, for the peevish Humour grows

into

intolerable. No Person or Thing can please him; whether Things, or Persons, or Circumstances, all offend. Not a Motion, not a Step, not a Word is right. He is ever teizing his Attendants with sharp and insolent Language, tho' they do all that Nature and Art can do to comport with his Will. He has lived uneasy in the midst of Health and Ease, and no wonder that he is all Chagrin and Impatience when Pain attacks him; and he seems to fret then with some Colour or Pretence. In short, he inwardly murmurs at Providence which has smitten him; and while he resents the Conduct of Heaven, he makes all who are near him on Earth feel his Resentment. He is now in the last Stage of Life, and the same Man still. *The Leopard cannot put off his Spots, nor the Ethiopian change his Skin:* And he that has indulged his Vices throughout his whole Life against all Admonitions, has little Reason to expect that he shall be delivered from these Iniquities at Death. The Sins of his Nature seem to go down with him to the Dust, and they cleave so close to the whole Man, that 'tis well if they do not rise again with him, and attend him for ever.

NOT so *Placentia*, the Wife and the Courteous. Tho' she has been surrounded with Temptations to Pride and Anger, yet she had but little Vice in her Original Constitution, and has almost nullify'd that little by Rules of Virtue, by the Labours of Piety, and the Aids of Divine Grace. She was educated from her Cradle

Cradle in all the Forms of Grandeur; she has been surrounded with Complaisance of every kind, and the Civilities due to the Sex have less exposed her to Rudeness and Contradiction; yet she has learnt to bear an Opposition, both to her Sentiments and her Will, without awakening an angry Passion, or feeling an uneasy Ferment within. She receives the Sentiments of her Companions, when they are different from her own, with all the serene Airs of a Philosopher, who has nothing in pursuit but Reason and Truth; and if she happen to take a Step amiss, the Admonition of a Friend is numbered amongst her Benefits and her Obligations.

Her Nature is not robust, but rather of a sickly Make; yet neither Pain nor Sickness provoke a peevish Word from her. She has learnt to receive the Affliction as an awakening Stroke from Heaven, designed to loosen her Heart from all that is mortal: she is all Submission to the Hand of a heavenly Father, and weans herself daily from every thing beneath and beside God. She knows, or believes at least, that her Friends and her Attendants seek her Ease, and she accepts all they do with a grateful Pleasure. She had rather bear an Inconvenience herself, than give an Uneasiness even to the meaner Figures of Mankind: Every one loves to do kind Offices for *Placentia*, and happy are they who can administer any Relief to her in all her painful Hours.

IF she ever finds occasion to give a Reproof, 'tis with so much Address, with such Wisdom and such Sweetness, that the Person reproved is convinced and pleased at once, and his Reformation is effectually begun. A few Days ago she made this appear with peculiar Happiness.

Critillo happened to pay his Morning Attendance, and heard divine Service at the same Church which *Placentia* frequented. When Prayers were done, the Preacher began; he spoke many substantial Truths, agreeably enough to the Text whence he derived his Discourse, and he drew some Practical Inferences at the Close, with Justice, and with some degree of Fervency. But (alas! said *Critillo*) there were so many old-fashion'd Similitudes and aukward Flourishes with which he seemed to garnish his Sermon; sometimes the Language was so mean and creeping, some of the Phrases appeared so antiquated, others so vulgar, and many of them carried such an affected Air of the Sublime and Magnificent, that all my Devotion was spoil'd. I think I went to Church with a good Heart and Desires of Improvement, but I had no Appetite even to spiritual Food, when it was dress'd and dish'd out in so disagreeable a manner. I must confess I came home much out of Humour, and found no Profit at all. *Placentia* made but few and gentle Replies; but in order to obtain more Conversarion on the Subject, she invited *Critillo*

to

to Dinner last *Wednesday*. She provided wholsome and proper Food in a becoming Variety, but the Dishes were of a very antique Mould, the Disposition of them quite out of fashion, and while the Garnish of some was profusely rich and gay, that of others was very coarse and poor. *Critillo* knowing his sincere Welcome, sat down, and confess'd he eat very heartily; but after Dinner he took the Freedom to ask the Lady whether this was the newest Mode of Entertainment, or what she meant by such an odd sort of Elegance in the Oeconomy of her Table. I meant, said *Placentia*, to try whether your Stomach was not in a more healthy State than your Soul and Conscience. You complained last *Sunday*, that the Sermon was so dish'd and dress'd, that you could not relish it; and tho' you confess'd there was much Truth and Duty contain'd in it, yet you were so disgusted with the Style of the Preacher and his aukward Manner, that you went away fretting at the Discourse, and received no Profit at all; but you own you fed heartily upon the Provisions of my Table to Day, nor was your Stomach so squeamish as to keep your Fast, tho' the Dishes and Garniture were inelegant enough, and very much a-kin to the Sermon you described. *Critillo* took the Hint, and was convinced of his Folly, beg'd Pardon of *Placentia*, and learnt for the future to attend with a better Spirit on publick Worship: "For "you have now taught me, says he, to make this "Observation, that if the Soul of a Christian be "found in a healthy State, 'twill not grow peevish

"and

" and refuſe all ſpiritual Food, becauſe it is not ſur-
" rounded with every proper and modiſh Elegance in
" the diſpenſing of it."

BUT this is but one Inſtance of her Prudence and Addreſs in reclaiming Mankind from their Follies; thoſe who have the Happineſs of her intimate Acquaintance, have been Witneſſes to many ſuch Pieces of gentle and effectual Reproof. A pleaſing Serenity of Soul has run through her whole Courſe: But ſome Years ago, when ſhe was verging towards the Decline of Life, ſhe happened for ſeveral Months together, to be ruffled and teized with two or three unhappy Occurrences, which came upon her at once, and gave her ſo much Diſquietude, as made her Carriage to thoſe round about her favour a little of the inward Vexation. She was ſoon conſcious of the Inroad which was made upon her Peace and her gentle Virtues; ſhe found the angry Ferment ariſe too often and work too near her Heart; ſhe gave herſelf many ſilent Rebukes, and by repeated Prayer and a religious Watchfulneſs, ſhe ſuppreſs'd the growing Evil, and recover'd her native Serenity. Happy thoſe, who in ſuch an Hour of Temptation do not loſe their Temper intirely, beyond all Recovery.

SHE is now far advanced in Years, and the Infirmities which tend to put a Period to Life are growing upon her; yet ſhe is not ever loading the Company with her Complaints, nor repeating to them the Hiſtory of her daily Pains and Aches, nor does ſhe often

ſpeak

speak of them even amongst her Friends, but when it seems necessary to excuse her Inactivity, or the Omission of any of the Duties of her Place, or to prevent too much Expectation from her under her present Incapacity and Weakness. "What can I get (says she) "by buzzing all my Ails into the Ears of my Friends? "I shall but render myself disagreeable to the World, "and my Company more unpleasant to those whom "I love; and when I have talked my Diseases all "over to them, they cannot relieve me; therefore I "chuse to complain in secret, only to Him who can "send Relief, or give me a compleat and joyful Release.

In the long Series of her Life she met with few Enemies, and those have chiefly sprung from Envy at her Happiness. Even while she has been scattering her Blessings among Mankind, she has now and then met a very unmerited Reproach; yet *Placentia* has never ceased her kind Offices to them, but travelled on still in the Paths of Virtue and Goodness with a sublime Disregard of their Malice.

So glides the Moon along th' ethereal Plains,
Bright'ning the Midnight World with silver Blaze,
And great in silent Majesty disdains
The clamorous Envy of the barking Race;
Yet shines upon them still with generous Light,
While Brutes abuse her Beams but to direct their Spight.

Philagatha, a Lady of Six and Twenty Years old, was present while this bright Character was rehearsed; she

she had been the Mother of three Children, and was still proceeding; she was so charm'd with the many agreeable Parts of such a Life, that she resolved if ever she had another Daughter, it should be named *Placentia*.

[LXIV.]

Common Occurrences moraliz'd.

AS *Thesphron* one Evening was sitting solitary by the Fire, which was sunk low, and glimmering in Ashes; he mus'd on the Sorrows that surrounded Human Nature, and beset the Spirits that dwell in Flesh. By chance he cast his Eye on a Worm which was lodged on the safer End of a short Fire-Brand; it seemed very uneasy at its warm Station, writhing and stretching itself every way for Relief. He watch'd the creeping Creature in all its Motions; I saw it, said he, when he told this Incident to *Philemus*, I saw it reach forward, and there it met the living Coal; backward, and on each side, and then it touch'd the burning Embers; still starting from the present Torment, it retreated and shrunk away from every Place where it had just before sought a Refuge, and still met with new Disquietude and Pain.

AT last I observ'd (said he) that having turned on all sides in vain, it lifted its Head upward, and rais'd its Length as high as possible in the Air, where it found

found nothing to annoy it; but the chief Part of the Body still lay prone on the Wood; its lower or worser Half hung heavy on the aspiring Animal, and forbid its Ascent. How happy would the Worm have been, could it then have put on Wings and become a flying Insect!

SUCH (said he) is the Case of every holy Soul on Earth; 'tis out of its proper Element, like the Worm lodg'd amongst hot Embers. The uneasy Spirit is sometimes ready to stretch its Powers, its Desires and Wishes on every side, to find Rest and Happiness amongst sensible Goods: But these Things, instead of satisfying its nobler Appetites, rather give some new Pain, Variety of Vexation, and everlasting Disappointment. The Soul finding every Experiment vain, retires and shrinks backward from all mortal Objects, and being touch'd with a divine Influence, it raises itself up towards Heaven to seek its God: But the Flesh, the Body, the meaner and worser Half of the Man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither, where Rest and Ease are only to be found.

WHAT should such a Soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a Flight to the upper World, and breathe after the Moment of its Release? What should be more joyful to such a Spirit than the divine and almighty Summons to depart from Flesh? O Blessed Voice from Heaven that shall say to it, *Come up hither,*

ther; and in the same Instant shall break off all its Fetters, give it the Wings of an Angel, and inspire it with double Zeal to ascend.

AT another time, said *Philemus*, I happen'd to be with this good Man when he was walking through a Grove, and we unperch'd a Squirrel and a Lark. The Squirrel (said he) leaped nimbly from Bough to Bough, and ran round half the Trees of the Grove to secure itself; but the Lark, after it had just try'd a Bough or two, took Wing upward, and we saw it no more. Just such is the Difference, said *Theophron*, between a Christian and a Man of this World. When the Sons of Earth are beat off from one mortal Hope, they run still to others, they search round among all the Creatures to find Relief, and dwell upon earthly Comforts still; but the Soul of a Christian, unperched from his Rest on Earth, flies immediately towards Heaven, and takes its Relief in the upper World among things that are invisible.

WHEN *Philemus* told these little Occurrences of *Theophron*, together with his pious Remarks upon them, *Ridelio* sat simpering with an Air of Contempt till the Story was done, and then burst out into a loud Laugh. "What, says he, is the old *Puritani-*
"*cal* Age returned again? Must we spiritualize the
"Affairs of Larks, and Worms, and Squirrels, and
"learn Religion from all the Trifles in Nature? At
"Church let us be grave, and mind the Business of
"the Church; but let us not fill our Chimney with
"Lef-

" Leſſons of Godlineſs, nor ſadden our Fire-ſide with
" Devotion ; let us never be ſo exceſſively Religious as
" to make Temples of the Fields and the Groves, and
" talk of God and Heaven there.

Philemus could hold no longer, but with a ſolemn and ſevere Countenance, gave *Ridelio* a juſt Rebuke. Muſt we never think of Heaven but at Church? I fear we ſhall then baniſh Religion out of the World. Hath not the bleſſed God given us Notices of himſelf among all the Creatures, and muſt we never dare to take notice of him in any of them, leſt we be out of the Mode, and ridiculed as unfaſhionable? Periſh all theſe Faſhions of an ungodly World, which would thruſt Heaven from our Thoughts! Let the Faſhion of our Saviour obtain among us, who when he came down from God, and dwelt among Men, from every Occurrence of Life took occaſion to raiſe the Thoughts of his Hearers to Things divine and heavenly: He drew the Leſſons of his Goſpel from the *Fig-tree* and the *Muſtard-Seed*, from a *loſt Sheep* and a *louring Sky*, and there was ſcarce any Occurrence of the meaneſt kind which he did not improve to holy Purpoſes; nor does it become any Man who wears the Name of a *Chriſtian*, to laugh at the Practice of his Saviour, or to forbid his Followers the Imitation of ſo ſacred an Example.

Here follow several

EPIGRAMS, INSCRIPTIONS, *and* FRAGMENTS *of* POESY.

PERHAPS there is no Person who hath amused himself with Verse from Fifteen Years old to Fifty, but hath sometimes writ upon low and common Themes, or mingled Fragments of Poesy on more important Subjects in Prose, and when Friends have been innocently entertained with those little Things, and Copies are once gone abroad into the World, they are in danger of being published in a very imperfect and mangled manner. To avoid this, it is better they should appear as they are, and if they can give any further innocent Amusement to young Persons who delight in Verse, this may serve for an Apology for their Publication, tho' they were written in the early Parts of Life, especially since most of them bear some divine or moral Sentiment.

LXV.

FRAGMENTS *of* VERSE.

1. *The Preface of a Letter, written* August 1692.

E'RE since the Morning of that Day
Which bid my dearest Friends adieu,
And rolling Wheels bore me away
Far from my native Town and You,

E're since I lost through distant Place,
The Pleasures of a Parent's Face,
This is the first whose Language sues
For your Release from waxen Bands;
Laden with humble Love it bows
To kiss a Welcome from your Hands:
Accept the Duty which it brings,
And pardon its delaying Wings.

2. *The Sun in Eclipse.* *To* HORATIO.

Dear H.

THE first Thought which I glanc'd upon after I had set Pen to Paper, was the Approach of the Solar Eclipse, and it impress'd me with such Force, that I was constrained to spend a few Lines to dress up a sudden Thought on that Subject, in the Strain which we learnt not many Years ago among the *Heathen* Poets.

Now, now 'tis just at Hand——
Now the bright Sun leaves his Meridian Stage,
Rolls down the Hill, and meets his Sister's Rage;
Her gloomy Wheels full at his Chariot run,
And join fierce Combat with her Brother Sun.
The gentle Monarch of the Azure Plain
Still paints and silvers her rebellious Wain,
And shoots his wonted Fires, but shoots his Fires in vain.

Th'

Th' ungrateful Planet does as fast requite
Th' o'reflowing Measures of her borrow'd Light
With an impetuous Deluge of resistless Night.
His flaming Coursers toss their raging Heads,
And heave and grapple with the stubborn Shades;
Their Eyeballs flash, their brazen Bellows puff,
And belch ethereal Fire to guard the Darkness off;
In vain their brazen Lungs, in vain their Eyes,
Night spreads her Banners o're the wond'ring Skies.

Say, peaceful Muse, what Fury did excite
The Kindred Stars to this prodigious Fight?
Are these the Rules of Nature? Will the Skies
Let such dark Scenes of dreadful Battle rise?
What dire Events hang threat'ning o're the Earth?
What Plagues, what Wars, just bursting into Birth?
Now for his teeming Glebe the Ploughman fears,
Lest it should yield a Crop of Iron Spears:
Shepherds see Death spread o're the fleecy Downs,
Monarchs grow pale, and tremble for their Crowns:
Vain Dreams of mortal Weakness!

Awake, Philosophy, with radiant Eye,
Who searchest all that's deep, and all that's high;
Awake, survey the Spheres, explain the Laws
Of Heaven, and bring to Light th' Eternal Cause
Of present Darkness, *&c.*

Southampton,
June 1695.

3. *In a* LETTER *to* MARINDA, *speaking concerning our blessed* SAVIOUR.

LET your immortal Thoughts arise,
Survey him crown'd with every Grace,
JESUS, the Wonder of the Skies,
The Great, the Meek, the Lovely and the Wise,
The Joy and Glory of the Place.

Here Angels fix their gazing Sight,
Here Saints releas'd from Earth and Sin,
Dwell on his Face divinely bright,
Copy his Beauties with intense Delight,
And with advancing Lustre shine.

LXVI.

The Inscriptions *on several small* French *Pictures, translated.*

ANGELICA *singing.*

WHAT, Musick and Devotion too?
This is the Business Angels do:
When Hearts and Hymns and Voices join,
It makes the pleasant Work divine.

CHLORIS *stringing of Pearls.*

Virtue and Truth in Heart and Head,
Which teach you how to Act and Speak,
Are brighter Pearls than those you thread,
CHLORIS, to tie about your Neck.

PHYLLI

PHYLLIS *playing with a Parrot.*

If Women will not be inclin'd
To ſeek th' Improvements of the Mind,
Believe me, PHYLLIS, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

CLAUDINA *the Cook-Maid.*

The Cook, who in her humble Poſt
Provides the Family with Food,
Excells thoſe empty Dames that boaſt
Of Charms and Lovers, Birth and Blood.

FLORELLA *ſinging to her Harp.*

FLORELLA ſings and plays ſo well,
Which ſhe doth beſt, is hard to tell;
But 'tis a poor Account to ſay,
All ſhe can do is ſing and play.

AMARYLLIS *ſpinning.*

O what a pretty Spinner's here!
How ſweet her Looks! how neat her Linnen!
If Love and Youth came both to ſee her,
Youth wou'd at once ſet Love a ſpinning.

DORINDA *ſewing.*

We ſtand expos'd to every Sin
While idle, and without Employ;
But Buſineſs holds our Paſſions in,
And keeps out all unlawful Joy.

IRIS *suckling three Lap-Dogs.*

Fond foolish Woman! while you nurse
Those Puppies at your Breast,
Your Name and Credit fares the worse
For every Drop they taste.
IRIS, for shame, those Brutes remove,
And better learn to place your Love.

POMONA *the Market Maid.*

Virtue adorns her Soul within,
Her homely Garb is ever clean:
Such Innocence disdaining Art
Gives Love an honourable Dart.

LXVII.

INSCRIPTIONS *on* DIALS.

Written on a Sun-Dial in a Circle.

SIC petit Oceanum Phœbus, sic Vita Sepulchrum,
Dum sensim tacitâ Volvitur Hora rotâ;
Secula sic fugient, sic Lux, sic Umbra, Theatrum
Donec stelligerum clauserit una Dies.

Afterwards turn'd into English.

THUS steal the silent Hours away,
The Sun thus hastes to reach the Sea,
And Men to mingle with their Clay.

Thus

Thus Light and Shade divide the Year,
Thus, till the laſt great Day appear,
And ſhut the ſtarry Theatre.

On a Cieling Dial, uſually called a Spot-Dial, *made at a Weſtern Window, at* Theobalds.

LITTLE Sun upon the Cieling,
Ever moving, ever ſtealing
Moments, Minutes, Hours away,
May no Shade forbid thy Shining,
While the heavenly Sun declining
Calls us to improve the Day.

Another for a Spot-Dial.

SHINING Spot, but ever ſliding!
Brighteſt Hours have no abiding:
Uſe the golden Moments well:
Life is waſting,
Death is haſting,
Death conſigns to Heaven or Hell.

ANOTHER.

SEE the little Day-Star moving;
Life and Time are worth improving,
Seize the Moments while they ſtay;
Seize and uſe them,
Leſt you loſe them,
And lament the waſted Day.

Other MOTTO's on DIALS.

FESTINAT Suprema.
Proxima non nostra est.
Vehimur properantibus Horis
Ad Coelum aut Erebum.
Sic imus ad Atria Lucis
Aut Umbras Erebi.

LXVIII.

INSCRIPTIONS *on* POURTRAITS.

The Lines under Dr. OWEN's *Picture,*

Written by himself.

UMBRA refert, fragiles dederint quas Cura Dolorque
Reliquias, Studiis assiduusque Labor.
Mentem humilem sacri servantem Limina Veri
Votis supplicibus Qui dedit, ille videt.

Englished *thus,*

BEHOLD the Shade; the frail Remains
Of Sickness, Cares, and studious Pains.
The Mind in humble Posture waits
At sacred Truth's celestial Gates,
And keeps those Bounds with holy Fear,
While He who gave it, sees it there.

Various

Various MOTTO's *for an* EFFIGY.

1.

DO tibi Terra quod Umbra refert : satis exhibet Umbra
Quod modò Pulvis erat, quod citò Pulvis erit.
Mens donata Deo cupit Immortalia, Cœlum
Suspicit, Æthereis associanda choris.
Monstrat iter mihi sola Fides : Amor adjicit alas :
Surgo : levatricem, Gratia, tende manum.
Nox, Error, Dolor, Ira, Metus, Caro, Munde, valete :
Lux, Via, Vita, Salus, omnia CHRISTUS erit.

2.

In CHRISTO mea Vita latet : mea Gloria CHRISTUS :
Hunc Lingua, hunc Calamus celebrat, nec Imago tacebit.
IN UNO JESU OMNIA.

3.

Τὰ ἄνω ζητοῦντες, Ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ :
Seeking the Things above, And speaking Truth and Love.

4.

Est mihi Christus *vivere, & Lucrum mori.*

5.

Χριστός ἐμοι τὸ ζῆν, Κέρδος ἐμοι τὸ θανεῖν

6.

Sic levis Umbra Virum, Vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum *Sequitur, non Assequitur.*

LXIX.

EPIGRAMS.

1. In mirum Maris Meridionalis Thesauri Incrementum, *Anno* 1720.

EXORTA è medio jam fortiter Aura popello
Spirat in Australes *fructus: Argentea Spuma*
Tollitur in montes; (*mirandum*) *atque Aurea Regna*
Exurgunt Ponto. Circumfremit undique Turba
Mercantûm, in Cœlum aspirans: Summa æquora Nautæ
Certatim scandunt, & se mirantur in Astris:
Quisque sibi Diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
Crœsus. *At infidos, O qui sapis, Effuge fluctus,*
Nec tumidæ credas (*licet auro splendeat*) *Undæ,*
Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla Profundum,
Rex brevis. Heu! simulac subsiderit Aura popelli,
Unda jacet; *montes pereunt*; *evanida Regna*;
Nil suberit Spumæ nisi fortè marina * *Vorago.*

* Alii legendum vellent *Mortimerina.*

2. *On the wondrous Rise of the South-Sea Stock*, 1720.

'Tis said, the Citizens have sold
Faith, Truth and Trade, for *South-Sea* Gold;
'Tis false: for those that know can swear
All is not Gold that glisters there.

3. Inscri-

3. Inſcribendum Maris Meridionalis Gazophylacio, ſive Officinæ.

QUISQUIS es, hic intra, cui creſcere Nummulus ardet,
Cuive Crumena gravis nimis eſt : Hic Gaza paratur
Ampla magis, ſed onuſta minus ; Centena Talenta
Auſtrali *videas citò tèr triplicata ſub undâ* ;
Quod gravitatis abeſt numerum ſupplere videbis.
Hic Bullæ, Fumus, Rumor, Spes, Lana caprina,
Nix æſtiva, Umbræ, Phantaſmata, Somnia, Venti,
Prædia in Utopicis *regionibus, Aurea Spuma,*
Aeriæq; Arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.

vel ſi brevior Inſcriptio magis arridet.

——— *Non omne quod hic micat Aurum eſt.*

Apr. 6. 1720.

4. *To* SABINA *and her Companions travelling together to ſee fine Buildings and Gardens.*

WHILE round the Gardens and the Groves
Your Foot, your Eye, your Fancy roves,
With ſtill new Forms of Pleaſure in a warm Purſuit,
Let every Tree yield Knowledge too,
Safer than that in *Eden* grew,
Where your own Mother *Eve* found Poiſon in the [Fruit.

5. *The*

5. *The same.*

Go, view the Dwellings of the Great,
The spacious Court, the tow'ring Seat,
The Roofs of costly Form, the Fret-work and the Gold;
Mark the bright Tap'stry Scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled Age decay,
Or warm the Cheek, and paint it gay,
When Death spreads o'er the Face her frightful Pale and Cold?

6. *The same.*

In vain you search the Verdant Scenes,
The shaded Walks, the flow'ry Greens,
The Trees of Golden Fruit for what can ne'er be found:
You search for Bliss, where 'twill not grow,
There is no Paradise below,
Since Life's immortal Tree is perish'd from the Ground.

7. Ratio, Fides, Charitas.

Recta Fidem Ratio juvat: Alma Fides Rationem:
Sed Ratio atque Fides nil sine Amore juvant.

Idem.

Et Ratio Fidei est, & amica Fides Rationi:
At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit Amor.

LXX.

LXX.

EPITAPHS.

1. *An* INSCRIPTION *on a Monumental Stone in* Cheſſunt *Church in* Hertfordſhire. *In Memory of* THOMAS PICARD, *Eſq; Citizen of* London, *who dy'd ſuddenly*, Jan. 29. A. D. 1719. Æt. 50.

A Soul prepar'd needs no Delays,
The Summons come, the Saint obeys:
Swift was his Flight, and ſhort the Road,
He clos'd his Eyes, and ſaw his God.
The Fleſh reſts here till *Jeſus* come,
And claim the Treaſure from the Tomb.

2. *On the Grave-Stone of Mr.* JOHN MAY, *a young Student in Divinity, who dy'd after a lingering and painful Sickneſs, and was buried in* Cheſſunt *Church-Yard in* Hertfordſhire.

SO ſleep the Saints, and ceaſe to groan,
When Sin and Death have done their worſt.
Chriſt hath a Glory like his own,
Which waits to cloathe their waking Duſt.

3. *Written*

3. *Written for a Grave-Stone of a near Relation.*

IN Faith she dy'd; in Dust she lies;
But Faith foresees that Dust shall rise
When *Jesus* calls, while Hope assumes,
And boasts her Joy among the Tombs.

Or thus,

BENEATH this Stone Death's Prisoner lies,
The Stone shall move, the Prisoner rise,
When *Jesus* with Almighty Word
Calls his dead Saints to meet their Lord.

4. *To the Pious Memory of the Rev. Mr.* SAMUEL HARVEY *of* London, *who died* April 17. 1729. Ætat. 30.

He was a Person of a very low Stature, but of an excellent Spirit, adorn'd with all the Graces of a Minister and a Christian in a most uncommon Degree. His Sickness was a slow Fever; but while the Disorder was upon him, he ventured abroad, according to a Promise made some time before, and his Zeal exhausted all his Spirits in pious and profitable Conversation with some younger Persons who greatly valued his Ministry; in a few Days the Distemper prevail'd beyond the Reach and Power of Medicine.

An EPITAPH.

HERE lie the Ruins of a lowly Tent,
Where the seraphick Soul of HARVEY spent
Its mortal Years. How did his Genius shine,
Like Heaven's bright Envoy, clad in Powers Divine!

When

When from his Lips the Grace or Vengeance broke,
'Twas Majesty in Arms, 'twas melting Mercy spoke.
What Worlds of Worth lay crowded in that Breast!
Too strait the Mansion for th' Illustrious Guest.
Zeal, like a Flame shot from the Realms of Day,
Aids the slow Fever to consume the Clay,
And bears the Saint up through the starry Road
Triumphant. So *Elijah* went to God.
What happy Prophet shall his Mantle find,
Heir to the double Portion of his Mind?

Sic musâ jam veteraſcenti
Inter juſtiſſimos amicorum & Eccleſiæ
Eletus Harvæo *ſuo parentat.* I. W.

5. *An* EPITAPH *on the Reverend Mr.* MATTHEW CLARKE.

M. S.
In hoc Sepulchro conditur
MATTHÆUS CLARKE,
Patris venerandi Filius cognominis,
nec ipſe minùs venerandus:
Literis ſacris & humanis
à primâ ætate innutritus:
Linguarum ſcientiſſimus:
In munere Concionatorio
eximius, operoſus & felix;
In Officio Paſtorali
fidelis & vigilans:

Inter

Inter Theologorum Dissidia
moderatus & pacificus:
Ad omnia Pietatis munia
promptus semper & alacris:
Conjux, Frater, Pater, Amicus,
inter præstantissimos:
Erga omnes hominum ordines
egregiè benevolus.
Quas verò innumeras invicta Modestia dotes
Celavit, nec Fama profert, nec copia fandi
Est Tumulo concessa: Sed olim Marmore rupto
Ostendet ventura Dies; Præconia Cœli
Narrabunt; Judex agnoscet, & Omnia plaudent.
Abi, Viator, ubicunq; terrarum fueris,
hæc audies.
Natus est agro Leicestrienſi, *A. D.* 1664.
Obiit Londini. 27°. *die* Martii, 1726.
Ætat. suæ 62.
Multùm dilectus, multùm desideratus.

In Engliſh *thus.*

Sacred to MEMORY.
In this Sepulchre lies buried
MATTHEW CLARKE,
A Son bearing the Name
of his venerable Father,
nor leſs venerable himſelf.
Train'd up from his youngeſt Years
in ſacred and human Learning.

Very

Very skilful in the Languages:
In the Gift of Preaching
excellent, laborious and successful:
In the Pastoral Office
faithful and vigilant:
Among the Controversies of Divines
moderate always and pacifick:
Ever ready for all the Duties of Piety:
Among Husbands, Brothers, Fathers, Friends,
he had few Equals:
And his Carriage toward all Mankind was
eminently benevolent.
But what rich Stores of Grace lay hid behind
The Vail of Modesty, no human Mind
Can search, no Friend declare, nor Fame reveal,
Nor has this mournful Marble power to tell.
Yet there's a hast'ning Hour, it comes, it comes,
To rouze the sleeping Dead, to burst the Tombs,
And set the Saint in view. All Eyes behold:
While the vast Records of the Skies unroll'd,
Rehearse his Works, and spread his Worth abroad;
The Judge approves, and Heaven and Earth applaud.
Go, Traveller; and whereso'e're
Thy wand'ring Feet shall rest
In distant Lands, thy Ear shall hear
His Name pronounc'd and blest.

He was born in *Leicestershire*, in the Year 1664.
He dy'd at *London*, *March* 27. 1726.
Aged Sixty-two Years,
Much beloved, and much lamented.

6. An

6. *An* EPITAPH *on the Reverend Mr.* EDWARD BRODHURST.

Hoc Marmore commemoratur
Vir in Sacris supra socios peritus,
Nec in Literis humanis minùs Sciens:
Rebus divinus aprimâ ætate deditus,
Veritatis Liberè studiosus,
Fidei Christianæ strenuus assertor,
Et Pietate nulli secundus.
Concionator eximius,
Ratione, Suadelâ, Eloquio Potens,
Pastor erga Gregem sibi commissum
Vigil, & sollicitus penè supra modum:
Moribus facilis, Vitâ beneficus,
Omnigenæ Charitatis Exemplar:
Mille Virtutibus instructus
Quas sacra celavit Modestia;
Sed non usque celabuntur:
I Lector, & expecta diem
Quâ Coelo Terrisque simul innotescet
Qualis & quantus fuit
EDVARDUS BRODHURST.
Agro Derbiensi *natus est, A. D.* 1691.
Birmingamiæ *defunctus* Julii *die* 21. 1730.
Animam ad superos avolantem
Ecclesia militans luget,
Triumphans plaudit,
Suscipit Christus, *agnoscit Deus,*
" Euge, fidelis serve."

Done

Done into Engliſh *by another Hand.*

This Marble calls to our Remembrance
A Perſon of ſuperior Skill in Divinity,
Nor leſs acquainted with human Literature:
Inclined from his Infancy to Things ſacred.
An impartial Inquirer after Truth,
An able Defender of the Chriſtian Faith;
A truly Pious and Devout Man;
A Preacher that excelled
In Force of Reaſon and Art of Perſuaſion:
A Paſtor vigilant beyond his Strength,
Over the Flock committed to his Charge:
Of courteous Behaviour and beneficent Life:
A Pattern of Charity in all its Branches:
A Man adorn'd with many Virtues,
Conceal'd under a Veil of Modeſty;
But ſhall not for ever be conceal'd:
Go, Reader, expect the Day,
When Heaven and Earth at once ſhall know
How deſerving a Perſon
Mr. EDWARD BRODHURST was.
He was born in *Derbyſhire*, 1691.
Dy'd at *Birmingham*, *July* 21. 1730.
His Soul aſcending to the bleſt above,
The Church on Earth bemoans,
The Church Triumphant congratulates,
Is received by Chriſt, approved of God;
"*Well done, good and faithful Servant.*"

THE

7. THE following EPITAPH on Sir ISAAC NEWTON, was composed by my worthy Friend, Mr. *John Eames*, with a few Decorations added at his Request.

HIC Sepultus est
ISAACUS NEWTONUS
Eques auratus,
Moribus veré antiquis, sanctissimis;
Qui nec inter Atheos DEI *Cultum,*
Nec inter Philosophos CHRISTI *Fidem*
Erubuit.
Ingenio supra hominem sortem sagaci,
Matheſin immane quantum adauxit ditavitque
Quâ juvante
Naturæ, quaquà patet, Motus & Vires
Coelo, Terrâ, Mariq; examussim dimensus est:
Perplexos vagantis Lunæ Circuitus
Strictis Cancellis solus coercuit:
Oceani fluentis refluiq; Leges æthereas
Terricolis notas fecit;
Temporisq; Metas
A multis retrò seculis vagas & erroneas
Certis Astrorum Periodis alligavit, fixitque:
Quales in Semitas
Vi Gravitatis flectuntur Cometæ,
Advenæ, profugi, reduceſve, monstravit.
Pallidumque eorum Jubar
Beneficum potius quam ferale,

Plane-

Planeticolis exhibuit optandum.
Lucis ſimplicis ortum multiformem,
Variegatæ ſimplicem,
Colorum ſc. miram Theoriam
Primus & penitùs exploravit.
Fidis Experimentis, non fictis Hypotheſibus, innixus
Scientiæ Humanæ Limites,
Ultrà quam fas erat Mortalibus ſperare,
Proprio Marte promovit,
Poſteriſque ulteriùs promovendos
Noſtrum ſuper æthera ſcandens
Monuit & indigitavit.
Vale, Coeleſtis Anima,
Seculi Gentiſque tuæ Lumen ingens
Ac ingens Deſiderium,
Generis Humani Decus, Vale.

LXXI.

The Cadence of VERSE.

IN Writings of every kind, an Author ſhould be ſolicitous ſo to compoſe his Work, that the Ear may be able to take in all the Ideas, as well as the Eye, and to convey his compleat Senſe to the Mind with Eaſe and Pleaſure. Since every Sentence has ſome Words in it which are more Emphatical than the reſt, and upon which the Meaning, the Beauty, the Force and the Pleaſure of the Sentence depend, the Writer ſhould

should take great care that the Hearer may have a distinguishing Perception of all these, as well as the Person who reads. All the Parts of a Sentence, from one End to the other, are not to be pronounced with the same Tone of Voice; such a constant Uniformity would not only be heavy and tiresome, but the Hearer would never be impress with the true Sense of the Period, unless the Voice of the Reader were changed agreeably, as the Sense and Words require. This is properly called the *Cadence.*

A good Cadence in Verse, is much the same thing as the proper and graceful Sound of a Period in Prose. This arises partly from the Harshness or Softness of the Words, and the happy Disposition of them, in a sort of Harmony with the Ideas which are represented, partly from the long and short Accents which belong to the Syllables well mingled, and partly also from the Length and Shortness of the Sentences, and a proper Situation of the Pauses or Stops, as well as from putting the emphatical Words in their true Places. All this might be made evident in a Variety of Instances, by shewing how obscure or how languid the Sense sometimes would be found, if the proper Cadences be not observed by the Writer or Reader; how ungraceful, how unmusical, and even offensive would some Sentences appear in Prose, or some Lines in Verse, if harsh-sounding Words were put when the softer are required, if Syllables of a short Accent were placed in the room of long, if the emphatical Words

or

or Pauſes were diſpoſed in improper Places? The moſt skilful and melodious Reader, with his utmoſt Labour and Art of Pronunciation, can never entertain a judicious Auditory agreeably, if the Writer has not done his Part in this reſpect. And tho' theſe Matters are of far leſs Importance in Poeſy, than the Propriety, Grandeur, Beauty and Force of the Ideas and the elegant Diſpoſition of them; yet the late Duke of *B.* in his famous *Eſſay on Poetry*, ſuppoſes them to be of ſome Neceſſity to make good Verſe.

Number and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound
Which never does the Ear with Harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, tho' but vulgar Arts.

THIS Theme would furniſh ſufficient Matter for many Pages; but upon occaſion of a Queſtion put to me a few Days ago upon this Subject, I ſhall here take Notice only of thoſe vicious Cadences in Verſe, which ariſe from long or ſhort Syllables ill placed, or from Colons, Comma's and Periods ill diſpoſed, as far as my Amuſements in Poeſy have given me any Knowledge of this kind.

IT has been an old and juſt Obſervation, that *Engliſh* Verſe generally conſiſts of *Iambick* Feet: An *Iambick* Foot has two Syllables, whereof the firſt is ſhort, and the latter long. An *Engliſh* Verſe of the *Heroic* kind, conſiſts of five ſuch Feet, ſo that in reading it, the Accent is uſually laid upon the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th Syllables. Mr.

Mr. *Dryden*, who was counted the best Versifier of the last Age, is generally very true to this *Iambick* Measure, and observes it perhaps with too constant a regularity. So in his *Virgil* he describes *two Serpents* in Ten Lines, without one Foot of any other kind, or the Alteration of a single Syllable.

Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.
Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,
Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:
Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,
And on the sounding Shore the flying Billows force.
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,
Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame.

Tho' all these ten Lines glide on so smoothly, and seem to caress the Ear, yet perhaps this is too long a Uniformity to be truly grateful, unless we excuse it by supposing the Poet to imitate the Smoothness of the Serpents swift, easy and uniform Motion over the Sea and Land, without the least Stop or Interruption.

In the Lines of *Heroic* Measure, there are some Parts of the Line which will admit a *Spondee*, that is, a Foot made of two long Syllables; or a *Trochee*, where the first Syllable is long, and the latter short: A happy

Inter-

Intermixture of these will prevent that Sameness of Tone and Cadence which is tedious and painful to a judicious Reader, and will please the Ear with a greater Variety of Notes; provided still that the *Iambick* Sound prevail. And here, according to the best Observation I can make, a *Spondee* may be placed in the first, second, third, fourth or fifth Place. But a *Trochee* usually finds no room, except in the first or third, where they are sometimes placed with much Elegance of Sound.

THAT a *Spondee* may be used in any Part of the Verse, appears from this Consideration, that Ten single Words which are all of long Accents, will make a Verse, tho' not a very graceful one:

Blue Skies look fair, while Stars shoot Beams like Gold.

So that ingenious Mimick Line of Mr. *Pope*, in his *Art of Criticism*,

Where Ten low Words creep on in one dull Line.

In such Verse every Foot may be a *Spondee*, or every Syllable in the Verse long.

Trochees are frequently used for the first Foot. This sounds very agreeably, as in the first Line of the famous Poem called the *Splendid Shilling*, by Mr. *Philips*.

Happy the Man who void of Care and Strife.

And sometimes, tho' not often, for the third Foot as well as the first: *Milton* describes the Devils,

Hovering on Wing, under the Cope of Hell.

The Words *Happy*, in *Philips*, and *Under* in *Milton*, are both *Trochees*; but scarce any other Place in the Verse, besides the first and the third, will well endure a *Trochee*, without endangering the Harmony, spoiling the Cadence of the Verse, and offending the Ear.

THERE are some Lines in our old Poets faulty in this Particular, as,

None think Rewards render'd worthy their Worth.
And both Lovers, both thy Disciples were. Davenant.

Where *Worthy* in the fourth Place, and *Lovers* in the second, are very unharmonious, and turn the Line into perfect Prose. Perhaps there may be some Places found in *Milton*'s Works, where he has not been so nice an Observer of this Matter; * but 'tis granted, even by his Admirers, that his Numbers are not always so accurate and tuneful as they should be; he has indeed too much neglected this Part of Poesy, tho' he has in many Places recompensed the Pains of the Reader's Ear by the Pleasure he gives in the Dignity and Sublimity of the Sense, as well as by the rich Variety of his Cadences, which are most times just and graceful.

HERE let it be observed, that where double Rhimes are used, there indeed a *Trochee* comes last;

* *Yet it may be allow'd, that upon a special Occasion, a* Trochee *is found in the fourth Place not utterly disagreeable in* Milton's *Poem.*

but

but it is not designed there to be a Foot of the Verse, for it stands only in the Place of the last Syllable which is always long, and the short Syllable following is but a sort of superfluous Turn or Flourish added to the last long Syllable, as in *Dryden*'s *Absolom*, &c.

Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,
Besides ten Thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.

Note, These *Trochees*, instead of the last long Syllable, are very seldom admitted in grave Poems in Rhime, but only for Burlesque and Ridicule, as in the Lines now cited; nor doth *Milton* much use them in his Blank Verse, tho' they are frequently used in Blank Verse by more modern Writers, and especially in Dramatick Poesy.

Mr. *Pope*, as well as Mr. *Dryden*, are more careful in their Numbers, and never indulge such irregular Licence, except where they design something comical; yet there is one Instance in Mr. *Pope*'s Translation of *Homer*, wherein he has introduced a *Trochee* for the fourth Foot, but 'tis with a beautiful Intent, and with equal Success, when he represents a Chariots uneven Motion in a rugged Way by the abrupt Cadences and rugged Sound of his Verse.

Jumping high o're the Routs of the rough Ground,
Rattled the clattering Carrs, and the shock'd Axles bound.

In the first of these Lines there is but one *Iambick*, (viz.) the *Routs*; the rest are *Spondees* and *Trochees*; and particularly the two *Trochees*, (viz.) *Jumping*, and

of the are inserted in the first and fourth Places, to make the Verse the rougher. The Transposition of the *clattering Carrs*, which is the Nominative Case after the Verb *rattled*, adds something farther to the graceful Confusion which arises in the Verse from the jumbling Idea which the Poet describes.

Thus much for the Cadence of Verse, as it depends upon long and short Syllables.

" *Thus much* indeed (says *Censorio*, who read these " five or six Pages) and a great deal *too much* for any " Man to write upon these Trifles, whose Profession " calls him to sacred Studies."

Uranio, who delighted to read divine Poems, took up the Cause, and forbid the Reprover. Are all Verse (said he) profane Things? If so, how will the Royal *Psalmist* escape? But if Verse may lawfully be written, there must be some Knowledge of the Rules of it, and some Acquaintaince with the Elegance of Sound as well as Sense. The chearful and pious Half-hours, which have been spent in the Closet as well as in the Church, by the help of devout Poesy, give too much Encouragement to this Art, to have it for ever forbidden to Christians.

BESIDES, if Verse were but a mere Recreation, may not a Life devoted to divine Offices be indulged in some sort of Amusement in this animal and feeble State,

State, to divert a heavy Hour, and relieve the Mind a little, when fatigued with intenſe Labours of a ſuperior Kind? Was the Character of that ſpiritual Man, the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, ever thought to be tarniſh'd by his Epiſtolary Converſe with *De la Motte* the *French* Poet, on ſuch Subjects as theſe? Go home, *Cenſorio*, and ſubdue your ſnarling Humour; or learn to employ your Reproofs with more Juſtice. For my part, I will proceed to gratify myſelf in reading the next four or five Pages too; tho' I find by the Title, that the Argument is much the ſame.

LXXII.

Of the different Stops and Cadences in Blank VERSE.

MR. *Milton* is eſteemed the Parent and Author of Blank Verſe amongſt us; he has given us a noble Example of it in his incomparable Poem call'd *Paradiſe Loſt*, and has recommended it to the World in his Preface. There he aſſures us, that *true Muſical Delight* does *not conſiſt* in Rhyme, *or the jingling Sound of like Endings, but only in apt Numbers, fit Quantity of Syllables, and the Senſe variouſly drawn out from one Verſe into another.* Yet however the Sentence be often prolonged beyond the End of the Line, this does by

no means imply that no Verse should have a Period at the End of it, for that would be running out of one Extreme into another, and by avoiding one Error to fall into a worse, as I shall make appear in what follows.

WHERE Rhyme is used, there has too generally been placed a *Colon* or a *Period* at the End of every Couplet, tho' without Necessity; and thus the whole Poem usually runs on in the same Pace with such a perpetual Return of the same sort of Numbers and the same Cadences and Pauses, that the constant Uniformity has grown tiresome and offensive to every musical Ear, and is contrary to the Rules of true Harmony, according to that known Remark of *Horace*,

Ridetur Chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem.

But it does not follow from this Observation, that Blank Verse should abandon all *Colons* and *Periods* at the End of the Lines; but only that they should be disposed of with Care and Judgment in a greater Variety through several Parts of the Line, as well as at the End of it. This will assist the Poet in forming true Harmony, and in making his different Numbers and the different Cadences of the Verse appear more various and grateful; it will constrain the Reader to give different Rests to his Voice, and thus take away that dull Uniformity of Sound which too often overspreads a Poem writ in Rhyme.

Now

Now these Pauses in the Sense, and consequently these Rests in the Voice, should be judiciously fixed through all the Parts of the Verse or Line in such a manner, that no one sort of Pause or Cadence should return too often and offend the Ear; and this may be happily performed in some Measure in Verse with Rhyme, tho' not so well as where there is none.* To render Blank Verse more perfect in this Kind, what if one should propose the following Rules?

1. SINCE there are ten Syllables in a Line of *Heroic* Measure, it follows that there are ten Places where the Sense may be finish'd, and a Stop may be placed; and therefore if we would observe any thing of Proportion, there should be at least a *Colon* or *Period* at the End of one Line in ten; but perhaps the Ease and Rest of the Ear, the proper Partition of the Verses one from another, and the Distinction of Poesy from Prose, would require it rather a little more frequent. This *Milton* himself has by no means observed, but has sometimes *drawn out his Sense from one Verse into another*, as he expresses it, to such a Length, as to run on for sixteen or twenty Lines together, without so large a Stop as a *Semicolon* at the End of a Line; and in many Places there is not so much as a

* *In Verse with Rhime, Custom has almost made it necessary that there should be more* Colons *and* Periods *dispos'd at the End of* Couplets, *than Blank Verse stands in need of, which knows no Distinction of* Couplets, *nor any sort of* Stanzas.

Comma for four or five Lines successively, or sometimes for six or seven. There are so many Instances of this in his Work, that I need not point to any particular Page.

2. THO' there are ten Places in a Line wherein the Sense may end, or a strong Stop may be fixed, yet I think a very strong Stop should scarce ever be placed at the first Syllable, or the Ninth, without some very extraordinary Reason for it; the Gracefulness of Sound will hardly admit it; it seems too abrupt, unless some peculiar Beauty in the Sense is supposed to be express'd thereby.

3. TWO Lines should not very often come together, where the Stop is placed at the same Syllable of the Line, whether it be *Comma*, *Colon*, or *Period*; three Lines very seldom, and four never: for this would bring in that unpleasing Uniformity, which it is the Design and Glory of Blank Verse to avoid. This *Milton* seems to have observed almost every where with great Care.

4. WHERE there is a very strong Period, or the End of a Paragraph, there the Line should generally end with the Sense; and an intire new Scene, or Episode, ought generally to begin a new Line.

5. THE End of a Line demands always some small Pause of half a *Comma* in the Reading, whether there be any in the Sense or no, that hereby the Ear

of

of the Hearer may obtain a plain and distinct Idea of the several Verses, which the Eye of the Reader receives by looking on the Book: And for this Reason a Line should never end with a Word which is so closely connected in Grammar with the Word following, that it requires a continued Voice to unite them; therefore an Adjective ought scarce ever to be divided from its Substantive; yet may I venture to say *Milton* has done it too often? As Book VIII. Line 5, 6. in two Verses together,

What Thanks sufficient, or what Recompence
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian?

And in Book IX. Line 44.

— — — unless an Age too late, or cold
Climate, or Years damp my intended Wing.

Book VII. Line 373. speaking of the Sun,

Invested with bright Rays, jocond to run
His Longitude thro' Heaven's high Road: the grey
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd.

It must be confess'd, where some important Adjective of two or more Syllables follows the Substantive, it may be much better omitted, as Book VII. Line 194.

Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majesty divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.

And Book IV. Line 844.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible.

Where the Adjective has any thing dependent upon it, then it may be very elegantly divided from the Substantive, and begin a new Line, as in the midmost of the three last cited, *Severe in youthful Beauty.*

Milton has also sometimes separated other Words at the End of a Line, which Nature, and Grammar, and Musick seem to unite too nearly for such a Separation; as Book IV. Line 25.

Now Conscience wakes the bitter Memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worst; of worse Deed, worse suffering must ensue.

Book VIII. Line 419.

— — — — — — — *No need that thou*
Should'st Propagate, already Infinite.

Book VI. Line 452.

— — — — — — — — — — — *yet hard*
For Gods, and too unequal Work we find.

Again, *V.* 462.

But Pain is perfect Misery, the worst
Of Evils.

And you may find a Number of Instances of this Kind in this great Poet, whereby he has sometimes reduced his Verse too much into a Prosaick Form. Whether this was Negligence or Design in the Poet, is hard to say; but 'tis evident that by this unreasonable Run of the Sense out of one Line into another, and by his too frequent avoiding not only *Colons* and *Periods,*

Periods, but even *Comma's* at the End of the Line, it becomes hardly poſſible for the Ear to diſtinguiſh all the Ends and Beginnings of his Verſes; nor is the Reader able to obſerve ſuch Accents and ſuch Pauſes as may give and maintain ſufficient Diſtinction. Now if the Beginning and Ending of every Verſe is not diſtinguiſh'd by the Hearer, it differs too little from a ſort of Poetical Proſe.

LXXIII.

A dying World, and a durable Heaven.

WOULD one think it poſſible for the Sons and Daughters of *Adam*, who ſee all Things round them upon the Face of the Earth in periſhing and dying Circumſtances, to ſpeak and act, and live as tho' they ſhould never die? The *Vegetable* World with all its Beauties ſeems to paſs under a ſpreading Death every Year; the Glory of the Field, the Foreſt, and the Garden periſh. *Animal* Nature is born to die and mingle with its original Duſt; not the Strength of Beaſts, the Oxe, or the Lyon, can reſiſt their Fate; nor the Fowl of the ſwifteſt Wing eſcape it; nor can the Nations of Inſects hide from it in their dark Holes and Caverns, where they ſeek to prolong their little Beings, and keep the vital Atoms together through the changing

changing Seasons. Our own Flesh and Blood is much of the same Make, 'tis borrow'd from the same Materials as theirs, it has a similar Composition, and Sin has mingled many more Diseases in our Frame, than are known to the vegetable or brutal Kinds. We see our Ancestors go before us to the Grave, and yet we live as tho' we should never follow them. We behold our Neighbours carried away from the midst of us daily to their Beds of Earth, and yet we are as thoughtless of this awful and important Hour, as tho' our own Turn would never come. Let us survey Mankind a little: How are all their Tribes employ'd? What is the Grand Business of Life? Are not all their Powers of Flesh and Mind devoted to the Purposes of this poor short mortal Period, as tho' there were nothing to succeed it? And yet if we ask those who dwell around us in our Nation, Do you not believe a Heaven and an Eternity of Happiness for those who seek it sincerely, and labour for it? They confess this Divine Truth by the Force of Reason and Conscience, and by the Light of Scripture; but they forget it in a few Moments, and return to their Follies again, and with a greedy and incessant Desire they repeat the Pursuit of perishing Vanities.

O that we could but keep ourselves awake a-while from the intoxicating Pleasures and Cares of this Life, and shake off all these Golden Dreams that perpetually surround our Fancy! we should then surely employ our nobler

nobler Powers to a diviner Purpose: If we did but dwell a little with a Fixation of Thought upon the Scenes of Death all around us here on Earth, and if we now and then survey'd the visible Heavens, their Brightness and their Duration, we might perhaps be put in mind of those momentous Truths which might direct our Conduct, might wean us from our Fondness of these sensible and perishing Trifles, and animate us in good earnest to pursue the durable Glories of Heaven. A Walk through a Church-yard by Sun or Star-light, would afford such a Meditation as this.

ALL born on Earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole Globe, and changes all its Scenes.
Time brushes off our Lives with sweeping Wing:
But Heaven defies its Power. There Angels sing
Immortal. To that World direct thy Sight,
My Soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy Flight;
There Virtue finds Reward; eternal Joy,
Unknown on Earth, shall the full Soul employ.
This Glebe of Death we tread, these shining Skies,
Hold out the moral Lessons to our Eyes.
The Sun still travels his illustrious Round,
While Ages bury Ages under Ground:
While Heroes sink forgotten in their Urns,
Still *Phosphor* * glitters, and still *Sirius* * burns.
Light reigns thro' Worlds above, and Life with all her Springs;
Yet Man lies groveling on the Earth,
The Soul forgets its heavenly Birth,
Nor mourns her Exile thence, nor homeward tries her Wings.

* *The* Morning-Star *and the* Dog-Star.

THUS far with regard to the Bulk of Mankind, whoſe Souls are immerſed in Fleſh and Blood, who mind none but earthly Things, whoſe God is this World, and whoſe End is Deſtruction: But 'tis a melancholy Thing alſo to conſider, that where a divine Ray from above has penetrated the Heart, has begun to operate a heavenly Temper, and to kindle a new Life in the Soul, and ſet it a breathing after eternal Things; 'tis ſtill aſhamed to make this new Life appear, and this divine Ray diſcover itſelf; 'tis aſhamed to ſhine like a Son of God in ſuch a dark and vicious World, amongſt Men of degenerate Minds, who have an Averſion to all that is holy and heavenly. We would fain be always in the Mode, and are afraid to be look'd at in the Dreſs of Piety among Thouſands whoſe Neglect of God have ſtamp'd the Faſhion. Are there not ſeveral ſuch *Chriſtians* amongſt us who dare not open their Lips in the Language of Paradiſe, nor let the World know they belong to Heaven, till Death and the inviſible State are brought near them, and ſet in full View by ſome ſevere Sickneſs or ſome terrible Accident which threaten their Removal hence? 'Tis a near View of the Grave and Eternity, that ſubdues all other Paſſions into Devotion, that makes them begin to ſpeak and act publickly like the Children of God, and gives them a ſacred Fortitude, a bleſſed Superiority of Soul over all their fooliſh Fears, and all the Reproaches of ſinful Men.

I. WHEN

I.

WHEN Death and everlasting Things
Approach and strike the Sight,
The Soul unfolds itself, and brings
Its hidden Thoughts to Light.

II.

The silent Christian speaks for God,
With Courage owns his Name,
And spreads the Saviour's Grace abroad;
The Zeal subdues the Shame.

III.

Lord, shall my Soul again conceal
Her Faith, if Death retire?
Shall Shame subdue the lively Zeal,
And quench th' ethereal Fire?

IV.

O may my Thoughts for ever keep
The Grave and Heaven in view,
Lest if my Zeal and Courage sleep,
My Lips grow silent too!

LXXIV.

The Rewards of POESY.

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

MUSE, 'tis enough that in thy Fairy Bow'rs
My Youth has lost a thousand sprightly Hours,
Attending thy Vagaries, in Pursuit
Of painted Blossoms or enchanted Fruit:
Forbear to teize my riper Age: 'Tis hard
To be a Slave so long, and find so small Reward.

THALIA.

MAN, 'tis enough that in the Books of Fame,
On brazen Leaves the Muse shall write thy Name,
Illustrious as her own, and make thy Years the same.
Fame with her silver Trump shall spread the Sound
Of *Damon*'s Verse, wide as the distant Bound
Of *British* Empire, or the World's vast Round.
I see, I see from far the falling Oars,
And flying Sails that bear to *Western* Shores
Thy shining Name; it shoots from Sea to Sea;
Envy pursues, but faints amidst the Way.
In Vision my prophetic Tube descries
Behind five Hundred Years new Ages rise,
Who read thy Works with Rapture in their Eyes.

Cities

Cities unbuilt ſhall bleſs the Lyric Bard.
O glorious Memory! O immenſe Reward!

DAMON.

AH flattering Muſe! how fruitleſs and how fair
Theſe viſionary Scenes and ſounding Air?
Fruitleſs and vain to me! Can noiſy Breath,
Or Fame's loud Trumpet reach the Courts of Death?
I ſhall be ſtretch'd upon my Earthy Bed,
Unthinking Duſt, nor know the Honours paid
To my ſurviving Song. *Thalia*, ſay,
Have I no more to hope? Haſt thou no more to pay?

THALIA.

SAY, what had *Horace*, what had *Homer* more,
My favourite Sons, whom Men almoſt adore,
And Youth in learned Ranks for ever ſings,
While periſh'd Heroes and forgotten Kings
Have loſt their Names? 'Tis ſoveraign Wit has bought
This deathleſs Glory: This the Wiſe have thought
Prodigious Recompence. — — — — — —

DAMON.

— — — — — — — Prodigious Fools,
To think the Hum and Buz of paltry Schools,
And aukward Tones of Boys are Prizes meet
For *Roman* Harmony and *Grecian* Wit!
Riſe from thy long Repoſe, old *Homer*'s Ghoſt!
Horace ariſe! Are theſe the Palms you boaſt
For your victorious Verſe? Great Poets, tell,
Can Eccho's of a Name reward you well

For

For Labours so sublime? Or have you found
Praise make your Slumbers sweeter in the Ground?

THALIA.

YES, their sweet Slumbers, guarded by my Wing,
Are lull'd and soften'd by th' eternal Spring
Of *bubbling Praises* from th' *Aonian* Hill,
Whose branching Streams divide a silver Rill
To every kindred Urn: And thine shall share
These *purling Blessings* under hallow'd *Air*:
The *Poets Dreams* in Death are still the Muse's Care.

DAMON.

ONCE, thou fair Tempter of my heedless Youth,
Once and by Chance thy Tropes have hit the Truth.
Praise is but empty *Air*, a *purling Stream*:
Poets are paid with *Bubbles* in a *Dream*.
Hast thou no Songs to entertain thy Dead?
No Phantom-Lights to glimmer round my Shade?

THALIA.

BELIEVE me, Mortal, where thy Relicks sleep,
My Nightingales shall tuneful Vigils keep,
And chear thy silent Tomb: The Glow-worm shine
With Evening Lamp, to mark which Earth is thine:
While Midnight Fairies tripping round thy Bed,
Collect a Moon-beam Glory for thy Head.
Fair Hyacinths thy Hillock shall adorn,
And living Ivy creep about thy Urn:
Sweet Violets scent the Ground; while Laurels throw
Their leafy Shade o're the green Turf below,
And borrow Life from Thee to crown some Prophet's
[Brow.

DAMON.

DAMON.

MUSE, thy laſt Bleſſings ſink below the firſt;
Ah wretched Trifler! To array my Duſt [juſt!
In thy green flow'ry Forms, and think the Payment
Poor is my Gain ſhould Nations join to praiſe;
And now muſt chirping Birds reward my Lays?
What! ſhall the Travels of my Soul be paid
With *Glow-worm Light*, and with a *Leafy Shade*,
Violets and *creeping Ivys?* Is this All
The Muſe can promiſe, or the Poet call
His glorious Hope and Joy? — — — —
Are theſe the Honours of thy *favourite Sons*,
To have their Fleſh, their Limbs, their mouldring Bones
Fatten the Glebe to make a *Laurel* grow,
Which the foul Carcaſs of a Dog might do,
Or any vile Manure? Away, be gone;
Tempt me no more: I now renounce thy Throne:
My Indignation ſwells. Here, fetch me Fire,
Bring me my Odes, the Labours of the Lyre;
I doom them all to Aſhes. — — — — — —

URANIA.

RASH Man, reſtrain thy Wrath, theſe Odes are mine;
Small is thy Right in Gifts ſo much divine.
Was it thy Skill that to a Saviour's Name
Strung *David's* Harp, and drew th' illuſtrious Theme
From ſmoaking Altars and a bleeding Lamb?
Who form'd thy ſounding Shell? who fix'd the Strings,
Or taught thy Hand to play eternal Things?
Was't not my Aid that rais'd thy Notes ſo high?
And they muſt live till Time and Nature die.

Here

Here Heaven and Virtue reign: Here Joy and Love
Tune the retir'd Devotion of the Grove,
And train up Mortals for the Thrones above.
Sinners shall start, and struck with Dread divine
Shrink from the Vengeance of some flaming Line,
Shall melt in trickling Woes for Follies past;
Yet all amidst their piercing Sorrows taste
The Sweets of pious Hope: *Emmanuel*'s Blood
Flows in the Verse, and seals the Pardon good.
Salvation triumphs here, and heals the Smart
Of wounded Conscience and a breaking Heart.
Youth shall learn Temprance from these hallow'd Strains
Shall bind their Passions in harmonious Chains;
And Virgins learn to love with cautious Fear,
Nor Virtue needs her Guard of Blushes here.
Matrons grown reverend in their silver Hairs,
Sooth the sad Memory of their ancient Cares
With these soft Hymns; while on their trembling Knee
Sits their young Offspring of the fourth Degree
With list'ning Wonder, till their Infant-Tongue
Stammers and lisps, and learns th' immortal Song,
And lays up the fair Lesson to repeat
To the fourth distant Age, when sitting round their Feet.

Each Heaven-born Heart shall chuse a favourite Ode
To bear their Morning-Homage to their God,
And pay their Nightly Vows. These sacred Themes
Inspire the Pillow with ethereal Dreams;
And oft amidst the Burdens of the Day
Some devout Couplet wings the Soul away,

For-

Forgetful of this Globe: Adieu, the Cares
Of mortal Life! Adieu, the Sins, the Snares!
She talks with Angels and walks o're the Stars.
Amidſt th' exalted Raptures of the Lyre,
O're-whelm'd with Bliſs, ſhall aged Saints expire,
And mix their Notes at once with ſome celeſtial Choir.

DAMON.

WHAT holy Sounds are theſe? What Strains divine?
Is it thy Voice, O bleſt *Urania*, thine?
Enough: I claim no more. My Toils are paid,
My Midnight Lamp, and my o're-labour'd Head,
My early Sighs for thy propitious Power,
And my wing'd Zeal to ſeize the Lyric Hour:
Thy Words reward them all. And when I die,
May the Great Ruler of the rolling Sky
Give thy Predictions Birth, with Bleſſings from his Eye.
I lay my Fleſh to reſt, with Heart reſign'd
And ſmiling Hope. Ariſe, my deathleſs Mind,
Aſcend, where all the bliſsful Paſſions flow
In ſweeter Numbers: And let Mortals know,
Urania leaves theſe Odes to chear their Toils below.

LXXV

A Moral Argument to prove the Natural Immortality of the SOUL.

THE great God has manifested astonishing Wisdom in the Works of his Creation, contriving, forming and endowing every Creature with Powers and Properties suitable to the various Purposes of its design'd Existence, and of his own Government.

GOD has given to his Creature Man, an Understanding and Will, and various Powers whereby he is capable of knowing, loving, and serving his Maker; by these same Powers he also becomes capable of dishonouring, affronting and blaspheming him.

MAN is form'd also with a Power or Capacity of receiving Recompences according to his Work, *i. e.* Pleasure and Happiness, according to his Obedience, or Punishment and Misery if he disobey: And the great God, as a righteous Governor of the World, has thought fit to assign Happiness to Virtue, and Misery to Vice, as a Reward or Recompence of good or evil Actions.

MAN

MAN is alſo created with a Power to deſtroy his own animal Life, as well as the animal Life of his Fellow Creatures.

NOW if a Man be never ſo pious, and has no ſurviving Spirit, no conſcious Power remaining after this animal Life be deſtroy'd, God cannot certainly reward him *according to the Courſe of Nature*, becauſe a wicked Man may put a ſpeedy End to the animal Life of the Righteous, by Sword or Club, and thus he may inſolently forbid or prevent all God's rewarding Goodneſs and Juſtice, with regard to that righteous Man.

OR if a Man be never ſo vicious, if he blaſpheme and inſult his Maker with never ſo much Indignity, and commit all Outrages poſſible againſt his Neighbours, yet God cannot puniſh him for ſuch aggravating Guilt, *according to the Courſe of Nature*, if he has no ſurviving Spirit, no conſcious Power remaining beyond this animal Life; for by the Sword, Halter or Poiſon, he may put a ſpeedy End to his own animal Life, and to all his Conſciouſneſs and Being, and to all Power of ſuffering Puniſhment.

BUT ſurely the All-wiſe God would never form Creatures of ſuch a Nature and with ſuch Powers, as that they might inſolently prevent his governing Juſtice from diſtributing Rewards and Puniſhments according to their Works; he would never make a Creature

Creature capable of breaking his Laws and insulting his Authority, and then defying his Maker to punish him; a Creature who might do Outrage to his Creator, and yet have Power to escape beyond the Reach of his avenging Hand. This would be such a Piece of Conduct as would tempt one to suspect great Weakness in the Creator and Governor of the World; which God forbid.

PERHAPS it may be said here, that God can find a Way to reward or punish, by raising his Creatures again from the Dead to a more firm and durable Life.

To this I answer two Ways.

First, IF the thinking Spirit in Man, or the conscious Principle, be intirely extinguish'd at the Death of the Body, the Resurrection of Man to a new Consciousness, is the Creation of a new conscious Being, and it is not the same conscious Being which once merited Reward or Punishment; and where would be the Justice of such Punishments or Rewards? 'Tis possible indeed, that Almighty Power might make a New conscious Being which should suppose itself to remember Things done in a former State, before it had any Existence; but this would be properly a false Apprehension, an Error, and not real Memory of what was done before, and would lay no just Foundation for the Recompences of Vice or Virtue.

Secondly,

Secondly, THIS very Reſurrection muſt be a Miracle, a ſupernatural Exerciſe of divine Power, in Contradiction to the Laws of Nature, and not according to the Courſe of Nature. Now is it not hard to ſay, and very unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that God has ſo contriv'd the Nature of his Creature Man, that tho' he be capable of high Degrees of Virtue, or of moſt inſolent and horrid Vices, yet *according to the Courſe of Nature* he cannot effectually and certainly reward or puniſh him; or that the wiſe Creator and righteous Governor of the Univerſe cannot effectually and certainly diſtribute the Recompences of Virtue and Vice without a Miracle?

UPON the Whole, doth it not evidently follow from this Argument, that ſince God is a wiſe Creator and Governor of the World, ſince Man is capable of voluntary Vice or Virtue, and conſequently of deſerving Rewards or Puniſhments, there is, and there muſt be ſome living conſcious Principle in Man which may be *naturally capable* of Rewards and Puniſhments, anſwerable to his Behaviour? That there is a Soul in Man which ſurvives his animal Life, and is Immortal, which cannot put an End to its own Life and Conſciouſneſs, nor to the Life and Conſciouſneſs of its Fellow Souls? And by this natural Immortality of the Soul it comes to paſs, that it is not in the Power of a wicked Man to prevent the Rewards of the Righteous, nor to convey himſelf out of the Reach of his Maker's Vengeance.

AND may it not be hence inferr'd in the *first* Place, that the Soul of Man is so immortal, that it is not in the Power of any mere Creature to kill it? For it doth not seem fit that the great Lord of the Universe should give the Prerogative of Rewards and Punishments so far out of his own Hand, as to put it intirely into the Power of a Creature, to defraud the Righteous of their Reward, or secure the Wicked from due Punishment. It is fit that God only who gave Life and Being, and Consciousness to the Soul, should be able to destroy it, or take away its Consciousness, or make it cease to be.

MAY we not also infer yet farther, in the *second* Place, that there is no such thing as the Sleep of the Soul; or at least that neither the Soul itself, nor any other Creature can put the Soul into a sleeping State? For this is a State without Perception or Consciousness; and if this could be done, then the design'd Rewards and Punishments of divine Justice might be as effectually disappointed by Creatures, as if they could kill or annihilate the Soul.

PERHAPS you will here say also that the Soul may be awakened again by Divine Power to receive Punishments or Rewards. To this I answer, that if the Soul is laid to Sleep, or sinks into an insensible State when the animal Body dies, will it ever awake again of itself naturally to be punish'd or rewarded;

warded; or can any Creature awaken it? If not, then God alone, who works ſupernaturally, can awaken it: And thus in the Order of Nature there is no Capacity in this Soul to be puniſh'd or rewarded, nor can it be done without a Miracle.

I THINK therefore we may draw this Concluſion, (*viz.*) that every intelligent Being, as it is made capable of Virtue and Vice, of Rewards and Puniſhments, ſo it muſt neceſſarily be made immortal in its own Nature, and hath ſuch an eſſential and perpetual Conſciouſneſs belonging to it, as is not in the Power of Creatures either to ſtupify or to deſtroy, leaſt the Recompences of Vice and Virtue be wreſted out of the Hands of God, as the God of Nature, the wiſe Creator, and the righteous Governor of all intelligent Creatures.

AND may we not *draw* a third Inference alſo, (*viz.*) that the mere Death of the Body is not the only Puniſhment of the Sin of Man againſt the God of Nature, and againſt the Natural Law; for then the worſt of Criminals, by a Doſe of Opium, or a Halter, might finiſh his Puniſhment at once, he might convey himſelf away from the Reach of Puniſhing Juſtice, and the Crimes of Men could not be puniſhed in Proportion to their Aggravations? 'Tis the Immortality of the Soul that lays the Foundation of different Degrees of Puniſhment according to Crimes.

AFTER all, perhaps ſome Perſons may raiſe another *Objection* againſt my Argument, (*viz.*) if there be ſuch ſufficient Proviſion in the very Nature of Man after Death, to receive the due Rewards of Virtue or Vice in his immortal Part, or his Soul, what Neceſſity is there of a Reſurrection of the Body? And yet we find that in the New Teſtament, where the inviſible World and future State of Rewards and Puniſhments is moſt particularly diſcovered, the holy Writers generally repreſent thoſe Rewards and Puniſhments as Conſequents of this Reſurrection.

TO this I think there is a full *Anſwer* given in the laſt Pages of a late *Eſſay towards the Proof of a Separate State of Souls*, to which I refer the Reader. But in this Place I think it ſufficient to ſay, that the Soul only is the *Moral Agent*, and the *God of Nature* can effectually reward or puniſh the Virtues or the Vices of Man in his immortal Part, or his Soul, which naturally ſurvives the Body; but the *God of Grace* having introduced a Goſpel for the Recovery of ſinful Mankind from Ruin, whereby the Reſurrection of the Body is promiſed to thoſe who comply with it, for an Increaſe of Happineſs, he thought it proper alſo and juſt that the Rejection of this Goſpel, or the utter Impenitence of Men, ſhould be puniſh'd with a Reſurrection of the Body, for an Increaſe of Miſery. Is is the Goſpel only which introduces the Reſurrection of the Body; the Original Law of God knows nothing of it. As *by Man*, i. e. Adam, *came in Death*,

ſo.

ſo by Man, i. e. Chriſt, *came in the Reſurrection of the Dead*, 1 Cor. xv. 21.

AND thence may I not take occaſion to infer, that the Goſpel or the Covenant of Grace, which is founded in the Undertaking of *Chriſt*, hath been ſome way or other made known to all Mankind, at leaſt by ſome obſcure and general Notices of it; and that the great God doth actually deal with all Men now upon Terms of Grace, from this very Argument, becauſe *all Mankind are to be raiſed again from the Dead, who have done Good or Evil*, John v. 28. 29. Whereas thoſe who never ſinned againſt a Goſpel, or againſt the *Grace* or Mercy of God, but only againſt God as the *God of Nature*, would perhaps only lie expoſed to ſuch a Sentence as the Light of Nature might find out, or as might be executed *according to the Courſe of Nature*, without the Miracle of a Reſurrection, *i. e.* by the Death of the Body, and the Puniſhment of the ſurviving Spirit in a ſeparate State.

IF this laſt Inference ſhould be found to run counter to the Senſe of any one Text of Scripture, I renounce it upon the Spot: But if by venturing to ſtep out of the common Track of the Schools, we may find any little Beam of Light ſhed upon the Conduct of God toward Man, and be thereby enabled the better to vindicate the Wiſdom and Righteouſneſs of the God of Nature and the God of Grace; let not that little Beam be quenched, merely becauſe it has not the Support of vulgar Opinion, nor been conſecrated by Creeds or Councils.

LXXVI.

Three Modern Absurdities.

Sense, Consciousness and Reason are three of the chief Principles or Mediums of our Knowledge of Things. This, I suppose will be acknowledged by Men of all Religions, and of none. *Sense* informs us chiefly of the Things that are without us, even all that we know by Sight or Hearing, by Smell, Taste, or Feeling. *Consciousness* acquaints us with all that passes within us, and particularly the Ideas we have in our Mind, the Inclination of our Hearts, the Consent, the Choice or any Action of our Wills. And then *Reason* assures us of the Truth of a Conclusion which is evidently derived from other Propositions which we know to be true before. Now the *Deists*, the *Papists*, and the *Fatalists* among them do really renounce all these; they run on blindly and resolutely in their Opinions, and maintain several Articles of their own Belief, in direct Contradiction to these three Principles of Knowledge, how much soever they may profess to be led by them.

First, The *Papist* tells you, that in all the Instances of common Life he believes the Dictates of his

Senses

Senſes about Things which are near to him, and which he hath all proper Advantages to examine; but in the Buſineſs of *Tranſubſtantiation* he begs your Excuſe, for he believes a Piece of Bread to be real Fleſh and Blood, and gives the Lye groſly and obſtinately to his Eye-ſight and his Feeling, his Smell and his Taſte at once, and his Religion requires him to contradict all his Senſes.

Crucifer, a Man of this Profeſſion, believes the Reſurrection of the Body of *Chriſt* from the Dead, and confeſſes that it could not be known nor proved without giving Credit to our Senſes, our Seeing and Feeling; and yet he renounces the Dictates of theſe Senſes utterly, when they tell him that the Bread of the Sacrament is not the Body of the riſen Saviour: And thus he chuſes to overthrow the Foundation on which he believes the Doctrine of the Reſurrection of *Chriſt*, (which Doctrine is the Foundation of all his *Chriſtianity*) rather than believe what his Senſes tell him, when they aſſure him the Body of *Chriſt* is not a Wafer-Cake. Monſtrous Victory and Dominion of the Church of *Rome* over all the Powers of Senſe and Reaſon at once, and the very Principles of our Faith!

In the *next* Place *Hylander*, a young *Fataliſt*, will acknowledge in general, that tho' he cannot aſſent to any of the Religions of Men, nor believe a Word of what *they preach* about Vice and Virtue, a Heaven and a Hell,

a Hell, yet he believes what *he himself feels*, and what he is *conscious of* within himself. But if you ask him presently, Whether Man be a free Creature? Whether he himself hath a Liberty of Choice in any Motion of his Will, or in any Action of his Life? he denies it. No; he is necessarily moved by a Train of other Causes to every particular Volition and Action, and has not, nor ever had any free Choice. Ask him, Whether he is not conscious in himself, that he can walk or stand still, rise or sit, move his Finger to the North or to the South? No, he can do none of these; he is but a mere Machine, acted by certain invisible Springs; that when two Things are offered him, he cannot chuse or refuse this or that, but is necessarily impell'd to every thing that he thinks, or wills, or acts.* Enquire of him yet further, when he shuns the Church, when he dwells at the Tavern till Midnight, when he seeks out the Partners of his Vices, and pursues forbidden Pleasures, whether he does not feel his own Self, or his own inward Powers, chusing and acting all this with Freedom? He will own that he seems to chuse and act these Things, but still persists in direct Contradiction to his own Feeling and Consciousness, that 'tis God acts all this in him and by him; and while he feels *himself* so wilful and vile a Criminal, blasphemes the *Blessed God*, and makes him the Author of all his Crimes.

* *See the true Liberty of Choice explained and proved in a late* Essay on the Freedom of Will in God and Man.

CON-

CONTRARY to all the Dictates of his Conscience, he affirms there is no Virtue or Vice, no such Things as good or evil Actions in a moral Sense; and consequently that God hath provided no Heaven or Hell, no Rewards or Punishments for any thing which is done by us in this Life; for whatsoever we seem to do, it is all really effected by the Will of God putting the Train of Causes in Motion at first, and none of us could ever act otherwise than we do: And yet after all this mechanical Account of themselves, and this Denial of all Freedom, these *Men of Matter and Motion* have the Impudence, in opposition to common Sense, Reason and Grammar, to abuse Language so far as to call themselves *Free-Thinkers*. Strange and prodigious! that Men should deny what they feel continually in themselves, and what they practice ten times in an hour, to gratify a Humour, and support a most absurd Opinion, which takes away all Virtue, Order and Peace from this World, and all Hope and Happiness from the next!

THE *Third* Sort of Men of this odd Composition, are the *Deists*. *Apistus* professes he is a Friend to *Reason* above all Things, and he is led by nothing so much as *Reason*; it is by *Reason* that he believes there is a God who made, and who governs all Things, that he is bound to honour this God, and obey his Will; that he must make it his Business to love God and his Neighbour; that there is an eternal Difference between Vice and Virtue; that Man is an intelligent and free Agent, and by *Reason* he is convinced that there

there are Rewards and Punishments provided for Men in a future State, according to his Behaviour here. He believes also by the Force of *Reason*, according to ancient History, and the secure Conveyance of it by Writing, that there was such a Man as *Jesus Christ*, as well as he believes there was such a Man as *Julius Cæsar*; and as he confesses this *Julius* was a *Roman* and a General, and fought many Battels, he cannot but confess by the same Reasonings, that this *Jesus* lived in *Judea* and *Galilee*; that he was the Son of a Carpenter, and that he taught many excellent Rules about Vice and Virtue, and the Love of God and our Neighbour; and by the same Exercise of his Reason on the Historical Account of the Facts of past Ages, he is persuaded that there were several Men of mean Education and Circumstances who follow'd this *Jesus*, and without the help of Arms or Bribery, carried his Doctrine afterward through the World. And yet contrary to all Reason this very *Aristus* believes, that this obscure young Man *Jesus* of *Nazareth*, this Son of a Country Carpenter, who was brought up to his Father's Trade, gave a better Sett of Rules for the Honour of God, for the Love of our Neighbour, and the Conduct of our Lives, than ever any Philosopher did in *Greece* or *Rome*, and that he did all this without human Literature, without any divine Assistance, without any Inspiration from God.

He believes farther, contrary to all Reason, that his poor Carpenter had Art and Cunning enough to im-

impose false Miracles on Thousands of People in *Judea* and *Galilee*, and even in *Jerusalem* itself; that he made them believe that he cured the Blind, that he gave Hearing to the Deaf, and Feet to the Lame, that he heal'd all manner of Diseases, by his Word or his Touch, and raised several who were dead to Life again, without doing one real Miracle, or having any extraordinary Power given him by God.

HE believes yet farther still, and in Opposition to all the Principles of true Reasoning, that the Disciples of this *Jesus*, poor illiterate Creatures and Fishermen as they were, except one *Paul*, who was a Scholar; I say, he believes that these Men went about the World, and persuaded Mankind to believe that this *Jesus Christ* arose from the Dead after he had been crucify'd and buried some Days, and made Multitudes of his own Countrymen and Strangers, Rich and Poor, wise Men and Philosophers, and whole Countries believe it, tho' there was not a Syllable of Truth in it, says he, nor was it possible that it should be true. He believes yet again, that these silly Men were sometimes *Cheats* and *Impostors*, who practised the greatest Subtilties and Artifice to deceive the World, that sometimes they were *wild Enthusiasts*, and half mad with Devotion, tho' Reason might assure him that *Imposture* and *Enthusiasm* cannot long reside together in the same Breast, but one will betray or destroy the other.

HE

He believes on still that these Impostors or Enthusiasts (be they what they will) engaged Mankind to receive all the Doctrines of this *Jesus* and his Religion, by their Tricks of Art, or their Fooleries of honest Zeal, beyond what any of the wisest Men of the World with all their Skill and Learning could ever do in the like Case, and went on successfully to propagate his Doctrine, and foretold it should stand and continue to the World's End, without any extraordinary Commission from Heaven, or Presence of God with them. He believes also very unreasonably, that such a Band of Knaves, as he supposes them generally to be, carried on this Imposture with such Unanimity and Faithfulness for many Years, even to the End of their Lives, that not any one of them ever discovered the Cheat, tho' they could expect to get nothing by it here in this World but Poverty, Shame, Persecution, Imprisonments, Stripes, and a bloody Death; and in the other World the Wrath of God for such Knavery.

His Belief goes further yet, contrary to all reasonable Grounds, for he believes these Followers of this *Jesus Christ*, by mere false Pretences to Miracles and Gifts of Tongues, spread his Religion through the Nations, tho' he knows that they appealed in a publick manner to whole Societies of Men concerning the Truth of these Gifts conferr'd upon themselves and other Christians,

ſtians, and concerning this Power of Miracles which diſplay'd itſelf with ſuch Evidence and Glory, particularly in *Corinth*, where St. *Paul* muſt have been confuted with Shame, and utterly confounded, if theſe Things had not been true, becauſe that was a City of great Learning and Knowledge; and yet *Apiſtus* obſtinately believes ſtill that neither theſe Men, nor *Paul* himſelf, nor any of their Followers ever wrought one real Miracle, nor ſpoke one Tongue but what they learnt before in the common Way: And that they ſpread this Religion ſo widely among the Nations, and ſo effectually, without any Commiſſion or Help from God, tho' this Religion contain'd in it Doctrines contrary to the Faſhions and Cuſtoms of the World, to the Idolatrous Religions of the Nations, to the vicious Inclinations of Mankind and their corrupt Appetites and Paſſions; and tho' he cannot but ſee evidently that theſe Men and their Succeſſors in this Opinion have turned many Thouſands of Perſons to more Virtue and Piety than all the Philoſophers could do with all their Learning, yet he believes ſtill that theſe Men had no divine Power attending them, nor any Aſſiſtance from Heaven. In ſhort, he believes contrary to all Reaſon theſe Things, which are far harder to believe than any of the Peculiar Articles of the *Chriſtian* Faith; and yet *Apiſtus* pretends he cannot believe thoſe Articles, becauſe they do not carry Reaſon with them.

My God, deliver me from the blinding and stupifying Prejudices of these Three Sorts of Men, who contradict the plainest Evidences of Truth, and to maintain their absurd Peculiarities, renounce the chief Springs of all our Knowledge; and let me be led honestly and sincerely by these Faculties of Sensation aud Consciousness which thou hast given me, in Conjunction and Harmony with each other, and under the Guard and Improvement of *Right Reason*. The Exercise of these Powers under thy holy Influence will effectually bring me to Faith in the Gospel of my blessed Saviour, and in Compliance with the Rules of that Gospel I trust I shall find eternal Life. *Amen.*

The END.

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133 pride
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